

# WIRE

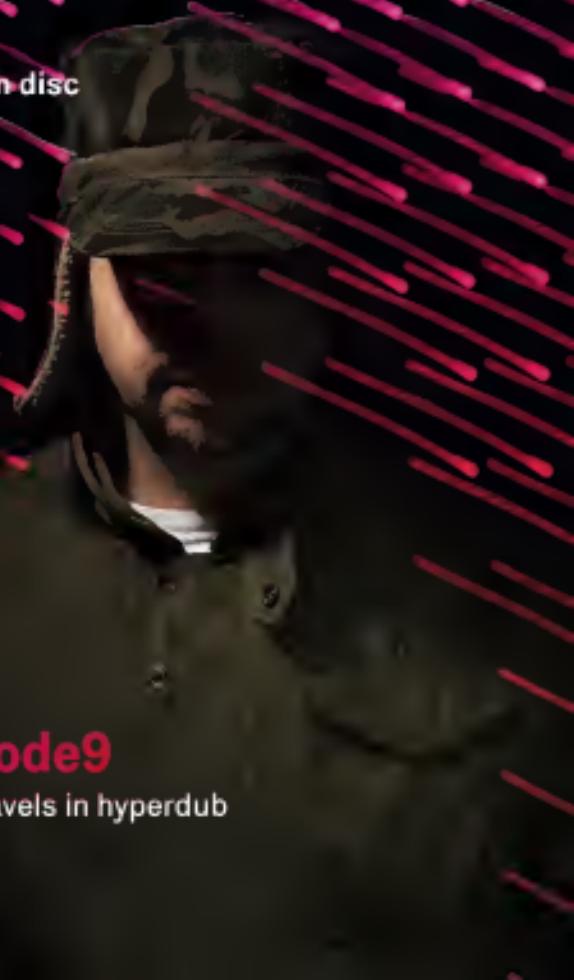
Sublime Frequencies

Acid flashback: the 303 on disc

Mark Mothersbaugh

Alexis O'Hara  
Belbury Poly  
Lee Patterson  
The Hospitals  
Richard Foreman

Momus turns down the volume  
Pom Pom Records  
Moondog

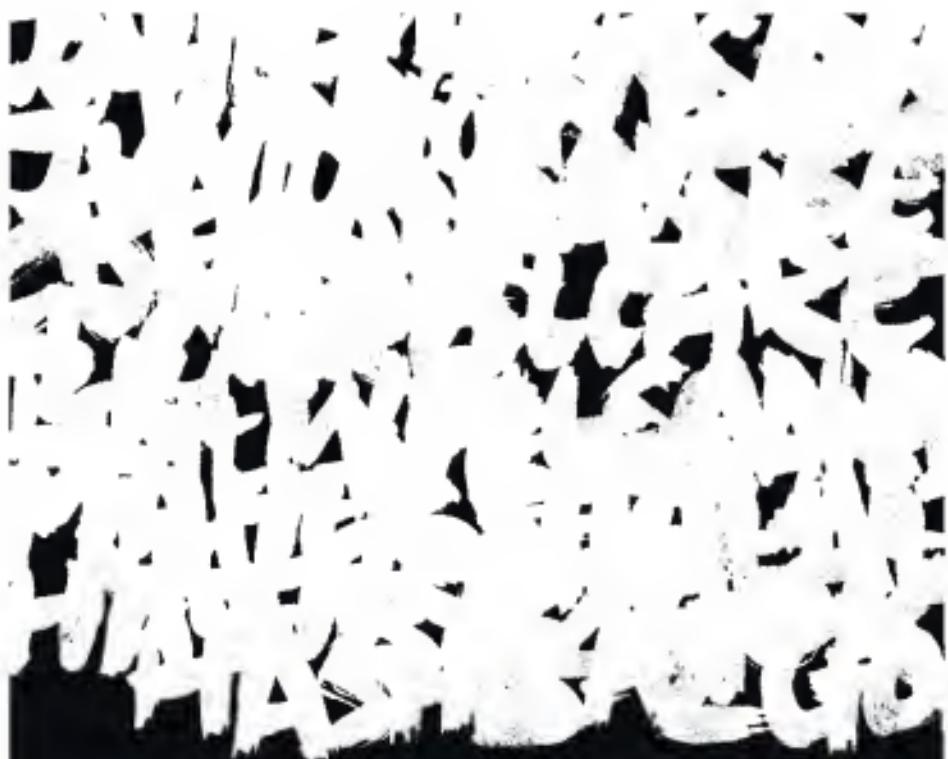


Kode9

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Guitar photographed by Julie Williams

**The Masthead** 4**Letters** 6**Bitstream** 8

News and word-trail below the radar

**Trip Or Squeak** 9

Cartoon strip by Savage Pencil

**Bites** 10**Meeting**: Penn Poem Records, new transmission: a basement with stacks, a mix of Velvet Underground bootleg**Charts** 48**Out There** 97

Festivals, concerts, gigs and club listings

**Subscriptions** 104**Reviews Index** 47**Soundcheck** 48This month's no-bellied CDs, vinyl and downloads, including **Mermaid Music** Laura Scott Futter, **Monk Bergman Trio** and a disc of spectral guitar invasions. Plus event info, cultural beats, club electronics, global laptop jazz & improv, outer limits, unusual formats and releases**The Inner Sleeve** 73**The Wedding Present** in Terry de Cartier on Savage Pencil's scratch vinyl**Print Run** 74New music books, including **Dermy Roulston's Tex Willer Biography**, a reggae-ism reader and more**On Screen** 76**Gravel**, the *Dimension* of *Teenage Kicks* and more on DVD**On Site** 77Guitar and sound media events, including **Urgent Measures**: a mechanical music makers and **Metro Stories**: a folkish film metallisations**On Location** 78Concert and festival reviews, including the **ILLOC** Weekend and festival footnotes, **Reverent & Reckless**, **Anglo** and more**Belbury Poly** 12Ghost Box label founder Jim Jupp lefts the lid on his hauntological hobby by **Mark Fisher****The Hospitals** 14Adam Stonehouse hauls his blend of outsider rock for flat parties turned sober by **Mark Richardson****Alexis O'Hara** 16Sense and stupidity collide in this hyperactive Canadian's 'stand up noise' act. By **Susanna Glater****Lee Patterson** 18

Rob Caw meets the Manchester imposter who turns burning nuts and fizzy sponges into audio gold

**Global Ear****Lima** 20Jack Clayton and Javier Martínez enter the Peruvians' paradise of the *Polvo Azul* shopping mall**Cross Platform****Richard Foreman** 22The New York playwright and director saturates his experimental theatre with artful sound, from Philip Glass to John Zorn. By **Alan Light****Invisible Jukebox****Mark Mothersbaugh** 24The Devo founder and film-composer gets his swivelling rotting brain around *The Wire's* mystery record box. Testified by **Richard Henderson****Sublime Frequencies** 28

Clive Bell reports on the tour featuring Syria's Daraa Souqmen and the Sehenna Group Debut, sponsored by Alan Richog's genre World River label

**Kode9** 34Celebrating five years of the Hyperdub label, the philosophical doyen of dubstep invites Derrick May, Mala, Myley to a 10-minute *an* sonic warfare and futuristic dance moves**The Primer****Roland TB-303** 40From Phuture's "Add Tracks" to AFK's Amelius series, and all-new Japanese bass synthesiser sponsored an including electronic revolution. By **Peter Shapiro****Epiphany** 106

Memos on the spiritual benefits of turning down the volume



SAR/maury

This month the *WDR* is 303 issues old. To mark that, August's *Accusation* we have Peter Shapiro's Ralf Lüdin 19-303 Best Line Primer (see page 42). A modest silver box of a synthesiser originally designed to simulate bass accompaniments for singer-songer band demo tapes, the 303 has claimed a following upon its launch, and Ralfin had already started reworking it by the time same kids in Chicago absorbed its controls and christened a post the aqua-synth signature of 1980s Acid House. The festival kids of the new cultures that flourished in Acid House's wake in turn became fertile ground for much of the beat-driven electronic music to come. But it's most point that the sight of raver's mangled replica 1980s clavins is what cover star Ralfin's pal Steve Goodman had in mind when he talks Gavrik Walkington that he "Dabs in a certain way because I like watching people dance. Someone who is completely possessed by a rhythm takes on this lightness, this fluidity of movement" (see page 34). Steve, a "self-confirmed beathead", attributes his dancefloor addictions to the sheer sensuality of electronic music's subtractions: "The frequency of those beats has a wild effect on me. It kind of gives me sort of a tingle, which I've started to notice – the sounds which give me that shiver."

Back to the 303 Primer – Peter cites Deutsch-Amerikanische Freundschaft aka DAF's 1982 track

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"Herschweide Deine Jugend" ("Waste Your Youth") is a precursor of Acid House. Rooted in Germany's early party scene, DAF started out as an exhilarating electro-punk/techno five piece in the late 1970s before their centrepiece of vocalista/vyloist Sabi (Delgado Lopez) and drummer/electro-composer Robert Görl ruthlessly slashed the line-up back to themselves alone and the music to a single sequenced bassline, method-olico drumming and vocal. Meanwhile any-one DAF lyrics, Görl's once boisterous, rarely contained more than 20 words. Through their streamlining of look, sound and word, DAF prioritised and popularised the notion that electronic music could be extremely anxious and sexual, at a time when pop culture was still stuck in the cliché that machines meant alienation.

Paradoxically, the extreme physicality of DAF in their prime is the very reason why many that the duo had refined for a European tea and toast suspicion were their delight. Their surly countenances on the download platform of 1984-85 were always heavily dependent on their image, always (mis)leading image, which Görls played up with his singing, by turns white-knuckled, overjoyed and pantomime gothball bair. Watching peafowl seducers of male to one thing, singing nauts are something else altogether. In addition, some critics claim electronic music is so bound up with the technology it is made of that it very quickly becomes obsolete. In short, groups like DAF aren't supposed to have a second act. That conclusion was only partially borne out by the appearance in 2003 of a reissue album, *25 New Songs From DAF*. If their trademark tamtam-based rhythms were as steady as ever, Görl's minimal lyrics had none of the bite of old.

But any doubts were dispelled as soon as the first exhilarating regular patterns leaked in at Lancashire's Lutonian Academy in March. The mould of time couldn't get a purchase on their fine-tuned and steely rhythms, but Görls, hopefully, didn't pretend to be anything other than the age he is, allowing their songs to develop a melancholy, even tragicomic softness. With age, the best of DAF has acquired the capacity to move the heart as well as the head and feet. *Cian Cusack*

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8800-8800A, 8900-8900A, 9000-9000A, 9100-9100A, 9200-9200A, 9300-9300A, 9400-9400A, 9500-9500A, 9600-9600A, 9700-9700A, 9800-9800A, 9900-9900A, 10000-10000A, 10100-10100A, 10200-10200A, 10300-10300A, 10400-10400A, 10500-10500A, 10600-10600A, 10700-10700A, 10800-10800A, 10900-10900A, 11000-11000A, 11100-11100A, 11200-11200A, 11300-11300A, 11400-11400A, 11500-11500A, 11600-11600A, 11700-11700A, 11800-11800A, 11900-11900A, 12000-12000A, 12100-12100A, 12200-12200A, 12300-12300A, 12400-12400A, 12500-12500A, 12600-12600A, 12700-12700A, 12800-12800A, 12900-12900A, 13000-13000A, 13100-13100A, 13200-13200A, 13300-13300A, 13400-13400A, 13500-13500A, 13600-13600A, 13700-13700A, 13800-13800A, 13900-13900A, 14000-14000A, 14100-14100A, 14200-14200A, 14300-14300A, 14400-14400A, 14500-14500A, 14600-14600A, 14700-14700A, 14800-14800A, 14900-14900A, 15000-15000A, 15100-15100A, 15200-15200A, 15300-15300A, 15400-15400A, 15500-15500A, 15600-15600A, 15700-15700A, 15800-15800A, 15900-15900A, 16000-16000A, 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Jeff Keen

## Movie memories

How fascinating to see Jeff Keen's article springing up so unexpectedly (Cross Platonic, The Wire 302). When I was still at school in 1960 I visited the TCA conductor's Denver Street, where before its move to the current premises on The Mall, Jeff Keen's poster – *Assaulting Royalty* (Cross 9) – was as safe as mussels (and fish). Last year I framed my copy to ensure further degradation. Hanging it on the wall made me realize how much I was affected by the rough intensity of his collage approach. To my shame I never fully appreciated or acknowledged that influence. Sadly, I thought Jeff was succumbed to such evenings.

In his profile of Keen's work, Jim Fitter didn't give the full details of the *Alone* Movie soundtrack. This was recorded by Keen with his son Liam and their Caledonia all three of them simultaneously reading extracts from Jack Kerouac's *Big Angel Molykopt* (a big influence on Caledonia's work), plus snippets of clippings and a poem in the article. As I later wrote, very little is catalogued. Even now, post everything, the piece just is punchy along with another remarkable piece from that test – *Launched* is outstanding.

With Caledonia on *Wigging* – it feels like a significant moment in the existence of music, (diverse and unusual) as legitimate elements of musical form. There is a shared blustery here, in another that's exciting elements of so-called sound art still lack coherence, rigour, even the facts...

David Tong, London SE1

## Film focus

My eternal shame I had not bought *The Wire* for a while, so when I picked up a copy of issue 302 at the Amsterdam Bookfair on Friday, this was a very pleasant shock to be reminded just how good it is. I was particularly pleased to see the article on the great Jeff Keen. In this light, are you aware that the BFI have now turned their attention to another radical British film maker (and actor, playwright, actress, two-time post and soundtrack singer-songwriter)? I am referring to Jeff Ayen (1971–82), whose films are currently being restored and remastered for release on DVD and Blu-ray this summer. Long and inexplicably neglected, we can expect for these feature length films made with Jack Bond (September 1981), *The Other Side Of The Watchcock* (1982) and *Asleep* (1980), plus hopefully some interesting extras. You might like to look at myspace.com/jeffayen for more details.

Steve Kynaston-Smith (e-mail)

## Counter culture

Thank you so much for the Fela Kuti Interview (The Wire 303). His reminiscing over the Walter Ulbricht world shop in Hamburg, brought back very very happy memories of sacking out and eventually locating this mythical locale hidden very deep down a nondescript street about. It was indeed the world's best record shop. The store record (and unrecorded) music is a green-mustardy

the colour was confusing and perplexing and the proprietor a true rock-n-roll. At the end of my visit, I felt compelled to tell him how wonderful his shop was. In perfect English he started screaming at me at the top of his voice that he "dose t want my fucking press" and then proceeded to throw me out the door. On the retailing will never I imagine ever quite hit that spot.

Rene Meyer (e-mail)

unconventional publication of late. Do remember what, 4 days on prior mentioned Phil John (*Discrepancies*) in *read*

## Short cuts

Just wanted to send some appreciation for the article by Stefan Ilie with [Submarine Sounds: The Wire 303]. Great blend of a writing, analysis and music!

David Lawrence (e-mail)

Thanks for the gorgeous *Wire* Tupper 23 (The Wire 303). More than a dozen of my playing tracks on one CD. Beautiful artwork. You! Markham (e-mail)

## Corrections

**Issue 302** Due to mistakes made during the transcription of Adrian Utley's interview, several festival names appeared in the article. Only major ones (Glastonbury, Latitude, etc) are now being corrected. The festival names that were left out of the original article were: Glastonbury, Latitude, and Glastonbury Festival. Utley's name was also misspelt as Utleye. Utleye is in fact, this is Bob Boilie. Bob Boilie never played with Head.

In the article on DJ E, he referred to himself as 'the label's "stache boy". Needles would like to point out that DJ E was in fact her studio engineer.

In Charts, I was the wrong authorship at the foot of Carl Mielke's bio (Issue 302). Sorry, until we'd discussed (and well written) coverage on his and his consistently interesting work.

Berlin

Like this never

More features

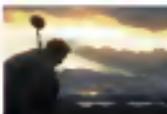
and discussions like this on the site

and

the

and

Each month, to coincide with the publication of another new issue of *The Wire*, the magazine's official website is updated with a mass of new and exclusive content, including unedited interview transcripts, MP3s, video clips, competitions and more. Here are just some of the items that will be going up on the site this month:



Music from [Les Patterson](#)



The unedited transcript of Derek Whitley's interview with [Kode9](#)



Music and video clips from the [Sublime Frequencies label](#)



The unedited transcript plus audio clips of Richard in interview. It includes Jektor's interview with [Mark Mothersbaugh](#)

Music from the [Pain Pain label](#)

Video clips and a radio mix from [Adele & Kite](#)

Music to illustrate [Mooney's Ecstasy](#)

More exclusive essays commissioned to mark the publication in February of our 300th issue



Artwork by [Bulldog Poly](#)

The site's regular sections are updated on a daily, weekly or more ad hoc schedule. These include:

#### **The Playlist**

Updated daily, our pick of the web with guest links from a host of outsider musicians and artists

#### **Adventures In Modern Music**

Updated weekly, each edition of *The Wire's* radio show on [Resonance 104.4 FM](#) is archived on the site as downloadable MP3 and stream. Recent editions of the show have featured guest mixers from [Kurt Cobain](#), [The Germs](#) and [Eckstase](#)

#### **The Archive**

Updated monthly, an ever-expanding library of articles culled from back issues of the magazine (many of which are now available)

#### **The Mix**

Updated whenever we feel like it. We have a blog, [Playbox](#), browsers to [Resonance 104.4 FM](#) for issue-indie-time mixtapes on modern music masters from various staffers and contributors

#### **The Contact**

For updates on what's happening in the wider world of *The Wire*, sign up to our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at [thewire.co.uk](#)

# Bitstream

News from under the radar. Compiled by Nick Richardson



**Bertrand Delanoë** has been announced as the artistic director of this year's Merthyr Tydfil Arts Festival. The saxophonist, trumpetist, composer and inventor of harmolodics will perform two special concerts at the Southbank festival. Inspired by two of his early classic albums, *The Shape of Jazz to Come* and *This is Our Music*, the Merthyr Tydfil, where which directors over the last few years have turned towards jazz and rock musicians, is a formidable choice. [merthyrtydfil.co.uk/ak](http://merthyrtydfil.co.uk/ak)

**Arts 2009** is building Davies, a new UK festival dedicated to "experimental, alternative and applied tradition". Other artists performing include the reformed Goran, who will play their 1971 album *First Differences* in its entirety, along with new, jazzier versions of the classics. Another British band, Peter Petrelis, featuring *The Who's* Seamus Fallon, will also feature lectures, film by Harry Smith, Alejandro Jodorowsky and more, plus "visual performances" from Bobbie Kau, Barry Willett, Haze, a NORD and Synthesizer Xmas Xmas, London Comedy Hall, 32-14 June. [arts2009.org.uk](http://arts2009.org.uk)

**Stevie Ricks** signed **DMTR** to release a new album on Drag City this September. Following 2007's *Reigning*, this is the first release to feature new drummer Tim Ames of Sleater-Kinney and bassist and vocalist Al Casares. Recorded by Steve Albini, *Drag City* say the new record promises to be DM's most experimental yet, "reimplementing new and untested" new directions and new light. [dragcity.com](http://dragcity.com)

**Devil Tibet's** apocalyptic folk project **Current 93** is due to release a new album

**Alph-Ah** (Multiplanetary Mountain) is the first Current 93 record since 2005's *Black Ships*. Alph-Ah's *Capricorn Label* was produced and mixed by Andrew Upton. Steven Stipekian and David Tibet, and collaborators include Riley Lee-Jones, Alan Neilson and "world famous" poet star, [Sasha Grim](http://sasha-grim.dreamwidth.org).

An exhibition devoted to the art of slide artist and sound poet **Mark Rothko** will be held at the GalleriGalleriet K2000 in Røros, Norway from 25 April. 21 Stensaas is the first exhibition to focus on Rothko's time in Norway and looks ethereal as his slides continue to be explored in contemporary art. Extra dashes include the composer and artist **Ørjan Kastell**, Oslo-based founder **Renehth Goldsmith** and artist and theorist **John Keeler** (electro) [galleriet.no](http://galleriet.no)

54 short film curators are invited to celebrate this year a renaissance of the **Rock Gods**. And The **Bad Seeds** back catalogue will premiere at BFI Southbank on 17 June. Each of the 54, by UK artists Ian Farnell and Jane Pollard, comprises a collage of people, humour and unlockers, talking about *God's* songs. Following the screening, the artists and Mark Coyle will take part in a Q&A session. The stars of *For Your Consideration* and *Sex and the City* will be in The White 20, and their video installations *Radio Mono* – a remake of their 2004 film *The Man From Nowhere* with a total spiritual twist – will be played. Magenta and Red Sodas as well (Gerry Adams) – also stars of BFI's *Scrooged* from 8 May–21 July. [bfi.org.uk](http://bfi.org.uk)

**Belgian electronic composer** **Reena** **Praessler** (co-star of *March in Brussels* of branched processes) is back before an *Amo Marca* festival concert celebrating

her 80th birthday. This will be to take place A member of the Darmstadt School and an associate of Boulez, Bernd Alois and Berio, Praessler's work interpenetrates serialist and aleatoric techniques, often seeking to reconcile seemingly incongruous modes – those of Schubert and Weimar. For instance, while 1960s opus *Wise Forest*, the subject of a new documentary DVD by Sab Ross, Praessler recently donated his entire archive of sound materials, research and scores to the Fondation Paul Sacher in Basel [sacher.ch](http://sacher.ch)

**The Jesus Lizard** are reforming for a string of gigs this month including an open-air reprise at BFI's *Turner on Pictures* in March and a one-off show at the London Forum on 21 May. This is the first time the original line-up of David *New Order* member, Sean Slade and Mac McClellan will have played together since the group disbanded in 1999. To celebrate the occasion, *Tonk! And Go Records* are releasing *One Head*, *Blow!* (an *Outer Space* album), recorded by Bob Mould and overthrown by original partner Stines Alsdorf

**A new Tornade album**, *Becomes BY* *Answerlessness*, is out in June on Third Jersey. This is the first *Tornade* material since 2004's *It's All Around You*. Through the group released a career retrospective box set in 2006 and subsequently built *Barrel's* *Pravica* (Willy on the wavers album) *The Grove And The Light*. *Tornade* are also playing at the *Pittsburgh Music Festival* on 31 July–1 August as part of *The White Tie Night* series, where ticket holders can vote on which songs they want to hear during the group's set. [tornade.com](http://tornade.com)

**Tonight** marks their 20th anniversary this year, **West** **Resonance** are releasing a compilation of tracks voted for by fans, who are invited to hear personal memories and messages about their choices on a *resonance website*. The label is also organising a series of events to take place this summer in Park, New York, Sheffield, London and Tokyo [west20.net](http://west20.net). Meanwhile, West's like-minded company, *Wax X*, is set to release *Al Roker's* *Portrait* that summer in cinemas and as a DVD and download. Premiered this March at the *MSW* festival, the film features ATP festival performances by Sada Vugts, Petit Saitz, Gurdas, Iggy & The Stooges, The Boredoms, Shint, Sonderman and more. *The Wax* samples *Super-8*, stereoscopy and multiple image video shot by here, *box* makers and musicians. [waxx.org.uk](http://waxx.org.uk)

**Reaper** have announced a new batch of releases for their 2009 line-up. *Prints*, *Skullflowers*, *Corporation*, *Scars*, *Greg*, *Anterior* and *Stephen O'Malley's There's* *Heimur*, *The Accused*, *Amputation* and *Almond*. The festival takes place at the

Cuckoo Factory in Birmingham from 24–26 July [reaper.org.uk/reaper](http://reaper.org.uk/reaper)

May sees the release of **Dub Diseases**, a documentary film by Bruno Molin released by Soul Jazz which charts the history of dub from its origins in Jamaica through to its influence on contemporary dance music. Featured artists include Lee Perry, Prince Jammy, Wise Professor, DJ Roy, Danney Lee, Roots Manuva and Röyksopp. To honour the occasion the label are holding a screening followed by a Q&A night at London's Cutty Sark on 30 May [souljazzrecords.co.uk](http://souljazzrecords.co.uk)

Meanwhile, reggae label *Greenbeats* are putting out a series of seven quinquuple CD box sets tracing the evolution of dub, from Joe Gibbs' 1973 dub album *Clental* – the first time it has been released on CD – up to the present day [greenbeats.net](http://greenbeats.net)

**Lee Ritenour** & **Metal Machine Music** trio, the group featuring Ulrich Kruger and Sarah Gehrke, have released a double CD of live recordings from their first tour. *Metal Machine Music* is the *Conclusion Of The Universe* featuring Ritenour on guitar and electronics, Collison on the processing and "Fingerboard", Ulrich Kruger who transcribed the original *Metal Machine Music* album for the *Zakkawizer* ensemble's version of the piece on *synthesizer* and *electrotronic*. The set is released on *Slater Ray* and available from *Downtown Music Gallery* [dmgallery.com](http://dmgallery.com)

**LeifHeld** music festival **Gut + Saison** takes this year's pair of *Wolfin* & *Wolfin Hall* in London, with performances and installations by John Duncan & CM von Hausswolff, Alva Noto, Al Onchi, Graham Lambkin & Jason Laing and more plus film screenings and related live acts. The theme is *distortion*. From 29–30 June [gut-saison.com](http://gut-saison.com)

The call for submissions for September's **Eavo** festival of visual art, electronics and experimental music is now open. In addition to works submitted for the programme, Eavo are offering €4000 of commission money towards the creation of a new installation that will sit within the Leeds Arena Space at Leeds City Museum for the duration of the festival. For programme details and info on how to submit, visit [eavo.org.uk](http://eavo.org.uk)

**Seattle Arts Workshop**, the organisation behind the *Seattle*, have also begun a six-part series of podcasts addressing the genre of contemporary sound art, available from [seattleartsworkshop.org](http://seattleartsworkshop.org)

**Tate Modern** is holding a retrospective of **Patented art**, with works by Isabella Boylston, Kino Brevard, Gertie Demi, Luigi Rovelli, Emanuele Ballo, Pablo Prado, Gisela Breuer and others. The exhibition is the first large-scale Tateartexhibition in Britain for 30 years and marks the 100th anniversary of the publication of *Patent*

Tannenbaum, Hirschfeld & Manfroff's *Manifesto of Futurism* at the *Figaro* newspaper, Paris, 32 June 2003. Reproduced with permission.

Manchester International Festival has some major acts programmed for this July, including nights featuring Krewe of N.O. and Steve Reich. Louis Andriano and Lau Riedl, and recent cover stars Jumbo & The Johnnies and De La Soul. The festival runs from 2-30 July, see [mif.co.uk](http://mif.co.uk)

Longtime fans of the London import community, record shop **Sound 323**, which closed last year, has reopened on East London's Gaff Rd. The store is currently open for business Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings from 12-6pm, and the latest news from the shop can be found at [sound323.com](http://sound323.com).

Deft Punk's Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo and Thomas Bangalter are set to follow in the footsteps of Wendy Carlos by recording the soundtrack for *2001: A Space Odyssey* in the 2002 sci-fi classic. Apparently a new recording studio in LA has been assembled especially for the project.

An exhibition of *Barn Burn-related art* has opened at ICA, Philadelphia. *Poethenge: To Unknow Worlds* collects paintings, drawings and prints made by Barn and his associates between 1994 and 1998, much of it previously unknown. The show also includes a copy of his unreleased book of poetry, *The Magic Lie*, and Edward Lington's *Burnsborough* documentary. The exhibition runs from 24 April-22 June 98, with a preview

performance by The Arkansas taking place at the gallery on 1 July [appleby.org](http://appleby.org)

**Cecil Taylor** is set to release his first new album since 2004, *The Swear* D/F The Riffraff, a limited double vinyl set on Triple Point that will only be available for in-store purchase at Taylor's New York concert at the Blue Note, Abbot Kinney's Blue Note, on May 16. [www.abbotkinney.com](http://www.abbotkinney.com)

An interesting response to the shifting patterns of mass consumption, Soukali has initiated a new series of downloads that come with a limited-edition A3 print. The first in the series is a 54-second recording entitled "Organology" by the Spain Ensemble of Philip Jack, BJ Nikus, Xane Wender, Marcus Innesdon, Charles Mathews and Iain Iones. [www.makemusic.com](http://www.makemusic.com)

See new books by the three contributors:  
**Peter G. Meiss**: *Why People Get Artistic (But  
Don't Get Smithsonian)* by **David Stoeberl**,  
a discussion of the contrasting public attitudes to the avant-garde of visual  
art and music; and **Wilfried Miedendorff** by  
**David Malinsey**, a sophisticated defense of  
Minimalism as a *locating art*—architectural. Both  
books published by **State Books** in **Brooklyn, NY**.

Huttlberg-based construction outfit, Wagners Bauunternehmen, has an 8.5-hectare yard at Elt.

Though relatively well known as a novelist, her work as a songwriter remains comparatively unknown. Inspired by the rockabilly chanteuse Rosemary and Philip Glass, who she experienced first hand while living in New York in the late 1960s, her most repetitive songs bear the stamping of minimalist influence. She was also interested in numbers, and much of her work is derived from complex numerical functions. When compared to Opus 17A, one can see the two as sister projects. Both are

Cellist **Nikola Vuković** destroyed his instrument at his festival in Glasgow. The action was part of a two-part recording and performance project titled **Cello Powder**. The complete works [for Cello](http://www.vukovic.com).   
First, Vuković recorded every tone the cello contains and compressed the results into a single note. Then, during a concert with the cello played on loudspeakers, 20 of the notes work along with jars of cello powder and available from the **Cello Powder website** ([www.vukovic.com/cellopowder.html](http://www.vukovic.com/cellopowder.html)).

Tom Waits to play the role of Engineer in *The Book of Eli*, a new film by Albert and Ethan Coen's described as a "post-apocalyptic Western movie" by MOTS. This is Waits' first acting role since he played the Devil's accomplice Hirsch Leder in Terry Gilliam's *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*, a film which will never be released.

The seventh track for the new *Jim Jeffericks* mix, 'The Land Of Goshen', features music by Southern Lord artists Earth, Sun Ra and Boris, the latest incarnation of the electronica project in recent Metal following the inclusion of 'Sleep' on the seventh track. See his 2005 film *Broken Flowers*. The mix is out on 3 June and the soundtrack will be released on 13 September. Details:

**Bei Principele**, *vegan* and *vegan* *slanted* in *public* *fun* *out* *in* *Liquid* *Liquid*, *has* *started* *giving* *vegan* *cooking* *lessons*. *The* *inferred* *sessions*, *called* *On* *Grill*, *cost* *\$18.00* *and* *takes* *place* *at* *Principele's* *home* *in* *New* *York*. *Assuming* *his* *specialist* *distress* *are* *a* *big* *olive* *bean* *zitka* *and* *a* *vegetarian* *plant* *made* *with* *almond* *cheese*. *To* *set* *up* *lessons*, *contact* *Principele* *desire* *at* *salad@salad.com*.

Illustrator **Ulrich Eichenberger** based and hardened sketch **Bonnie Tyfus** has designed a **task board** for **Textiles**. **Peru**. **Avantgarde** mostly. From the **Industrial** **Peach** website, the board depicts a **Tyfus** illustration of a three-eyed cat against a backdrop of polystyrene blue ghosts and fluorescent red.

## Tri-Or Squeek

By Service Pencil



## Martiensago home

### Sound on a stick

Fritz & Rudihauser Machine makes experimental music, it attempts to combine different types of digital media beyond the CD have failed to find much purchase. Even the simple experiment of breaking up a CD with multiple MP3 files (see J. Lassar, *Feature: Minimal*) has tended to find glorified and redundant. But here is an enterprise to rival the *Techno Wertheim* – a 1.18GB of six hours of 16-bit samples, causing a kind of embedded barcode box that contains 10 albums of material generated by a mysterious entity styling itself *martiensago home*.

Actions on European sample 1998, *marie saugohome*, it turns out, is a "sound collective whose primary output is music", as the collective itself puts it, explaining that it operates "at the intersection between radio drama and improvised electronic music".

From Telex comes the *Techno FM*, that particular juncion has been some

years ago, collective has been nothing of note, it seems to us.

Containing around ten hours of music, mostly high-rend stroboscopic loops, cut off from what the collective describes as "600 hours of audio and autophonic material" plus an image track documenting its various actions both inside and outside the studio studio, this box set, inevitably provides only a partial view of an organization that has integrated external connections and collaborations with dancers and vocal and video artists, as well as musicians as diverse as John Zorn, Jason Bennett and Alexx Shavar, that it works as a suitably idiosyncratic medium for a collective forging such that finds regular even in the current climate of re-tasking cross platform art estates. □

The *marie saugohome* box set is available from [marie-saugohome@jedol.com](http://marie-saugohome@jedol.com)

They have a blog.



*Martiensago home's 1.18GB stick*

## Pom Pom Records

### Faceless Techno bollocks

Recently a mysterious package arrived at The Wire office, return address in the Faroe Islands, containing a handful of "Techno 12" in anonymous self-blank sleeves and a CD packaged similarly. No further information. After some Google searching – keywords "Techno", "unsgewusst", "sleek sleeves" – the records turned out to be reissues from the mysterious Pom Pom label. But besides that, no one in the outside world seemed to know the who?

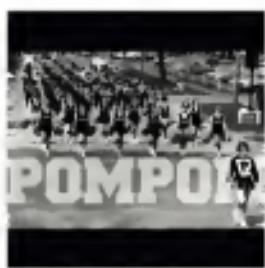
Remarkably, Pom Pom were contactable, via their distributor Kauppi. They even agreed to an email interview – but their responses were singularly uninformative, not even substantive enough to be cryptic. Are you really from the Faroe Islands? "Yes." Is there much of a Techno scene there? "Not really..." Pom Pom were determined to give nothing away but empty noise. And into an empty frame you can project what you like – a collective of underground Resistance-style hardcore activists, an established producer team who should his identity from obfuscative fans, cerebral theorists, decadent aesthetes, or outright nihilists.

The music evades this openness. A patchwork of allusions to 2000s' worth of house and Techno music, enhanced with contemporary production tips, it's a bit like the present day: it sounds like it's from nowhere at all. Its supposedly Faroese provenance undermines the attempt to contextualise it – unlike

Berlin, Detroit or London, any Techno scene in the islands of the North Atlantic would be uncharted territory. Listeners have to put aside their prejudices when approaching the music, which seems Pom Pom effectively subtitled the clan mentality that can infect Techno. Intriguingly, one of the only questions Pom Pom responded to with more than a couple of words was "Who do you picture dancing to your music?", to which they replied "Aesthetes, pointers, bearded people."

Usually for Techno, Pom Pom's music can also be incredibly conceal. Combining with tracks of near-purist apocalyptic gravitas are moments of the most silliest, clearest, dishevelled (everybody has Cap headlines, cartoonish biker-boy tomboi riffs, incongruous lounge house perversions). The funny thing is, since the records are all unnamed, you never know which you're going to get: playful or austere. Pom Pom – if all their names were to be dropped – seem intent on obscuring the *per*-facelessness of their own presentation for them to be "no-facelessness". Certainly, the "mystery" surrounding them should be seen with a pinch of salt. But in the Telexing world of ubiquitous self-promotion, Pom Pom have been able to tap into a craving for mystery. That they have done so with a sense of humour only makes them all the more intriguing. □

Nick Richardson



*Pom pom's Pom Pom Records, you decide!*



Moondog

## Moondog Howling at the moon

"I began using Moondog as a pen name in 1947," Loeser Hartin once explained, "in honour of a dog I had in Hartog, Maastricht, who used to howl at the moon more than any dog I knew." From that moment until the mid-1970s Moondog was a familiar figure on the streets of Manhattan, a blind busking street musician, composer and poet, always bearded and long breasted. Invariably he wore a horse-clothed Viking helmet and wrapped himself in a long cloak. In 1974 he settled in Germany, in relative seclusion, and continued making music until his death ten years ago.

Saxophonist John Harle brought Moondog to England in 1985 to perform with the massed horns of London Sinfonietta, accompanied by pianist Liam Noble and percussionist Paul Clarvis. Now those musicians are re-joining to celebrate the music of "The Viking Of 6th Avenue" at London's Barbican. The concert will also feature the British Sinfonia chamber orchestra in collaboration with Linda Town of Mouse Dr. Mars, and a specially convened Moondog All-Star Choir, involving Lightfoot Champion, Adiem and The Pusscat Trail. The programme will reveal material familiar from the Moondog biography but will also present previously unheard compositions.

The diversity of these participants says a lot about Moondog's singular musical vision. His fondness for overlapping vocal forms became a source of inspiration for the repetitive inflections of Philip Glass and Steve Reich. Initially though his main following was amongst jazz musicians, including Charlie Parker. During the mid-1950s Moondog recorded for the jazz-oriented Prestige label (including 1958's *More Moondog* and 1957's *The Story Of Moondog*, both of which have just been remastered and reissued on CD and LP by Honest Jonti), awakening up unlikely collisions between such countercults as Native American drumming, Medieval moonglings, Cuban rhythms and the environmental sounds of boats, tugboats and New York traffic.

"Hansonic," Noble observes, "is a strange mixture – Western classical influences and this earthy, simple-sounding approach to groove is a unique and top-quite-similar constituent to jazz, but it's not jazz." Noble and Clarvis recall their first meeting with Moondog at Dartington College in Devon where, in the course of a talk, Noble remembers, "he went through a batch of his music and commented: 'Very interesting, but it's a theory of mine that none should be written and it's stuck by that pretty rigidly.'" Clarvis explains that Moondog heard things in pure harmonic series, for him passing tones were simply wrong. Moondog himself acknowledged, in notes for his first Columbia album in 1969, that his compositions are "melodically and harmonically grounded in the past... it's the thing that's missing in so much music." Clarvis suggests: "Music often doesn't know where to go and gets more and more complicated, but although there was complication in Moondog's canons, he started with simple things done well. And it gets inside your head. You hear them and they don't go away."

Performing with Moondog, he continues, "you had to think out any thoughts you had about how to play. You couldn't just impose your way of playing. His music is so simple on the surface and so direct but you actually had to play it, and it's not quite like anything else – that's a difficult thing to do as a musician." Moondog didn't formally conduct the ensemble but instead in through the way he played bassoon or bass drum or pounded a raw-vining piano directly on the floor. As a drummer himself, Clarvis was struck by the way the composer underpinned the group with his percussive playing. "He gave it momentum, a what appeared almost a name, rhythmic way. Try to do it yourself and you'll never get close. Nevertheless," he says, "I'm sure the music will stand up without him." □ *The Viking Of 6th Avenue: The Music Of Moondog*, at London Barbican on 20 May. See *Dot Theatre*. Julian Gossley

### Unofficial Channels:

#### The Velvet Underground

Is that horrendous speech John Cale dragging a chair across the studio floor on *The Velvet Underground & Nico's "Dongen-Sai"*, or is it the sound of VU bootleggers accepting the actions of the band? Harder this year since the appearance of a VU vinyl double LP (originally titled in 1968 there was... "Candy in the Eye" by Warhol Record) Casting from the label behind last year's live *At The Gymnasium*, a 1967 concert recording from New York City (the source of the song "Sister I'm Falling In Love" on the official *Peek-A-Boo*) and the Velvet Underground bootleg anticipation among VU collectors and scholars are high. There are no end of bootleggings from the post-Columbia live gig at Ding Yule from late 1968 through to this last stand at NYC's Musician's Club. The Cale period with and without Nico from 1966–68 is undeniably by far and documented.

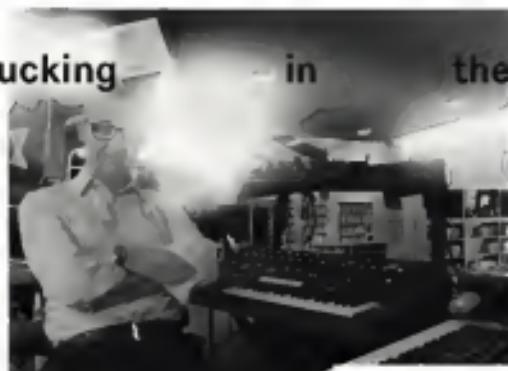
Following *Peek-A-Boo* and the sole documentation of the Warhol/Sophie bootleg of recordings that preceded the debut, in 1966 there was... is mostly unrepresenting. A double LP record is a headphones sleeve featuring previously-possible pictures of the group interacting with and without Nico (largely driven from their rehearsals at Andy Warhol's studio in January and March of that year). Most of the tracks have already done the rounds, most completely at *The Factory – Warhol Tapes*, also as a first-fully-entitled triple CD compilation, *Requiem For The Dream Factory*. The rehearsals appear to have been sourced from a *Roller* or *See It Go* available for research purposes by audience appointment at the Andy Warhol Museum in Pittsburgh. This missing, only disc is a largely polished for the audience's 1968 exhibition at Tompkins Projects. *Remembering The Velvet Underground*.

The sound-quality is passable for the times it was recorded, and while there is some minor pleasure to be had in hearing Nico struggling to learn "There She Goes Again", or the group thrashing drowsily through covers of John Lee Hooker's "Boo Boo" and Bruce T & The MG's "Green Onions", revolutions are far despite previously unreleased songs like "Mrs. (Never) Land" and "Get It On Time", and three live tracks from Andy Warhol's *Applause* at New York City's Filet Mignon. Nonetheless, the double LP is programmed to get the best out of its relatively thin material. Any public performances about making such bootlegs recordings available as unlicensed by padding out the collection with a few officially released tracks from *Peek-A-Boo* and *See It Go*. □ *Siba Kapt*

## Sucking

## in the

## 70s



Metaphorically, Belbury Poly's Jim Jupp

"Maybe there's a kind of magic in making models and making model scenery. Imagine this world: a strange group of model railway enthusiasts who also accoustics and manipulating reality with these models and lots of scenery," Jim Jupp is talking by telephone about the idea of miniature worlds, one of the threads running through the new Belbury Poly LP, *From An Ancient Star*. "It starts with the track, which ended up being called 'Model City' and which sounded like it could have been one of these very wacky children's programmes about model making, which seemed to be quite a big thing in the early '70s, certainly in our childhood."

Childhood, magic, Britain in the 1970s, television: it's a no-familiar to anyone who has followed the work of the Ghost Box label, which Jupp co-founded with schoolfriend Julian House. The two previous Belbury Poly records, *The Wilkes* (2004) and *The Devil's Map* (2008), explored the kind of electronic music that was embedded into the everyday life of British youth who grew up in the 1960s and '70s via TV theme tunes, incidental music and radio jingles. *From An Ancient Star*, Jupp explains, is "an attempt to extend the Belbury magic, to capture a certain moment in musical history, but to extend the imaginary baseline we have and maybe move it on a bit. I was listening to a lot of anachronisms from the late '70s and early '80s and I'd always liked those. And it just clicked for me – I hadn't really noticed that there was this like TV disco in these tracks, and in a few other places... Library tunes I'd heard as well. I thought that was an interesting angle to explore. It's obviously disco and it's groovy, but it's very white and not all that funky, but it's good electronic music." So instead of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, it's the electronic composers Deltron 303, R. Cook and their themes for the BBC's *Rootsman* (1968) and *The Great Egg Race* that are the key reference points on the new album.

Jupp is wary of pinning *From An Ancient Star* too closely to a specific period, in part "because of all

the accusations of nostalgia that come up in every interview", but also because, "not just for Belbury Poly but for the whole of Ghost Box, it's 1956–1978, and it's all in there, we take little slices through that continuum." "The 'All At Once City' is a title of one of the tracks on *From An Ancient Star*, and instead of a simulation of a particular moment, Belbury Poly's sound is like us re-dreaming of the past, in which cultural fragments that never actually co-existed – model railways, the occult, Enid von Drunken narrations about alien colonisations colonising Earth in prehistory – are condensed together.

Technology is the mediator for these oceanic confabulations. It's not rock 'n' roll which initiated the Ghost Box world, but a tradition of the fantastical British weird that began with Nigel Kneale's *Quatermass* dramas but which started to die at the end of the 1970s. Jupp laughs when I suggest that there was a certain glee in the British culture that got a certain glee with 80s-style cultism: "It's almost as if we became totally Americanised, got our swish fash and had a proper meal. I was talking to someone the other day whose girlfriend can't stand her watching old sitcoms, she always calls it 'groovy TV'. I know what she means. But maybe in TV, radio and records then there was a feel that was washed clean in the '80s when everything was mega-lit, digital, American, upbeat and colourful."

But the overwhelming reason why the end of the '70s is a cut-off point for Ghost Box is the arrival of digital technology. "It was being in 1986 when Fairlights and DXs appeared in electronic music. I suppose that digital technology is a tipping point in culture in general, even in the way that television is made." So Belbury Poly's sole relies on digital equipment. "At the heart of it is a computer, and we don't have that fact. Having said that, I'm sitting in the studio now and it's mostly analogue synths and a pile of acoustic instruments – what we do couldn't exist without laptop and sampling-as-here

and the access to cheap electronic instruments. It's reinventing old textures and old imagined worlds with new tools."

This re-inventing methodology is exemplified on *From An Ancient Star*'s standout track, "A Year And A Day", which digitally cheap up a sample of a woman singing a traditional song until it becomes an unrecognisable incantation: "If you're just using the old tools," Jupp says, "then you've got to make new music. I really liked that Marlene Dietrich last year [Supreme Delusion] when they just used the old equipment, and had a grand old experiment list, but it was almost legato more than they were making with these made-for-synths."

*Ghost Box* is really an inadvertent fable, in which Julian House's sincere design, with their web of allusions to fiction, the occult and weird science, are crucial. "I'm talking with Julian and a new artist now [Rag, the keyboard player with Broadcast, whose LP is set to be released on Ghost Box this summer] about a cover and we're talking about that fit into the Ghost Box world. None of that was appear anywhere, but there are hints to it, and cross references to it in other records."

Jupp and House are not so much professional musicians as amateur world-builders, constructing their own, partially minded, sonic fictional system out of recycled instants. "I've never really thought of us as part of the music industry," Jupp says. "We're hobbyists. We both work, we have families, we have other lives. This is something we do in our spare time. It's a hobby that took off and became a business, but we're still very much enthusiastic amateurs. We don't risk huge amounts of cash in it or expect to make it last living from it. We do it anyway."

It's an approach that has a certain currency. "Maybe with the economic crisis, the idea of self-sufficiency, eco-mindedness, make-do-and-mend, is coming back." □ *From An Ancient Star* is out now on Ghost Box.

Swiss Kult-Hits Vol.3+2 with a.o. Kleenex/LiLiPUTS Yellow, The Young Gods, Grauzonen, mittagessen, The Vytiles, a compendium of music from the 80s and 90s, and a 2CD set. These tracks represent the golden age of musical culture in Europe and the US. Despite their off-beat and off-kilter nature, these tracks are considered icons of the 80s/90s. Although the tracks are somewhat experimental, they have a fragmental, it's this will continue to influence the entire genre and past by a short distance. Please note: this is one of the most difficult collections of all time, and it's not for everyone. If you are not working on that, look for the CD.

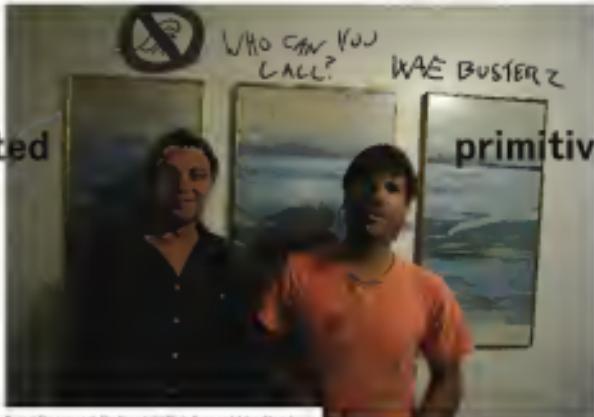
There is another, more experimental, edition available, but it's not as good as the first, but it's still a good collection. The tracks are mostly German, but there are a few English tracks. It's the absolute recommendation for the most interesting and dark German rock tracks.

The 2CD set also includes tracks from the 80s and 90s, and all of the tracks are available on the official [Swiss Kult-Hits](http://www.indie-music.ch) website.

# The Hospitals

By Nick Richardson

## Sophisticated



Burn (left) The talented The Hospitals' Chris Burn and Adam Stanhouse

**The history of The Hospitals is a tortuous tale.** In the beginning – back in Portland, Oregon in 2002 – they were the duo of Adam Stanhouse on drums and vocals, and Brad Meyer, now a member of Silberez garage rockers Eat Skull, on guitar. At the time, says Stanhouse, they were “kind of a beer band”, with very few fans but a few live in boozing. In 2003 they released their debut self-titled album on garage rock label In The Red. Since then, there have been so many line-up changes, break-ups and switcheroos that it’s been hard to keep track. They had a new line-up for *The Wader* (The Isle Of Jools And Jazzy Jaws) 2006, and again for Rick People (Telekinesis, who 2008), a record Stanhouse reluctantly refuses to talk about. Currently, they comprise Stanhouse, Chris Dunn, formerly of Portland punk outfit The Ranchers, on guitar, and new bassist Rick Tu-Lan. The Hospitals are an unstable group, if they’re a group at all.

The one constant has been Stanhouse, now living in San Francisco. Little by little, The Hospitals have become the corner of his musical vision. Last year’s *Mandyre Peace* LP, which snuck from nowhere into the top three of *The Wire*’s 2008 Record chart, was conceived, written, recorded and released by Stanhouse. To realize his vision, he assembled an elite “punk classic Olympic team”, including Chris Dunn, Brad Meyer and Rob Enbom (both in Eat Skull).

Stanhouse fleshes the latter two characters out with anecdotes. Meyer holes himself up in a practice studio for hours with three amps and two cases of beer (“no negotiation”) to record the song “Dresser Damage”, a grotesque, lurching waltz for solo guitar, Enbom leaning up and smoking a huge long, “tutting Indian-style” on the floor and spontaneously writing and recording the riff on “Mandyre Peace” in a single take. It’s Burn, though, who has become Stanhouse’s right-hand man – he has now moved to San Francisco in an effort to stabilize The Hospitals’

line-up, and the group are touring and working on a new record together.

Despite the dub-in legends surrounding the recording, Mandyre Peace is hardly a klip-klap-lucky, leg and hocksy party record. Rather, it seems perfectly lucid that moment when the party stops being comfortable and starts turning sour – the tortured excitement as the drugs kick in too hard or a fight breaks out. Stanhouse’s voice is anxious and paranoid. “I feel dizzy,” he’ll add, “I feel like I’m drowning in my own body.” The lyrics are euphoric ambivalence of an ecstasy rush. “I can’t control the patterns on the tiled floor,” he lyrics on “Betting Out Of Bed”. Meanwhile, robes inauspiciously patched under his, songs speed up and slow down, occasionally breaking into tragi-comic deformations of American stadium rock in the spirit of a drunken frat party singalong (the AC/DC-schlock off “Mandyre Peace” was apparently Enbom’s attempt to “take this sick to the dance”).

Stanhouse hints that the songs are a product of the “Barbra Streisand breakdown set” he was dealing with at the time, in years of partying and touring finally took their toll. But the record is not intended as a solo story. It’s more the expression of a generation’s collective angst. “There’s a grip of damaged people [in America],” says Stanhouse, and *The Hospitals* music reflects that. He believes that The Hospitals are a “punk” group, but Mandyre Peace is not the sound of a disillusioned and earnest revolution, not the punk of The Ramones or Black Flag. It’s part of the electric Eels/My Bloody Valentine/Japanesque canon, the sound of strung-out punks frustrated by the systems, drug-ravaged and riddled with psychosis.

For The Hospitals, “punk” signifies for-realness: certified for them in an impressionable DIY ethic, “non-professionals doing music for music’s sake”, and built-in-free primitives. “I think if anything is to survive

about The Hospitals, it’s that it’s a real primitive style band, it has always been,” insists Stanhouse. “It’s all guys that can’t play well making unsolicited songs about what’s in front of them.” Yet for all that, Mandyre Peace is relentless and uncordially detailed. Take, for example, “Friends Are Natural”, where a manic cango rhythm breaks into a dingy over-the-River Kwai-style whistled charrua, or the ghostly male and雌 voice box-in on “Rules For Being Alive”, or the wall noise and Game Boy chips on “Sour Hawa”.

This is largely due to Stanhouse’s missionary and meticulous mission. When it came to post-production, he was “anti, controlling and obsessive as fuck”, as Guan puts it. From the outset, he had a clear idea of how he wanted the finished record to sound, and though much of the raw material was written and recorded quickly, he spent months in his basement afterwards poring over the tapes, cutting and splicing, layering takes that were often recorded months apart – oddly enough, Stanhouse’s mix often recalls the dub studio experiments of Reg Tillary or Keith Hudson, with its real-time effects processing and tape re-reverberations, the ghostly palpitations of old instrumental and vocal tracks haunting the mix. By the end of the process, the songs were “almost unrecognizable”, says Guan. “You knew your guitar is, or was, in there somewhere but it is hard to tell where.”

Although they scoff at the idea of being associated with an “over-thought, dirty, academic approach”, as Guan puts it, The Hospitals manage to combine the immediacy of punk with the attention to sonic detail of more refined musical media, capturing moments of raw, boozey-funked-up expressiveness and revisiting them in the cold light of day, crafting them into sophisticated and complex compositions. The sound of punk gone sleek, sharpened, restructured and rendered intimate. □ Mandyre Peace has just been issued on CD by Melsa ([melsa.com/hospital](http://melsa.com/hospital)).



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## Comic

"My name is Alexis and... I'M HERE TO WAKE YOU UP!" We're at the Cafe Oto-venue in the depths of East London. In front of us is an incongruously glamorous beehived woman, gazing over audience from behind a table spilling over with a jumble of knobs, wires and flicking lights. She calls it "baked up noise music", a mesh-up of textures and sounds woven through multi-layered, looped, pre-recorded words, interspersed with whirring whacomm. Welcome to the bizarre world of Alexis O'Hara, a Montreal-based performer, poet, film maker and visual artist who is equally at home in the spoken word scene, the laptop circuit and in the sound art world.

O'Hara's first foray as a performer began on the Montreal fringe as a fresh-faced theatre student. But the limitations of spoken word drove her to explore music制作, and in 1995 she bought her first sample piece of equipment – a "creepy NGO vocal processor". A year later she added a sampler and a delay pedal. Further experimentation with electronics led to a fascination with the interactive possibilities of wearable technology. "For 'Sonic To-Change' I built a box where people could press a button and record a question," explains O'Hara the day after the Cafe Oto show. "I'd lose the questions onto a sampler and I'd wear a dress with MIDI triggers. I'd touch parts of my body, play the questions and spontaneously make up a song to answer the question."

A self-confessed nerdoid, O'Hara rejects femme branding. "And for the longest time I have resisted the idea," she continues. "I've tried to stay a little brutalist in my approach to music. I like the idea of being an-what's-making-me-as opposed to a musician. But of course the more I don't do the better I get. So I have to face myself to stay stupid."

Staged is, of course, something she is most definitely not. But she peppers her conversations with a blizzard of self-deprecating comments in an

attempt to bully you into thinking so. "I install myself first so you don't get a chance to," she quips. So in performance she is blunt. "I just burst! I thought I'd draw attention to this in case you found me noisy." The cutting double draw subverts the concept of the "sexy female performer", subtly undermining the often pa-faced white laptop scene she has infiltrated, without entirely alienating it.

Playing on her mild dyslexia, she'll get out the part of a dirty woman with no clue as to what the machines in front of her actually do. "Oh I have an idea, this will be good," she practices during the Cafe Oto performance, looking like if all her button pressing and lever twiddling is purely random. But all the time there's melody, rhythm and noise germinating somewhere in the unexplained chaos. "It's that whole thing about women in technology," she knew. "Women, assuming, can operate all these machines." There's a comedic element in that, one of all that I like to exploit. "Even when I'm in complete control I make it seem I'm not. Like I'm battling the machine which is trying to take over the set."

"But it can be too much of a clown," she admits. "When I'm at home working I do love beautiful music. I have to remember to not feel self-conscious about making beauty. It's easier to make comedy though. But if you're doing something or a process or a track, you can really feel alone." Her recordings are very different from her live performances. Her debut CD *In Absentia* featured exploratory electronics meshed with O'Hara's stripped down looped vignettes. The self-titled *Trust Me I'm Alive* EP was all gorgeous, layered, a-mock instantly. Another new download mini-CD *Musik For Friends*, features guitar-stretched songs, including a cover of "You Will Be Loved Again", by 80s funk "celebrity" funk, Mary Margaret O'Hara.

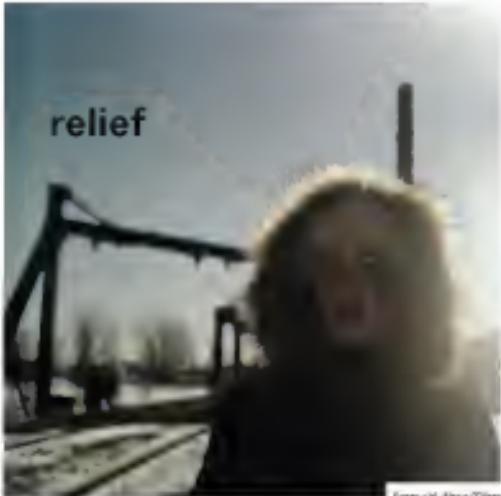


Photo: (c) Alexis O'Hara

Her current album in progress features Sophie Trudeau on violin, Stefan Schmid and Michael F. Cösl on percussions, Bernhard Fleissner on guitar and Bruce Lipsyn on trumpet. But while music is certainly thelynchpin, it's not O'Hara's ultimate goal. "I'm much more interested in bringing music to other kinds of spaces and audiences. What I do is off, finds out there, I bring it to electronic music events and noisy music to cabaret events. I feel lucky to get programmed at sound art or experimental music events, even though I feel like I have to keep my mouth shut lest my open-mic-awakening look out."

Hardly stopping for breath, O'Hara has four or five projects on the go at any one time. "It's hard because I truly enjoy everything I do, from writing aappy songs to making busy noise improvisation, to conceiving of more elaborate performance projects, and always writing and taking photos." She's now seeking funding and sound installations. Her debut will be at the Skid gallery in Montreal, an igloo built of whitewashed speakers where she'll "connect a billion miles and make an unlikely dir of condensed frequencies". Meanwhile, she's also making a film a week for her friend, Danyo Maledek's 52 Pick Up Matka project, as well as preparing for a performance at Montreal's Suara Per 10 Popula festival with Maledek, her "spokes-her" duo with D Krem. Unsurprisingly, Laurie Anderson is a major influence. "Yeah, I'm kind of weighing doing a multi-disciplinary show that has that kind of electronic music, visual, kind of weird feel. I want to do everything!" *CD Alexis O'Hara's SOOOOOOOOO* like *L'igloo Inapropable* shows at Montreal's Centre des Arts Actuels. *Silki* between 5-9 May [www.silki.ca](http://www.silki.ca). Maledek's *Ice Machine* will be released by Kaboom! Magique in June [www.dynamik.com](http://www.dynamik.com).

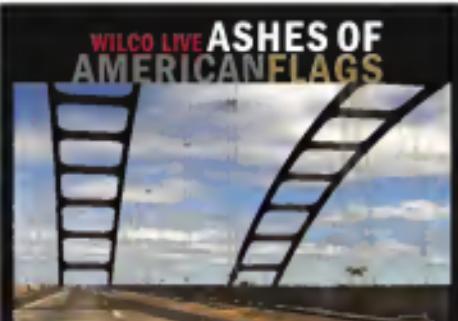


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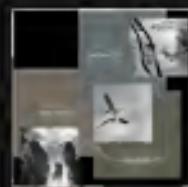
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Lee Patterson in action in Baslow, west Scotland, 1997

"I'm quite into burning notes," laughs Lee Patterson, "that's a nice little process. It's fairly varied, you get different types of sounds. It's quite a unpredictable as well – you don't know exactly what you're going to get. You have a rough idea, but you don't know how the sound will develop, whether the notes are going to squeak or even sizzle in some cases. Or whether you'll get a long reverb and a sort of lead or drop in pitch."

He's not just sonic of the everyday items, nor all foodstuffs, whose sonic qualities this BBC radio supervisor has investigated. His solo debut, *Seven Ligarettes*, uses a electric toothbrush, ergonomic lighters, giant fire cones and burning hazelnuts as a sounds. But there's no element of novelty about the sounds, or the way they're generated. Patterson treats them with respect, leaving them unprocessed, applying them judiciously and deploying them as unposed counterparts in the various collaborations he works on, most of them towards the electroacoustic hinge of the improv spectrum.

Seven vignettes follow, from with Graham Rallison, and with Phil Dwyer and David Leacy. Near the end of a track on the latter, Patterson drops Andrew Liver Salts into contact-miked wine glasses filled with water. "You get this beautiful sibilant fizz," he explains. "As the reaction subsides, the bubbles rise through the liquid and reach the surface so it causes the glass to ring, even so slightly, it can be a beautiful figure of sound." The three discs and a period in which Patterson's activities – he works in half a dozen duos and trios with the likes of Benedict Drew, Rhodri Davies, Helena rough and David Teap – were documented only on limited CD-R releases.

Patterson's use of self-constructed instruments reflects his debt to instrumentalist and improviser Hugh Davies, whose legacy is acknowledged on *For Hugh Davies*, where he, Mark Webber and Adam Bohman play alongside some previously unheard Davies recordings. "Unfortunately I never saw Hugh

play, but I did I need to," Patterson relates. "He did a tape piece with his African harp called *Strata*, which is on one of the *Paradigm* compilations [*Variations 2*]. I listen to *Paradigm* a lot. Living in Manchester, there isn't – or wasn't, not that I was aware of – much going on. You planned what you could find odd secondhand CDs. I managed to pick up a copy of that compilation and that was a huge influence fairly early on. After that I started to build instruments and use objects as sound sources."

Built out of cheap found materials, Patterson's "spring-rods", for example, are comprised of metal tubes left behind by amateur miners, prepared with capsule lighter springs and played with an E-bow or top of a wooden box resonator. He also works with contact-etched metal plates with springs attached to the edges, which are then blown or plucked. His interest in field recordings comes from a similar combination of relative poverty and creative ingenuity. "I come to that any of working through not having any money to buy equipment," he recalls. "I didn't have traditional musical skills or abilities, or any musical training. So I had to find ways of finding interesting sounds. Rather than tramping halfway around the world to find some exotic location to make field recordings, east of there have been within a few miles of where I live, here in Manchester, or in my bedroom or in the kitchen."

Patterson has used field recordings regularly and often-specific sound installations, such as his contribution to the *Half Life* event in 2007 (parted around the hill of Dunsinane in Argyll, west Scotland), which combined local recordings with his African harp string installation, which ran from the top to the bottom of the hill. Since then "that's a side of my practice that's been by the by-ways. It's just the way things have gone. I've become more involved in live work and working with people like Luke [Foster] on film work, and in encounters with the environment." The collaboration with Foster is a response to La Monte Young's *Composition 10* (1960), which consists of

the instruction to "draw a straight line and follow it". The two had a straight road and walked along it, filming, recording and collecting objects along the way.

Drawing clear links between the ostensibly disparate strands of his output, he connects his field recordings to his use of everyday objects, and his investigations into the "infinite world of used events" they contain. "A lot of the objects I'm using are discovered through a process of inspiration that uses field recordings. The field can be the size of a car or it can be as ocean," he elaborates, referring to the underwater recordings he has made with self-built hydrophones. "I use field recordings as a way of developing ideas, of exploring objects and processes, the initial starting point being using recording as an exploration of specific material properties of things. You can articulate these objects in terms of how you can gather sounds from them. It's kind of an existence process, because not only does the object become transformed, but your understanding of the world and these objects becomes transformed as well."

"I think the underlying factor is recording and listening, and the curiosity as to how things sound, the sonic potential of everyday materials. For me that's a thread that's running in the approaches. They're all ways of making familiar post-industrial northern England suburban environments a little bit more interesting," he concludes, laughing. "Finding ways of gathering material. Taking that ethos of expression out into the world, a sound, as I wonder around and collect stuff. You have to improvise with the materials around you. You start recording with a contact mic and you realise that your entire environment has many, many different layers of being, and many, many different layers of energy and activity that you can pick up on through these very simple means." *CD Review* is on *Confront*, Bureau on *Geffham*. For Hugh Davies on *Another Timeline*, [stevevoightmusic.onshoutz.syzbase.com/confront2000](http://stevevoightmusic.onshoutz.syzbase.com/confront2000).



# Global Ear

A survey of sounds from around the planet

Jace Clayton and Javier Martinez enter a shopping mall in Peru's capital

## Lima

that's a cornucopia of pirate music and movies, and witness the rehabilitation of psychedelic cumbia

Persistent grey clouds frame Lima's sky. They roll in from the nearby Pacific Ocean, but have trouble clearing the Andes. The intense grey filters into local popular song via ballads that stress the metaphoric significance of the bad weather. At street level, minus noise, as the ad hoc transport systems careen around road-scarred buildings.

Down town I enter Cocalera de Polvos Azules, an unassuming, incomplete mall. Rattling metal plays awaiting concrete structures clutter its roof in simultaneous testimony to permanent becoming and economic strains. Inside, hundreds of stalls sell music, films, electronics, clothing, books, shoes, toys, food and more. The crowded, media-saturated passengers of Polvos Azules (which translates as Blue Dust) overload the space; the entrance lets halfway through a Tokyo-shaped centre and the Tex-mex. Any product that can be bootlegged is to be found here in illegal form. You want the latest entertainment? You go to Polvos. Material arrives here weekly before the other pirates. Lima operates as an open port and Polvos Azules sees per the centre.

Despite the efforts of the industry to put it otherwise, bootlegged music is indistinguishable from legally distributed goods: this unusual, tax-free mall makes that clear. Radiohead, Daft Punk, Coldplay, Foo Fighters – music that could never spread across Peru at accessible prices is here, in startling depth. (The archives of worldwide film and TV are just as deep, if not more so.) Yes, piracy happens in open air stalls and sideways the world over, but Polvos Azules represents the formalisation of the informal economy.

These territories bootlegged music don't circulate over the internet; most of Lima's neighbourhood web connections are either too slow or too expensive – mostly both. Wholesale buyers from other cities and countries come by bus, carefully hiding their handbags in various pieces of luggage so that, if one is

stolen or damaged, the trip won't have been in vain. The logic – and data – of Polvos Azules is part of a trend that replicates itself in other cities, spanning thousands of miles from Cali to Colombia to Patagonia at the southern end of the continent. The city is a strategic position on global transit crossroads (on the Pacific), and near Chilean mapагnique, where everything from trash to electronics to used Japanese cars enter) means that the technology needed for copying CDs is incredibly inexpensive. Polvos Azules customers aren't paying for music, they're paying for the media it's carried on: plastic CDs and cheaply printed paper. It's not the music that moves people.

For the last few decades, Musical Tropical has flourished in Lima, by Peruvian waves of rural-to-urban migration and foreign rock influences. Tropical is aлагуу adjective. At the end of the 1980s, it was used generically to refer to Peruvian responses to music from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Colombia and the Latin diaspora in New York. In the '90s, with the explosion of cumbia and the culture of internal migrants arriving in Lima, Tropical mutated into a style whose definitive sound is the sharp fuzz guitars (orange and surf rock were huge in Lima then) and lyrics about the harsh beauty of Lima in that time of social upheaval.

This 'chicha' sound harnesses Peru's contribution to the continental collective: Is it the guitar shaker and percussive sounds of cumbia arra and 1970s surf guitars and effects pedals. It was a crisp, modern sound, mirrored by lyrics of singers like Chepican, who sang a raw reality – that of lonely country men who had moved to Lima, hoping for work that rarely materialised. Even when groups like the surreal Los Retiros represented indigenous Amazonian pride, their unusual arrangements and trippy, jungle' guitar thimbles meant that their arrival into national popularity heralded something truly modern.

Peru boasted one of South America's most reprehensive record industries, peaking in the 1970s with countless cheap groups. As Latin America underwent the media diet, conversion from LP to cassette to CD to MP3, Lima's famous record industry was one of the first to disappear – but the city's popularity hasn't let up.

Peruvians cumbia gained visibility in the West with Barbers Records' mixed compilation Roots Of Chicha: Psychedelic Cumbias From Peru. Released by a French-run label based in Brooklyn, New York, Roots



Bootleg shopping at Lima's Polvos Azules mall

Of Chicha gave rise to a curious phenomenon. Seeing 1960s and '70s groups recontextualised by a North American DJ helped the kids of Lima's asyle bimbo like Mariana and Damarco hear the music differently. Now 'cumbias psicodélicas' (psychedelic cumbia – a marketing term promoted by Barbers) has entered Lima's slang, set between English usage.

Once stigmatized as unrefined and chewy fever-class music, the old cumbia has gained some cool. These days, you can catch concerts in the wild, or do neighbourhoods starring legendary acts compiled by Barbers, such as Los Marlos, as well as others. Grado Causante, Cosplay Quinto and more. Barbers' hip helped a younger generation foreground its previously unacknowledged aspects of their Peruvianness, but cumbia is wide. The popular (and 'uncool') Peruvian music of today is authored by Rosy Mar, princess of the Peruvian Tex-Mex Technocumbia scene (post-Selena Mexicanos and offbeat cowboy groups) sporting electric guitars with Amazonian dances.

Out in the plainer neighbourhoods (jirones), cumbia has a large remained strong, with dances and concerts every weekend. In this thriving scene one can hear the older groups (sometimes led by the children or siblings of the emboldened founders, like Los Dantelos), and contemporary groups of recent years like Rapido, Aguasal and Grupo 6. Their blend of contemporary chicha drives on Technocumbia, adding salsa and manana influences and increasingly cruxy dance choreography.

Like most of nearly everywhere else, Lima's cumbia groups earn a living from live shows rather than a studio sales. Perito CD compilations join radio broadcasts as essential ways of getting invited to play gigs across the city and into South America. In Lima, as elsewhere, music policy hits a wall and seems to generate revenue rather than take it away.

The hand understand. And the youngest of them don't even know what is original or copy, never having even seen a factory-made bootleg CD. At this point in history, these types of questions don't interest them. So the bootleg market becomes a way of spreading cultural goods. There is no cost, only the need to access music – and movies and encyclopedias and documentaries and on. Polvos Azules represents the formalisation of these informal networks of handbag, pleasure and distribution, and cumbia is one of the main packets of data being constantly scrutinised and multiplied along them. □



## Cross Platform

Sound in other media



Richard Foreman (right) with John Zorn

"I think that I work in a theatrical kind of form, rather than a theatrical form, because I've always... hated theatre, for a long time," playwright Richard Foreman tells me in his decayed downtown Manhattan loft. "I don't like seeing theatre. I just fall into the trap of making it, but I'm doing something else." Since founding his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre in 1988, Foreman has written and directed over 40 plays and become one of the leading names in the theatrical avant-garde. Onstage like meta-on-stage, bright lights directed at the audience, horizontal strings crisscrossing the stage, black and white-painted curtains and set designs, sets full of lego-like contraptions interspersed with Foreman's own typed voice reciting aphorisms, lines, lyrics, the house lights never dimming, and no curtain call at the end, just an announcement that the play is over and the audience should go home — these are just a few of the aspects of Foreman's radical vision of theatre. Writing a Foreman play can be much like listening to Morton Feldman's music — instead, a comment Feldman made on his own *The Voice in My Life*, "if it's wrong repeat the sentence with subtle change rather than developing," could easily be used to describe the action in many of Foreman's works.

He has also worked on a number of opera productions, directing classics like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *The Rake's Progress* and collaborating as director or librettist with contemporary composers Philip

Johnson, Michael Gordon, Stanley Silverman and Peter Gordon. This spring saw the premiere in New York of his staging of *Astrologue*, an opera Foreman invited his long-time friend and admirer John Zorn to compose. Zorn has also just released a Foreman DVD on his *Tzadik* imprint, which sports a 1972 film of a performance of *Sapilo*. The DVD as well as clips from video documentation of plays from the last three decades. These provide a glimpse of his development from early skeletal, lengthy works with (potentially) many non-actors that seem to hang in suspended motion, to recent decades' more condensed, wild spectacles, sprinkled with arcane insights, that still frustrate any normal expectations for even the most dedicated Yonkers/Park school of experimental theatre.

Sound is always a critical element in Foreman's fragmentary plays, marked by brief snippets from different kinds of music, tape loops, buzzers, chains and loud crashing noise. At one point, he even had a four-speaker system through which he'd play taped dialogue. "It'd have individual voices of the dialogue coming from the four corners of the audience," he says. "So you're being surrounded by this circular issue of language." Increasing his plays, Foreman puts down notes for a period of time, "and then I look through all of that to find key phrases, sentences, tiny little exchanges of dialogue, that I think I can build a play around. But at that point, I'm also starting to think of what music I would choose. I would say that when I go into rehearsal, even though I start with text, I'm directing a lot of the time to the music."

Foreman used to record music from the radio onto cassettes and make loops out of them. "It was certainly an extremely raw, anything from a classical opera to jazz," he recalls. "In the early days I used to use a lot of 33 rpm slowed down, and it sounded very lugubrious and strange. I used to use Eddie Lang and Jimi Hendrix, The Blue Note Orchestra — a very amateur group, there was one out that I used again and again.

Alan Light meets veteran experimental director and playwright

### Richard Foreman

whose absurdist, immersive theatre works are interwoven with a long lineage of avant garde sound, from early minimalism to John Zorn

For one show I used a theme from Messenier's [opening] St. Francis, and I tended to use music that was sort of low in register, had a certain melancholy, that would lift you in the solar/lungs area — that's one of the reasons I slowed it down.

"I am not interested in music that will take people deeper into what's happening," he continues. "In the very early days, somebody saw one of my plays and said to me, 'Oh Richard, I don't understand, you start this nice music and it all starts going wild, and then you stop it. It's like you slap us in the face.' And immediately then I'd say, 'Yeah, I want you to make up, I want you not to get sucked into where the music might take you.' What I like to do with the music these days is to suggest to people, just for a moment, that there could be music here — and it could take you in the direction — but of course, you want to stop that, before you pull it into that direction. So it's a continual suspension of the possibility of music."

Back in the late 1980s, Foreman felt so affinity with minimalist composers like Philip Glass and Steve Reich when presenting a early concert of their work at Florida's Oceanside festival. You can guess traces of early minimalist methods in *St. Francis*, with its leisure set-ups involving long periods of apparent stasis, with gradual detections of actors coming average to speak or move sparingly. Foreman notes that, in his apartment, "In the old days I used to play two or three of my loops going at the same time. I liked hearing the different rhythms fighting each other and everything always changing, a little like what Steve [Reich] did in his *Glacier* piece — that was the background music to

my life, back then." In 2005 he directed Glass's opera *The Fall Of The House Of Usher*. "I've known Phil for years, and Phil's a very easy guy to work with, very hands-on. I would participate in it and he'd come in the last week just to see things and pay attention to the music. This was an interesting experience in that I got to do two totally different productions — the one in America was totally different from the one we did in Italy, in the Maggio Musicale in Florence. The second was, I won't say more about it, but it was more far out in a way. The first one was sort of beautiful, almost a celebration. Romantic set piece, and the second one was in the big parkhouse, with many screens on the walls, it was just a wilder production, when Phil said, for that reason, he liked better."

Foreman has also known John Zorn since the mid-70s, when the composer "was friendly with a number of people who were extras — we called them 'dwarves'" — in some of my early shows when I had my little theater on Lower Broadway at Broome Street. He used to hang around then and that's when I first met him. He did a little tabletop theater — I don't know if that was the first thing, but it was surely one of the first, in that theater. "Anthraxene is played by the power trio of socialist Mike Patton, bassist Trevor Dunn and drummer Joey Baron (the CO, released in 2000, is used for the show's performance). While it's certainly unlike most of the music Foreman has worked with in the past (not to mention his libretto, which consists solely of vocalized, the creaking of Zorn's cowering Black Metal) and Pomena's bonyfests, mets and rumbustious movements groove to be a synergistic. "I've got to confess, and John knows this, when I first heard the record, my first reaction was what the hell am I going to do with this? I mean, all I hear is this loud noise for 45 minutes," he laughs. "But of course, as we worked on it, I got to understand it more and more, and get into it, and appreciate what was really going on, and I think I can only do that when I'm working on it."

As with his other operas work, Foreman left the music intact, rather than excerpting or lengthening it as he would in his own plays. He says, "[Zorn] came to an early rehearsal and he loved it, and he was encouraging me like most composers, he do much more, to do more stuck notes, and I don't like to do that. I feel I've got the music, I've got to do with that." Foreman then added his own twists in the gaps between acts. "I put a few phrases in there from his description of what he felt was going on in the opera that are the silhouettes, and then one or two phrases that I added, but not much more, because when I do an opera or a musical I think the music's the thing. My main focus will be to provide some kind of staging — obviously it stops sometimes and freezes, and you just listen to the music — but the rest of the time does a staging that's off the beat of the music, so you're really conscious of what the music is doing, rather than using the music to support that particular stage action. Thankfully John said that in the finished version he was able to hear many more things in the score than he had heard just listening to the scores, which I take as a great compliment." (2) The Sept. 7-8 Oceanside 35+ Year Retrospective Celebration DVD is out now on Traxic



## Invisible Jukebox

Each month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they are about to hear. This month it's the turn of

### Mark Mothersbaugh

Tested by Richard Henderson. Photography by Jeremy & Claire Weiss

#### The Residents

"Mother Was A Vegetarian"

From The New Beach # 10 (Merry) 1976

I have 24 and a half minutes to figure out what it is... Sounds pretty good [laughs]. In this *Monty Python's* medley of pop songs... or something? The whistling's got a resonance of its own on that. *Monty Python* level. And then that's a "Study In Disguise With Glasses" and... this goes on for 15 minutes?

Yes, it's The Residents.

This is The Residents? Those little records. Can you imagine all the rights, how many writers they had to put to the track [a medley of alternative covers], if they would have done it? I have a soft spot for The Residents and I've a very good reason. One time when Devo played in Cleveland, Peter Udo's David Thivens said, "You know, you guys ain't the only guys who resemble 'Satisfaction'." And I go, "Really?" And he played me The Residents' [1976] version and I thought, "Doh, our version is better but that's pretty good." But then I started checking out their staff and I really liked them and a couple of years later we signed with the froggy manager named Elliot Roberts.

Not being a manager

Yeah. He signed us because Neil Young told him to. He didn't really know what we were doing. But anyhow, we did our first tour over in England and while we were over there, year '76, these young bands who were interested in Devo and you'd talk to them and they'd give you a tape. And this band called The Human League gave us this tape, and they were really good. I went back to Udo and gave it to Elliot and said, "I found the tape of this really great band you've got to sign, they're going to be really big." I played him the tape and he said, "If that music makes it big, I'll eat my hat." He said that exact quote to me. After they had record contracts on both sides of the Atlantic, he said, "See, there's other bands you like?" And I was like, "Yeah! There's this really great band from San Francisco called The Residents!"

I remember they played at Pasadena, and it was their weirdest thing I'd ever seen them do. I looked like they had the budget of a high school production because they were all in leotards and stuff, and carrying this stuff around and people would run out with a little firelight. It looked so sketchy! It weren't like their videos, because their videos were kind of easy. And all I remember is that, as soon as the show was over, walking up to me and saying: "Don't ever recommend another band to me." [laughs]

Probably all-time favorite thing they ever did was "It's A Man's World", the James Brown song, where they had what sounded like an emasculated

little lab rat singing the song. I just thought that was excellent.

#### Postal Works – University Of Ghana

"Cancelled Stamps At The University Of Ghana Post Office"

From CB supplement to World Of Music (Schirmer Publishing) 2002

That's just about the happiest people at work I ever heard in my life. Good God. And you know what, the postal system is alive and well in Ghana – sounds like there's a lot of letters being stamped. If they deliver with that much enthusiasm, may be you'll start using postcards again, maybe.

When people think of Devo, they don't think of an African component particularly. But there was a rhythmic component to it that was very strong. We thought of ourselves as on the *Jesus and Mary Chain* line. Jerry [Casale] came from a blues band, Bob [Line] was a hard rocker, and I was the mid-scientist that ends into all the weird electronic stuff. We had rehearsals from both sides. There was the two week period where the one place where we were allowed to rehearse was flooded, getting painted. Fungated or something, which meant for a couple of weeks we couldn't rehearse. And we couldn't handle not making music for those weeks. Even though we had no job, and no foreseeable gig in the future, or anything, we just wanted to make music together. And I remember at one point we went to my brother Jim's apartment [Devo's original drummer] and we were just sitting around on a couch, and we had no instruments or anything, we just played all of the songs with our mouths and on the table. Jerry did the bassline for "We've Been Through You" and I did the synth part with my mouth. We've got the recording of that somewhere.

It's funny, because people think of Devo as cynical, but we were optimistic. Because even though we talked about de-evolution, we thought people just need to know the right information and they'll make the right choices. We didn't think it was going to turn out the way it has turned out, as of today. Machismo. Devo thought it was going to be... .

#### Brass-Era

"Wire Shock"

From *Never Let Go!* (Sony/Warner) 1992

I like the sound. I can't really date it exactly. That would be great to play live. Do you know what kind of instruments were used? It sounds like they might have been using circuit-beat toys... It's like that.

**Mark Mothersbaugh** was an art student at Ohio's Kent State University in 1970, when the National Guard shot at unarmed student anti-Vietnam War protesters. The horrific aspect of that tragedy, along with a steady diet of low-budget horror and sci-fi films, fringe religious literature and awareness of the Midwest's decaying industrial culture, gave rise to the concept of *de-evolution*, describing regressive tendencies disrupting haughty and assumed progress. This dystopian philosophy welded its first three exponents – Mothersbaugh, Giordano Casale and Bob Line – into the group that would become Devo. Initially a garage outfit sporting distorted electronic textures and postmodern literary rhyme lyrics, Devo soon became the amorphous multimedia art movement by its founders. The group's first *The Complete Truth About De-evolution*, in tandem with key appearances at New York City clubs in the late 1970s, drew the attentions of David Bowie and Brian Eno, the latter would produce Devo's first album, *O Are We Not Men? A We Are Devo!*, at Canby Plaza's Cologne studio in 1978.

Devo's subsequent albums spawned hit singles accompanied by highly stylized video features during the emergence of MTV. Following the group's initial refinement in the mid-80s, Mark Mothersbaugh began scoring films (including the first four releases from director Wes Anderson), television shows (Pee-wee's Playhouse, *Reptile*), commercials and video games. His work in the graphic arts continued alongside his musical output, an ongoing string of gallery shows focused, variously, on assemblage photographs resembling Rorschach blots and re-arranging imagery culled from Mothersbaugh's own sketches. (Currently he hosts a weekly segment of the children's programme *Yo Gabba Gabba!*).

Devo's musicians have grown from sparsely dated to full-blown tour in recent years. The men in the yellow suits once more are raiding global audiences that "de-evolution is real" throughout the first half of 2008, while presenting their first all-new recordings in seven years.

The Jukebox was conducted in the circular control room of *It Stinks*, the hub of Mutts Music, Mothersbaugh's music production company housed in a round, acid-green stock spaceship on Sunset Boulevard in West Hollywood.

Mark Rothko at his studio, West Hollywood, Los Angeles, March 1961



"Alan Vega  
takes my mic  
and hits it on  
the monitor  
as hard as  
he could.  
I asked: Why  
did you do  
that? He  
says: The  
artist reigns  
supreme!"

Brian Eno did that? Well, he did some of the best synth solos in rock, even way back on that first Roxy album. He changed everything when he did "Edition Of You", where there's obviously not a keyboard involved, and he's going "was like whoa, was like woooo". When I heard that solo it took everything up to a new level. That was a very big moment in rock, I thought.

Did he write when he produced David's first record? No. He puts a loop on "Jocca Homo" – that "Oshakashikashakashie" with the singer from out West, not Thailand, somewhere. Some place where the gamelan guys come from.

**Bali or Java? The Ramayana monkey chant?**

Yeah, the monkey chant. And he put that in there... I'm sure the word "monkey" in the song set it off. But it was a really great loop to put inside the track. There was no '88 DJ, so we slowed down what we did a bit, and he put in a piece of tape and put it on a spindle so he could change the speed by hand, and he synchronised the monkey chants for a little US second piece in "Jocca Homo". We ended up trying to do that on stage for the next tour, and it was ridiculous because we'd always be going so fast and have to slow down for the shakashikashakashie...

I always thought, if we had left her alone, what would our album have sounded like? Because we were totally obsessed. We'd been living with these songs onstage for a couple of years and we'd been banting everybody – so when we got into the studio, we were over his shoulder the whole time – aghhhh a little over-obsessive. We all already knew what we wanted it to sound like. But I've read in places where people say that the *Devo* guy [David] was probably his best live profection he ever did.

Did you all that at Cooney Plaza's studio in Greenwich, right?

That's right. It was a pretty great time. The walls had [album covers] from all these bands that I'd never heard of, like Guru Guru, Mothers Milk, things like that. The Prog bands. You'd see a *King Hawk* or a *Moebius & Rosedale* album, and these guys come and hang out with us for a while, and ... We ended up jamming with Falger Couling over there. I've got a tape somewhere... Jerry missed the plane on the way to Germany, he was fighting with his girlfriend

at Kennedy airport on the phone and they closed the doors and we took off. So we were over there and we weren't going to have a bass player for another day and as Falger played bass and David Berman and Brian Eno feuded around and we jammed for three or four hours one day and I've got the tape somewhere. David does a lot to Brian Eno. Just for our survival, and managing to make it out of the club thing and actually make it into a studio.

**Suicide**

**"Cherry"**

From Suicide (Run Riot) 1987

Yeah, I like this band. They were one of the first bands early on that I became aware of just seeing them in a club in New York, and I was just mesmerised. Alan Vega was one of the best performers I ever saw. I felt like I was doing drugs just watching him doing drugs but, like Devo, they were a garage band with electronics. Vega [Vega] introduced me to the New York arts scene in an interesting way. We both did sets at [Mike's] Kansas City one-night and I had this band from SMSS microphone, and he was looking at it, like "Hey, that's a nice microphone you got there". And they weren't nice microphones: they were stage microphones, TS books backin' the day. And he goes, "Mind if I use that for our set?" So I'm watching him and I'm really mesmerised by his show, and near the end of the set he looks down at us and takes my mic and goes up to the monitor and goes boom boom boom, about 20 times, hitting the mic on the monitor as hard as he could. When he got off stage he gave it to me and I asked, "Why did you do that to my microphone?" And he says, "The artist reigns supreme". And I was like, wow, that's pretty intense. I was impressed by that.

**Pete Urie**

**"Heart of Darkness"**

From Heroin (Big Love) 1987 (Rehearsal) 1985 - 1990

What record is that? What year?

The recording is from 1985, I think, and it's from the club called Pisces Cove.

It sounds like *Pirates Cove*. My favorite stuff of theirs was all "Non-Negotiation Fact", "Final Solution", "30 Seconds..." We were big early fans. They were the first art band we met, the first real band that we had any interaction with, and our interaction was that clubs, and our local club in Africa, The Crypt. I remember being really impressed at The Crypt once, watching David – I think he was still *Crociat Belcher* at the time – during "Final Solution". He had this look like Janis from the Stooges, and he would reach up and grab a handful and rip it out for real! I remember thinking, wow, you can't do that forever! That's gonna end some day.

Then we played a show at Pisces Cove, and [Motherfucker's] naked ass ego! Baby-Big came out in the middle of "Jocca Homo" with his ass stuffed really big, wearing Crocs. We had these like grey short-sleeved t-shirts with a copper zipper down the front, and you peeled the whole thing off, it was like a leisure suit or something. Then singing

something really shaped, "Spuds" or something, and both Crocs and [Pete Urie's] Peter Laughner were entwined with it. And Peter Laughner said, "I gotta curse on you Deno", and then made a big dramatic departure just after we finished "Jocca Homo". So the 25 people who were there were all like, "Whoa! What happened?" It didn't really mean much. But after that, Crocs, I don't think he was my friend, I think he took it personally and putting on a fat suit. We didn't think it was funny.

But I liked all the early stuff a lot. But when he started singing like a bird twittering, things like that, I kind of faded out on it because I thought they made a catalog of writing some of the best rock songs. They had three or four songs that should be in the Hall Of Fame for all time best rock 'n' roll songs.

**Raymond Scott**

**"Don't Beat Your Wife Every Night"**

From *Maditation* (Karmaless Inc./RCA) 2000 rec. 1982

What did you?

**That's Raymond Scott.**

Raymond Scott did that? That's pretty good. You were a trustee of his estate, weren't you? About six months before he died [in 1994], [a journalist friend of mine] called me up and says, "Hey Mark, I'm going to go and interview Raymond Scott today, do you want to come along?" So we went out to the valley to the house, just a big shaggy ranch house, and it had a guest house out the back that was his studio. The house was in a pretty decent state, and we met his wife Mitz, who was about four and a half feet tall and impressive when she was young. She'd ground her teeth all the way down to the gums so you just a saw what looked like sawn-off tree trunks all through her mouth, and they had a couple of dogs. And she starts talking to us, and she says, "You know, [just met him in the 70s [sic – they actually married in 1987]] and we never talked about what he did in the old days, y'know... I remember we were looking at our royalties a few years ago and I saw Ron I Stilley, and I was wondering, what's that? So we turned on the TV and I said, 'Raymond, is that your music?' And he goes, 'Yes' and everything that was played, it was all his music, and I said, 'What did you write that?' And he says, 'A long time ago.'

He wasn't being helpful with the interview. He would run into the room with his [son], and this was at four in the afternoon. He was sleeping with that white hair sticking up and a goatee, and he would say stuff like, "Hello Goodbye!", and he would run out of the room, and his wife would say, "That's never he wants lunch." She had hamunch and he was in there eating something that she had, then she comes back and says, "I don't know if he's going to be up for the interview right now. Let's go out and look at his studio. Would you like to see it?" And we're like, "Yeah!" Out back there's a chicken shack, a six foot by four feet. I liked it a lot, and we could see that it was stuffed with tapes that had been mixed on – this was out in the valley, north Hollywood, and there was no temperature control.

We went back into his studio, which had a big room and a little bathroom. And the *Electroshock* [Scott's

self-built artificial intelligence composition synth] was right there. There were stacks of sheet music, four feet tall that had tipped over, and people had walked across it. There were stacks of acetates of his live radio show – he'd recorded all these performances for Ella Fitzgerald casting on and performing with The Reynolds-Saunders Band, and that was the reasoning right there. I'll tell you that acetate, only because he was running a recording of this show, did these things exist, and he took it with him.

There was this guy that was the gardener who had long hair and was kind of like Crockett from [John Wayne's film] *Pink Flamingos*. He goes, 'I used to be the gardener but now I'm the caretaker because there's no one here to look after things for Miles' [Kosar]. Raymond had seven strokes, so he's not able to take care of things himself.' And I go, 'Well, what are those strokes?' And he goes, 'Oh, they're from [radio] radio a few he used to do.' And they're like these big platters... And he's like one and putting on this [suitable] white socks like it could have come out of a police station because it was a really big, primitive-looking thing, and he drags the [radio] down, and while he's walking over he steps on one of the acetates and breaks it. And I go, 'You just broke one of the...'

And he goes, 'There's hundreds of "we-here" that was has taken on the whole thing. And he starts playing the acetate of an old performance of a radio show, and then you hear the music playing and you hear whatever's going on and we're like, 'The acetate is coming off the record! You shouldn't be playing on that turntable.' And here thinking what's with these people, they're crazy. While walking round the place and we're in a back just seeing all this history. Just one man's intellectual archive in all total dishevelled condition, with a wife who really didn't know anything about what his career was prior to 1973, in charge of things at this point.

Wasn't the Electromusic stored in a room with a leaking hole in the roof when you found it? Oh yeah, the ceiling was missing, but there was a window with all the glass broken out, in his studio, and that'sutable is that I was telling you about was right there, covered in dirt bleeding from outside. And the Electromusic was right next to the window, the back of it was getting the full effect of... and at the time that I saw it, it was kind of a work in progress, this piece of gear he originally built it, I think, in 1956, and it looks like it, because it looks like an old telephone operator's switchboard. Through the years he kind of added things to it, like a small keyboard. In the original pictures you don't see that there's a drawer that he added on later, and it had a two-active keyboard in it that you could pull out and play... He ended up some sort of tape machine, it might have been an information recorder. I don't know what it was. He might have used it as an interface with a computer, because the other thing that was there that wasn't there after he died, was a Radio Shack computer – I think it was a Tandy. It looked like those early Macintosh computers – loads of mail – and it had wires going from it into the Electromusic. But he



was not in any condition to turn it on, and I don't even know if it could have turned on at that point, because everything was so dirty in that room.

I said, 'I don't you think all this stuff should be in one place, say, rather than just packing through it? Don't you think somebody should archive the whole thing?' And he goes, 'I'm not in agreement with that. The University of Missouri was contacted, who had an excellent programme for archiving composers' intellectual properties, and they had everything up. At first I thought I'd better start transforming all these tapes onto digital, but then the first tape showed up and I thought, 'I'm not the guy to do this. This needs somebody who really knows what they're doing.' They need proper archiving people to back the tapes and archive them properly. So that was my earliest interaction. I met him while he was still alive, but he was kind of gone by then. And I ended up inventing... we couldn't get anybody interested in the archive.' I ended up the *Smithsonian* and they said, 'Why don't you take the Electromusic? It's the first instrument that wrote music.' It's the first music-composing machine in history. Raymond, even in one of his articles bragged, 'I never wrote the same song twice.' The [Smithsonian] guy sent me this photo and it was a picture that looked kind of like the last scene of *Indiana Jones and the Last Ark*, and he goes, 'We have as many one-of-a-kind, historically important pieces of musical gear. We don't know what to do with this stuff; we don't know how to take care of it. It's just lying on top of itself in here. We don't need another thing.'

#### The Screamers

##### "122 Hours Of Fear"

From The Screamers' *Deception* (1975)

Is that The Screamers? They are the greatest Hollywood band that never happened. We came out

here and saw all this stuff playing, like the Beatles, who were cute. All these kind of mid-centred political bands like The Dixie Chicks. Then we saw The Screamers and we thought, that's the real thing. They were interesting, their songs were great, they were incredible performers, and girls went crazy for that band. Gene loved them. They were doing all this really dirty, raunchy stuff, but somehow they were cute enough that all the girls wanted to have it. They were great performers with a really good frontman. Then they decided to make a movie, *Population Zero*. I think it was sold, right at the time that they should have signed a record deal and just gone out there and defined what Industry 60 park was going to be. I think The Screamers are the ones that deserved recognition as what could have been the most important band from that era. Their music was excellent.

We came over really quickly because we'd gone to New York and put up posters all over Manhattan, and we had these yellow cutouts and a whole vernacular and a set of usages that didn't sound like anything else they were hearing, so we quickly became a phenomenon in New York, where we weren't making any money but our gigs, let's always like, all the Rolling Stones, Brian Eno, Robert Fripp, John Lennon... All these people would be on our guest list. Who'd have like Jack Nicholson – everybody wanted to see Geva in those days. So we left there going, 'We don't have a record deal and we don't have any money, but we're doing something right', and we felt really good about it and we thought we were going to take over Hollywood, and in a way we did really well ourselves, but The Screamers were the band that we were watching, thinking, that's it, that's the band. They should have been. I'd say *Deception* or *Are We Not Men?* & *We Are Devo* of London Forum on 8 Mile. They perform their greatest hits at ATP, Minehead on 8 Mile. See Out There.

# The secret

## This month, the Sublime Frequencies

Label presents the ultra-vivid sandblasting music of Syria's **Omar Souleyman** and the Western Sahara's **Group Douesh** on tour in the UK. Clive Bell examines how their electric fusions of street level wedding and dance musics delineate the western and eastern limits of the Arab world, and reveals the extraordinary journeys behind their association with Sun City Girls' label

I'm watching **Omar Souleyman** on YouTube, in a clip grabbed from Syrian TV. It's a pulsy, the-best-out production: a hectic party where the cheering guests move in a fleet of camels. Then a dizzy array of dances hits the floor: women doing the shawayik gawes and men birling local love-festives, while Souleyman sits on a drum trading verses with another man in white robes and traditional headgear. The screen swishes with fleshing Middle Eastern logos, with animated suns/cams and Arabic text banners screeching in all directions and getting in the way of the non-stop fun.

There is an air of desperation about Souleyman's music, not so much in his dignified, powerful singing but in the relentless keyboards of his Syrian/Kurdish collaborator, Ryan Erd' Welling. Are his accented and strange any sampled, compressed and coarsened and they beg for energy, then flood to run neck across dubious loops. That is a new version of *Dabke*, the sun-drenched hand-clapping dance, and Souleyman is the *Dabke* cassette king, with over 600 releases flying out of Syria's karkas (MP3s, YouTube, video CDs) of last week's wedding, whatever this month's bleeding edge music festival happens to be. Souleyman is all over it.

Now look from west to east, in the Arabic world, from the Levant to the Maghrib. The raw guitar folk-pop of Group Douesh hails from the western edge of the Arabic-speaking world, called the Western Sahara (home to the Sahrawi culture). The vast chunk of the West African coastline, formerly Spain's and only African colony, is disputed between neighbouring Mauritania to the south and Morocco to the north. Morocco has effectively taken over the area, encircling thousands of Moroccans

to settle. And as guitarist Douesh, who grew up under the Spanish influence to imported cassette of Joanns Brown, Santana and Hendrix, now plays Sufis and folk-pop as an ethnic minority within Morocco. The Moroccans love Douesh's impassioned guitar songs, and his four-piece group tours a southern Morocco festival circuit, in between filling floors at parties and weddings in his home town of Dakhla.

Omar Souleyman and Group Douesh, both leading artists on the Sublime Frequencies label, are about to tour the UK as a noisy, Hambergut double bill. Accompanying them will be a package of Sublime Frequencies DJ sets, pow-wows and film screenings, spearheaded by Alan Bishop, formerly of San City Folk. "It's something we're doing reluctantly – we're not practitioners," says Bishop, down the line from Seattle. Together with Arabic speaker Hisham Mayet, Alan Bishop set up the Sublime Frequencies label two years ago after 20 years of spontaneous euphon and rock 'n' roll shenanigans in the legendary underground trio San City Folk. Alan and his another guitarist, Sir' Richard Bishop, plus drummer and Bent port Charles Gasher (who passed away in 2006) were those Gals – "These French-fried, green skirted mother-fuckers," to quote Lynn Coley – but these days Bishop is nobly contemplating the logistics of tour organisation for groups from the Arabic-speaking world.

"The first thing has got me frightened," he admits. "Because we can do everything right, get the vans, and these guys can show up at Heathrow and the immigration officer can say 'I don't like the way that your head's shaped today' or 'Your shoes are wrong, so get back on the plane and go home!'

As a label, Sublime Frequencies has a certain reputation for ethnic music 'n' grub. An anonymous three-year-old Tibetan lad on the streets of Lhasa, furiously singing for his supper, is "a rare - self-giving concierge of music transmission" snatched in Phnom Penh, Cambodia, a DVD of Sufi/Armenian musicians that culminates in footage of a Jung's shoot-out, where the Free Arab Movement ambushes a government marco polo – these could only be Sublime Frequencies' productions. In the past I've had the odd quibble with their curation approach, now I'd contend Sublime have matured into one of the most stimulating labels around, a worthy successor to the old school labels like Ocarre, Folkways and Nonesuch Explorer that they tip the hat to in their mission statement. Shiver fast for new sounds from unexpected corners of the globe has resulted in an amazing catalogue. Even so, it's time to keep to wrangling a schismic tour for two groups that have barely performed outside their backyard.

Bishop continues: "The only reason we're doing it is to these guys with wider songs and good money. That's the inspiration here, because others don't do it. The idea came from Oba [Chris Williams] at Du Jankhar [a UK tour promoter], who contacted me two years ago. I was in Indianapolis at the time and it came out of nowhere. He said, 'Write up a proposal' so I sent it to him, he prepared it to the UK Arts Council [Sound] And Music, previously the Contemporary Music Network, and within a week it was approved. We were on sand."

When I first came across Omar Souleyman, I showed the album to a Lebanese friend, Bassem Sebaa, a

## life



Geoffrey at his compound in Deahla, Western Sahara, 2008

Beirut-based musician who has contributed key tracks and chart-topping recordings with UK supervisors such as Rhodin Davies and Eddie Perfect. Saadeh has good ears, and his sensitivity to the inextricable interplay being valued in Arabic music leads him to fear that such Old World subtlety may suffer dilution beneath a riposte of Western influences. His response to Souleyman is complex: at first he bars the singer with the same brush as the cousin synthie-pop merchants, but on further listening he pronounces that Souleyman is "a really interesting character", and truly YouTube-ifies him even more. Finally Saadeh confesses him hooked: "When I press him for reasons, he says the group 'really stuck to their traditional Dabke riffs, generally in Basyt mode. They don't play minor scales, something about Arabic pop took from Western music.' Plus the keyboard player adds a nervous electric rock 'n' roll feel, while sticking to melody only to something typically traditional."

Thanks to Souleyman's *Arabs*, I am able to watch Dweir's big number, his career-tastic video production "That's his big crossover hit from 2006," says Mark Gergis, a long-time Sublime Frequencies contributor who was responsible for signing Dweir to the label. "He transcended the street-folk-pop deal and got onto Syrian television. His popularity has been on the rise ever since. He's still for hire, he plays weddings and parties, that's his livelihood. But he has gained some success, especially in the Gulf – the Saudis like him a lot, and he has flown out to Dubai, the Emirates, parties in Lebanon. Also just over the Syrian border into the Arab part of Turkey, where they like him."

Souleyman may be keeping some elevated company these days, but his music is still a frantic folk-pop beloved by the man or woman on the *Barakus* circuitus, a regional style known as Dabke. Keyboard-driven and relentless, it's a slap-in-the-face blast of bouncy street party compared to the exquisite delicacy of the Syrian classical tradition. When Souleyman rates it as the ubiquitous Syrian cassette look, as Gergis explains, "I went to Syria in 1997 and had my ears open, doing field recording and trying to grasp the country on a musical level. Souleyman was one of the first things I kept hearing repeatedly: they used to have cassette stands competing with each other, blaring at top volume. I think they have an ordinance now!" (The rural stand-off can be heard on Gergis's Sublime Frequencies *Remember Syria*, another free mess of field recordings and radio collage.) "Most of them were playing this really fast, manicured Dabke. I'd heard a lot from the Arab world at that point, but I'd never heard anything like that."

On his home ground, Souleyman is an off-centre outcast. He's not from the capital but from my out-in-the-north-east: the border country with Turkey and Iraq known as the Al-Jazirah. The border is a melting pot of influences at point of what powers music, and also what makes it controversial. Mark Gergis agrees. "In that region there are Armenians, Kurds and Iraqis, and in the Ottoman period there were different borders for Turkey and Iraq. You hear all of these sounds in Dweir's music and for that reason it doesn't speak to every Syrian. A lot of urban Syrians might see



Omer Souleyman at his music studio, Ross in Aya-Syria, 2006



## Keyboard-driven and relentless, it's a slap-in-the-face blast of boombox street party compared to the exquisite delicacy of the Syrian classical tradition"

Guitar so cheap, they don't care if it's high art, which they're interested in respecting, and they ask us, 'Why do you like Debole music?' This is for two drivers, it's nothing.' One Syrian guy we talked to, he's a music distributor for Diwan and a young fan of British and American Heavy Metal. He said, 'I know exactly why you like Debole, it has a lot of the same power as Heavy Metal.' And we couldn't argue with that.'

Souleyman's look – mustache, 1970s-crop shades, red and white check coffee keffiyeh on his head – is instantly recognizable. The leading math of the songs is propelled by Khaled Seif's keyboards, but there are no blinding madousa synths – they're Arabic drum loops and samples of traditional and folkloric Arabic singing. On Souleyman's *Al-Ghawieh Ta-Rouake* album, acoustic instruments do appear – notably the hush, overdriven red drum that dominates the snappy ten-minute version of 'Kabab' – but as a rule our ears are punctured by the thudding samples. The keyboard can hammer out phrases in which every note is ferocious, in a way so assaultive and raw that it's almost like a simple Westernization of Arabic music, but the employment of bedouin accoustics to the local musicians' own guitars driving the Debole tradition forward. As Bashir Saadie points out, those bitter-sweet scales are the real Arabic deal, not the Western minor/major usages usually employed by Arabic pop artists. And for all his modernity, Souleyman is deeply immersed in Syrian popular memory. On a stage he performs the tribal parts from with Bedouin Mahmood Harbi standing nearby. Dressed in a suit, Harbi breaks off from chauhouning to whisper the next line of verse in Souleyman's ear, then the singer is back on the mic: 'That's a long-running tradition,' says Mark O'Gorman, 'we didn't think it's done as much as any more. The singer is a conduit for the past. The analogy is if Neil Diamond stood on stage next to whoever he wrote a song for. People would say, what the hell's going on?'

Thanks to Skype four, my conference calling, I manage to chat with Souleyman in his home town, a rural city in north east Syria called Ras Al-Ayn. Another Lebanese musician is on board, Reed Yassef, helps with translation, and before we hear Souleyman's voice a blast of Debole music emanates from phone as ringing. It turns out Souleyman, born in 1988, came to singing quite late in life. 'I started singing Debole in 1994, and my first concert was at a wedding. It's a gift from God, people here don't hear Debole, it's made their blood. Once they discover they have it, they start to sing it.'

Debole is essentially a party music, where people dance in a circle holding hands and do specific steps with their feet while moving the torso. It's popular in rural areas all over Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and Palestine. 'They really know how to get it舞ed,' says Gerges. 'I've seen Gabbie moves that are out of this world, where people are on each other's heads. It's cathartic, I think, for a lot of people, maybe as much as a Pentecostal service, or like you're in a pit at a hardcore show. Except it's a different kind of pit, where everyone is holding hands and standing next to their mother.'

So how does Souleyman feel about performing to the rather different beast that is a Western concert audience? 'I'm so happy to sing in Britain,' he replies. 'For me it's a new experience to sing for an audience that I don't understand the language.' In Debole usually there is a lot of direct communication with the audience, when you do a widdah you name the names of people sitting there, give solutes and interact with them when they're singing. 'It's so proud to present typical Debole from this area, and I don't think that anyone did this before me.'

I'm also interested in Souleyman's attitude to traditional instruments, he clearly still likes to use them to enrich the music when possible, and for the UK tour will bring a *Kandur* (Kurdish lute) and a player called Al-Shaker Souleyman. When I started I had live drums, basses and mixer mode. At that time in my music there were no electric instruments at all. Shady when Iwan joined the group with his keyboard, I got rid of the live drums because the keyboard is more consistent for making the beats for this genre. Iwan and I are from the same village, that's how I knew him. I used to see him a lot with a Kurdish band, and I really liked his playing.'

Luckily, Al-Shaker Souf is in the same room as Souleyman, and eager to talk. He is both a prolific Debole composer and responsible for Souleyman's full-on sound, so what's his secret formula? 'I like Korg keyboards, and every year I buy the latest one, because the newest is the best,' says Souf. 'I use two, one for rhythms, one for solo stuff and to make it to the sounds. My first instrument was the Ney flute when I was 11. I was playing Kandur too back of course, it's kind of our national instrument. My first keyboard in 1982 was a very small Casio, I started playing it as a hobby. The secret of my music comes from the area I am from. I am between Turkey, Iraq and Syria, and I am a Kurdish guy, and as it is the four tastes and four styles together. It has something from each culture, this is the power of my music.'

Chris Williams runs *Qu'Jahabah* in Bristol with Mark Storer. The question of the right audience for this music is one that Williams is alive to, having already organised shows for the notorious electric Congolese group Kanzeno Ro 1. 'Generally,' he says, 'they would go down the World Music route, which can be seen as audiences and churches, but we just put them in a rock 'n' roll venue, made it a bit cheaper than normal and got a crowd that would get up and go for it. Generally that May it's a smaller gig,' adds Storer. 'The best place to go if your till and venue get lied – that place is an absolute classic.' gathers an online blogger. 'I'm there, pay.'

On the 12th floor of Alien Bishop mieszecznies he will not be performing. 'Mark and I will be doing a DJ set every night. That's about as close to performing as I want to get, although a lot of Europeans seem to think that DJs are performers or musicians in a sense [laughs], which always baffled me.' Also on board will be label partner Hisham Mayet, screening his brand-new film, *The Palace of the Winds*, which documents

Wedding ceremony. Group Doush performing in Dakha, mid-2004 (left) (right) (right)



Moyet's musical explorations down through the semi-Mauritanian to Mauritania, and the west area between, called the Western Sahara. This disputed area contains the Sahrawi culture, strongly linked to Mauritania, but, however, an amazigh people impressed by Morocco. Back in the early 1970s this was Spain's only African colony, where a young Basim El Bissou, aka Boush, was listening to Jimi Hendrix and building his first guitar out of wood and string.

Balim Frequencies' contact with Boush is a seedling-in-a-haystack story that starts with Alan Bishop hunched over a radio in an Essocones hotel room in 2005. His obsession with the stuff coming out of his radio informs many a Balim Frequencies release, as well as *Sun City Girl*, *Carnival Folklore*, series, on which the Gelsi juxtapose their own dashes of rock jams with, say, a radio phone-in discussion of human sacrifice, or the kind of a maniac who says, "I am here to eliminate the tent of your consciousness." Anyway, back in that Essocones hotel room, Bishop and Moyet, "came across a setting, boush electric guitar that cut through the air like a jaguar." It was Boush, of course, but no cassette vendor in Morocco seemed to be able to identify the glorious racket. The story unfolds in the slow-motion of the dramaous doush album, and has Moyet working his way ever farther south, down the left-hand side of the Saharan Desert, till he hitches up in a town called

Dakha. There, a little boy leads him through the old city to a shop-cum-studio, and over green tea, Moyet plays "Elif Fer Doudh" to the owner. "As the opening chords of that song blared through the boush speakers, he looked at me with the most ecstatic grin and said, 'That's it!'"

Boush's music, like that of Désir Souleyman, is a hunky blend, in this case of the American guitar rock he grew up with and the severe seven-note classical Mauritanian compositional system. Hassen Bissiri explains: "The wayful thing about Doush is he's able to stretch out and create these pop and rock elements on that foundation. It creates a nice animated sound for the area. And he's definitely a gear-head; he loves to tinker with his pedals. It's a get down mafikas, and whatever new thing is coming out, he's certainly on top of it."

"Elif Fer Doudh," Group Doush's opening track, leaps out of the speakers like that Tom Waits song on *Meat Versions* when he seems to be destroying a mouthhole. On "Dak Gén," over a phased guitar in racing 4/4 rhythm and punctuated by pearly electronic keyboard chime fills, vocalist Bishir finds a light, melodic style with a strange whiff of Miles Davis. Meanwhile, Doush's guitar certainly has some of Hendrix's smoldering, confounding propulsive, elegant ornamentation and cosmic phrasing. The sound is raw and immediately attractive, and like Désir Souleyman,

Doush works for weddings, parties and most kinds of traditional ceremonies. Hassen Bissiri stayed several weeks with the family and watched Doush play a wedding. "We were in the deepest part in Dakha, in a big room, no room, quite formal. There was a big projector and a piano as local instruments. There were maybe 150 women all dressed in their finery. For the first couple of hours the band was more background, but as the night progressed they became the centre of attention. Then they really kicked up some dust, the women started dancing and it became this interactive thing between the crowd and the band."

Doush will bring a quartet to the UK, his wife Hafida singing alongside Bishir and his son Jassal on keyboards. I manage to talk to Doush also, although Bissiri performs slightly less expressively on this occasion: we keep losing the signal for Boush's mobile in the Western Saharan plain, each time we nod, someone different seems to pick up the phone. "I miss you already!" is Bissiri's greeting in English. Bissiri's compound clearly has an open door policy, as Moyet recounts from having received much hospitality there over a three-year period. "The whole community filters through his house; it's everywhere in the Arab world, everything is very communal, aunts, uncles, neighbours, everyone is everyone's house."

At last we can take out Doush's voice. "I'm honoured and privileged to be playing in the UK for



"The whole community filters through Doueih's house. As everywhere in the Arab world, everything is very communal, aunts, uncles, neighbours"



Osar Souleyman and friends in Damascus, Syria, 2006

an audience that has never seen us. We played once before in France." How about "Sad For Dakhla", what is that song about? "It's a celebration of life in my home town, and a call to arms for the Sahrawi culture." How is the family business and the cassette dubbing shop? "It's improving every year! Last year I expanded the shop and put up a beautiful mural painted in Arabic and French."

The piano keeps cutting out, and some of Souleyman's answers are tending towards the monologistic, but I like it that he got his first guitar in 1976, he loves a Fender, and he plays the small local 'fikra' guitar interchangeably with the electric, according to the situation. Though not as well travelled and televised as Souleyman, he has played on the local festival circuit all over southern Morocco, as well as being the go-to guy for Dakhla parties.

The things they say are unlikely ethnomusicological agents, but a person for travel and simply passing mosaics, he's made Sublime Frequencies into a label that's to be taken seriously. These days 'ethnic music' (or whatever tooth-grinding term you favour) is either served up as a go-faced academic pursuit, or targeted at coffee tables in glossy consumer packaging, and marketed as a 'master's wife & alternative' in classical or rock. Sublime Frequencies, by contrast, have earned there are a host of emery rocket-walkers out there.

maciously enjoying themselves in ways not dissimilar to Sun City Girls of old. The Soufis' grandfather was a Lebanese multi-instrumentalist, and the not-quite-twin boys grew up in Marjeh, surrounded by Middle Eastern party music. Now, it's on the Sublime Frequencies catalogue, featuring their extended family and musical allies. Usually in some cases: Ali's 25 years of research into Berber *Wet Paw* spirit ceremony music led to his marrying a Berber ex-wife, and *Music Of Wet Paw* is a highlight of the catalogue, a total immersion in brilliant despoilery. My other top tip is the *Ph To Phen* DVD, three days of alcohol-fuelled Mekong carnival in Thailand. This wonderful film should be seen by anyone with an interest in four-metre high ghosts in black and white masks, sporting giant wooden phalluses that you dominate with a lever.

Through they came from opposite ends of the Arabic speaking world, Osar Souleyman and Doueih both operate similar strategies: they urgently record and release as much material as possible, usually on cassette. Bettine Frequencies' urgency is often linked to a sense that their favourite music may be on the point of vanishing. (I'm struck that even though they have made their own recordings of Osar Souleyman and Doueih, for album releases they prefer to tread through the mosaics' own cassette archives – that is where the truly wild stuff lurks. For the UK tour they will be bringing over a new Doueih

LP (initially vinyl only), since Souleyman CD, plus the original Souleyman CD (pressed as a double vinyl gatefold limited edition), and the aforementioned *Palace Of The Winds* DVD. Meanwhile, it's likely to currently be deep post-production on the final San Giorio studio album.

Relations between Western labels and non-European musicians have sometimes been toe-to-toe rigid bed, but at least Sublime Frequencies seem to smell. Apparently Doueih had received previous offers to release his music, preferring to maintain full control within his pretty restricted local area. The story of Hassan Magjet's tenthouse encounter with Doueih, after trekking across half of north-west Africa, is a dramatic one: the American's hooked at having uniquely finely calibrated local quarry, Doueih gothmucked by such banality from someone who had mainly stumbled across a couple of his tracks on the radio. "Our approach is such an earthing, 'BY THY', says Bayar. "It's usually as alone and our contracts are really simple to understand. All these mechanisms that I don't work, they see a genuine appreciation for what they're doing, and that translates. These guys know whether it's something they want to deal with. It looks like a small, very nice, very nice threatening operation, and it is." (The Sublime Frequencies for featuring Osar Souleyman and Group Doueih begin in Brighton on 20 May; see [Out There](http://outthere.co.uk)).

# The

On the eve of the fifth anniversary of his Hyperdub label, the elusive dubstep don Kode9 breaks cover to discuss sonic warfare, toxic sounds and strategies of dancehall resistance, in his own music and with fellow commandos The Spaceape, Bunal, Zomby, Joker and Pressure. By Derek Walmsley. Photography by Jake Walters

# enigma

## variations

"It's all work now," Kode9 is saying, as we sit in a compact studio flat in a quiet corner of South London. Already this morning, at the Tube station, I have noticed the sunglasses and caprice of a man juggling and staring blankly at the free morning newspaper: the telltale signs of a surveillance agent, doing the early shift on the first day of the G20 International summit, while classical music is piped into the station as the quiet descent from consumers Kode9 could be a nove à guerre, then – the K inspired in part by Philip K Dick and Kafka. But in Steve Goodman's next, hip list, it's business. The only overt sign of that being the police radio message occasionally piped in on his monitor speakers. Records (Aungle and Garage) and books (philosophy, film, law) are stacked equal wall space.

It's never, but it might as well be, a poster for Kurupt's Seven Sammies, the soundcheck of which he has sampled more than once, is the only personal effect in view in the room. Perhaps it's a base rather than a home, because Goodman holds several roles: as well as holding down an academic post at a London university plus travelling extensively on DJ assignments. This year is the fifth anniversary of his Hyperdub label (its releases since 2004 have netted the minister Fringes of British underground electronic music (Spaceape, Zomby, Joker) plus instant variations far around the globe (Santek, Quartz 330), as well as works by Kevin Martin's Pressure and King Miles Sound projects.

There's a principled contrast to Hyperdub – the label is, in every sense, serious. When Dubstep was bogged down in too much stodgy bass, Hyperdub switched to crisp, super-light 8-bit electronics. In an era when dance music is generally self-satisfied and emotionally blunted, Hyperdub releases short, sharp tracks like incisive darts aimed at the pleasure nerves. And the self-titled debut by Rizal – The Wipe's album of the year in 2008 – was an emotionally overwhelming experience in a decade when bounciness is often seen as a sign of recklessness. Meanwhile, Kode9's own music has suggested viable escape routes from the electronic dance continuum's formalistic grid lock. When most London producers were bragging about bass weight in 2007, like kids comparing their souped-up cars, "Megaphone City" and "Strong" took graceful spins in a shorter speedway. More recently, the shimmering synths and Latin-influenced rhythms of "Black Sun" and "2 For Sure" suggest Herbie Hancock swanning out heavy jazz headlines, the island and forcing his group out of their comfort zone.

Against his better judgment, Goodman has recently decided to dramatically increase Hyperdub's output. "Increasingly it feels like I'm being used by the label, I'm like an agent of the label, which is why I feel nervous, exhausted constantly, because it runs me ragged," he sighs. "But that's just part of being in a system. It seems like it wants to grow, and I'm in a position where I can make that happen, so I just try and listen to what the label is trying to tell me in a sense." Goodman's eyes are heavy and tired after a nap abroad. With sunlight streaming through the window



Steve Backshall at the Bioluminescent Bioblitz, London, April 2009



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and birds bettering outside, it's hard to envisage that this is the same room where, in 2006 with vocalist The Spacecat, they completed the final share of the *Hyperdub Masters Of The Future* album. He has compared the process to groping around in the dark, which he doesn't see as entirely negative terms. "I have really negative eyes that get prised off by too much light," he says. "I have that feeling, that intimate feeling of being in complete darkness."

"Have you seen this Werner Herzog film, *Short Of Breath*?" he continues. "The story was that all the actors were hypnotised, so they had that 'ghost' look. And when I listen back to that record, I'm like, fucking hell, how did we get into that zone? Because it's really catastrophic, really zombie-y." It isn't that the risk of getting possessed by music? "I'm not trying to魔王," he coos. "I'm just going head first into the middle of it and getting fucked in the process. Getting mangled up, mangled up. It's fucking addictive, it's certainly something I'm interested in exploring."

Although Jungle and Garage are Goodman's obsessions – "big rhythmic moments, the rhythmic unquietness" – as he describes them – his first musical experiments were outside rave. "I used to go to the clubs in Edinburgh at that place called The Venue. One was called Chocolate City, and the other was called Pure," he recalls. "It was about '97, '98 or something. Chocolate City was a club which played Rare Groove, The JBs, Herbie Hancock, pre-disco '70s funk, quite psychedelic, and I remember hearing certain tracks like Fred Wesley's 'Blow Your Head', and the synth in that, and that was like some of my earliest drug experiences basically. The sound in that [Edinburgh], he continues, "musically I'm somewhere in the middle of these two things. An alloy which does this is the Miles Davis *On The Corner* groove and rhythmic sounds."

Through his music and the prolific output of Hyperdub, Goodman attempts to beat the ante of this particular obsession. A self-confessed bookend, he describes as detached, analytical manner the particular effects his music and that of others have on the body and mind, and he uses the results to feed back into his and the label's work. Like it does. He's dropping knowledge in his study and carefully tabulating the results.

The key to his engagement with music is simulation and intimacy. "There's something very intimate about people moving always they didn't use to move in," he says, "and that process of finding their feet, when people are open like that, and representing with the movement of their bodies." It's not just a personal sense of intimacy. "I like watching cool dances," he continues. "That's why I DJ a certain way, because I like watching people dance. Someone who is completely possessed by a rhythm takes on the lightness, this fluidity of movement. So it's more this complete amazement of the music. There's no distance between the dancer and groove."

Disco music (of clubs, but also in general) exerts an equal fascination. "I'm really interested in how you

navigate the world when you can't see anything," he says. "How you orientate yourself in a world when you're blind and how it forces you to use the intense sense of feeling and hearing. How it literally uses your sense of touch. That's a theoretically and practically really interesting to see."

Recent Keddy and Hyperdub releases have found inspiration in 1980s funk and synth. His most recent Hyperdub 12", coupling "Black Sun" and "2 For Gone", features wildy pitchbent notes careening out of the mix, but the sonority is to the body rather than to nostalgia. "Like a drug user seeking a groove, personal balance of highs, lows and flat-souts." The frequency of those sounds has a weird effect on me, he explains. "It kind of gives you a bit of a tingle, which I've started to actively pursue – the sounds which give me that shiver."

"What's still interesting and vital in futurism," he continues, "is just a desire to make and hear something, and combine new synthesiser things that will produce new sensations, new feelings, new rhythms. That's the open futurism for me, not quite fantasy of how the future is going to be." The more synthetic the tone, the more it can be experienced as pure sensation. "The infinite you hear someone trying to get a grapple with a guitar you can't hang out are a fucking garnet doing it," he declares. "But a synth, because the sound is more abstract, because it's not made by someone hitting something, it's someone modulating a current, it's a more abstract sound, so it's easier to you hear connected with the image of the person making it. So the warmth [referring to the "Tunky Warm" of The Ocio Player's funk classic] can manifest itself in its true singularity."

Cleaning sensations is one approach to a dilemma facing all listeners these days – how to navigate a path through the near infinite quantity of new and old music available through technological channels. "The best way of doing something new and it not being seen any more is as small, to the point where it's almost flipped over to where everything is being pre-empted," Goodman argues. "That's the downside of this 2.0, isn't it? That everything essentially becomes a box. You just Google something, you're around with the words a bit and you're pre-empted five, 10 different games. I remember mp3.com used to have this genius generator. And it would come up some mindboggling combination of words – like 'Hyperdub', for example," he jokes.

He always deals with this overload of series matter? "I prefer the metallurgy comparison," he replies. "You've got all this mass of stuff going around, and you're looking for these trace elements in order to smelt it together. You might hear some synth line in some '90s funk thing, and you hear it in John... that's the thing that allows you to play them together to connect them." Darkstar, a relatively recent addition to the label, went about on the basis that they could mix or track "Need You" hit the pleasure centres. "You take the bits you like, you get as far away from the bits you don't like, because they can have a toxic effect on you, on your musical mind. You

get possessed by some of these musical metals, they get in your blood and then you're fucked. It's following the flow but constantly trying to engineer the flow into something that's going to work in the present... It's not just my orientation, it's maybe a general orientation," he explains. "Which is why futurism isn't so big these days."

With the current state of information overload, the future and the present seem to be merging. At the time of Burlet's album debut with The Spacecat in 2006, however, the future was more like a presence looming over the *Masters Of The Future*, as the title suggests, was informed by alternative chronologies of progress: its cover image resembles the roof of a space-age railway terminus, but the sodium-lit building could equally be art deco – or – given that no signs of life are visible – some pretentious, discredited monument to a future already past.

With droid-filled battleships lunging along on the half-bent – or the no-bent – joints Goodman – the album spun out as though gonadine had seeped into the motor processes the way the deep of Landau's buildings attacks your bones. While Burlet's self-titled album was bursting with unexpressed emotion, *Masters Of The Future* felt inert, paralysed by paradox. But both releases pushed back the psychological and aesthetic limits of London-electronica.

Goodman's obsession with "beast materialism" began after a brief spell living in Landau in the mid-90s at the height of Jungle. He became part of the Cybernetic Culture Research Unit (CCU) at Warwick University, where raw as e-culture phenomena was exhaustively discussed and theorised by the likes of Nick Land, Sadie Plant and The Man's Man Fisher. "Hyperdub" was a smash hit, and later, around the turn of the century, a concept behind a website. "Mass, metropolis and accelerated rhythm, if you want to distill the essence of 'Hyperdub,'" he states. He released an early production on the Tensha label, "Fat Larry's Snack" with Benny III of Basscaveman, hosted the FNO – a show linked to the club of the same name, on Radio 1, the long-running London pirate station.

The genesis of the first album was in 2004, when he shared a flat with The Spacecat in a tower block overlooking South Landau. "I was playing around in the studio, and we thought, 'Why don't we try and do something?' He was like, 'What? I haven't done anything before.' I said, 'Pack your suitcase and read the lyrics and I'll fuck with your voice.'" The effects were a type of breaking what he calls the "embarrassment threshold". Does he see an analogy with his taste for the dark, far away? "Well, clearly it's showing more face than I used to," he laughs. "But I don't like the look at the time."

The resulting track, "Sign Of The Times", was the first release on Hyperdub – loosely based on the daptastic sleeve of Prince's track of that name, and also referred to as "Sign Of The Times" or "Sex". It was composed of nothing but a pulsing waveform, pained vocalised sputters slowed down until you can almost

beat the salves, and abrupt reggae chords thrown into the mix like stones bashed into a wall. The dread of the album which followed is two-fold. The *Spaceape's* debut really pushed down, minimalist vocals recall the *Moors*! Prince I. There's also a sense of, regarding down, the "sense of the future in the present", as Goodman terms it. "It's the beginning, not the end that we have to reach for," intones The Spaceape in "Gloss". The middling, wistful-hor-laden lyrics suggest an opaque, private language, could this aestheticized sense of dread be seen as pretentious? "Pretentiousness is never something that's worked us," Goodman replies succinctly.

After the down-laden urbanity of Kadell and Hyperdub's early releases, much of the music of the last few years has been synthetic and abstract. *Quanta 330's* "Sonic Dub" is a turning point, a crisp 8-bit boogie like P-funk on a Synaphone. Subsequent releases by Bonika, 2sleek and Sasyaas have moved away from the plastic arts of brash contemporary electronic music, while P-funk-style software is used to sculpt the sonic matter. They mark a return to tones where you can feel the grain of the mystery, where technology plugs directly into human sensation – "feeling circuitry crying, hearing circuitry singing". Goodman – who contacted Hyperdub by sending unsolicited electronic versions of her early works – makes tracks fractured into dozen of fragments, changing dimensions as if they're melting before your ears. Saasyaas is a West Coast hipster producer from the Flyby Latas & 2 Bells school of beat-driven blax, although his tracks sound like they're slowly percolating through churning circuitry.

The title track of *Caves* and *Walls* is a major feature of Kadell's current DJ sets – he refers to them as "an organ in which things transpire" involved. It's kind of sweet and bold but it's so mechanistic... definitely overwhelming with desire." The organ is obvious – 82s funk is a poly-drug music par excellence, suggesting possession by cocaine, champagne and sexual desire all in one. More recently, the label has tapped into the disco-style rhythms and overwhelming sensuality that characterise UK Funky in its lesser-known such as LB's "Woodstock" and Kode9 & LP's "Ed"?"22 Blvd".

"The label has developed this aesthetic... everything is glowing with this toxic colour," he enthuses. "I'm putting together this compilation [referring to a fifth anniversary collection of Hyperdub's activities]. "It's a little like the dredged stuff has got this sense of impending doom and the other stuff is after the event has passed, and everything is like the Ready Steady Go! advert. It's got this glow of subjectivity I'm just trying to picture what world this music has come from because it's clearly not from this world, not is a straightforward sense anyway."

For Goodman, touch can be positive or negative. And for all his fascination with the body, new sensations, including the experience of dance itself, can be a mixed blessing. "The minute music and dance were separated out of everyday life and forced into

the split between work and leisure, and forced into the weekend, then something changed," he says. "But I suppose what I find interesting about it is the ambivalence. There's an interesting quote by Friedrich Kröller, the Germanized theorist, written in the 80s, at the height of the Cold War period. It's something like, 'Dances are preparing our youth for the reaction speed necessary for World War Three.' So the dance is like a training ground for upgrading the human nervous system being able to react to sensory information faster. There's a kind of upgrading of what a body can do, which I think is where the tendency can come from."

Goodman discusses the idea of the constructive versus destructive power of sound in his book he has been writing for some time, called *Sonic Warfare*. "I'm kind of interested in the way sound is used to change the way people feel, particularly in relation to fear," he explains. "It's the need and potency of this second design... manipulating mood using tone."

"The book," he continues, "is like an intergalactic war between these kind of musical cultures on the one side, who are waging their own sense war, building their own models of collectivity, building their own media platforms, and on the other side the US military using sonic weapons in Iraq." He gives another example of the Israeli air force instilling fear in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank through the use of sonic basses – assault creating a spatiotemporal shock waves. "I'm not anti-war in the book, it's just everything is war. It's just the intention of using sonic weaponry, one to bring people together, and one to literally disperse crowds."

Media theorising often sounds like an attempt to categorise and safely disassociate, from the distant comfort of Ivory Towers. But Goodman doesn't accept himself from the picture of general cheer he describes. "Certainly all musical and sound cultures operate vinylly I don't think there's anything controversial about that statement," he says. "I think that's just the way music culture works, that's the way record labels work." His argument in academia and dance music is thus not an attempt to lock practice into theory or vice versa, but more a synopsis of his compulsion to take every aspect of his engagement in music as far as it will go. "It's not in control," he happily admits. "And that's the problem. You always feel out of control, agenda too thin. It's like you're spinning lots of plates, and they're always crashing on the floor."

"The more nervously exhausted I become," he continues, "the more sympathetic to the idea of under-exposed music, of being off the radar one way or another I become. Being part of a some and an economy and part of a totally-overloaded media ecology that is London. You want overexposure constantly, you crave it. Capitalism metas you to be overstimulated."

"And it's working. I mean, it really just possesses you. When you're plugged into the system, you just get wound up tighter and tighter and tighter. You

know what it's like in London, there's never enough time for everything. I'm already doing four or five what essentially could be full-time jobs. So you just want to spin in as much as possible. I've wound up in a way that needs overexposure. The *Con* always had an interesting idea: what happens when you accelerate a system, and what happens of that limit. And it's transverses territory, because that limit could be your nervous exhaustion."

At one point, Goodman describes his multifaceted role – producer, label boss, academic – as "try to operate transversely". Is he less analytical moment, it's "running around like a headless chicken"? The music of Hyperdub is in a state of flux, as if accelerating the output has brought it to a torpid, torbent, amorphous state.

Listening to forthcoming Hyperdub albums by Bonika and Berkstar, both sound as though they are overflowing with participation and loose angles. Berkstar suggests two-step: "I always dream in my own melancholy while Bonika gives 8-bit articulated the empathetic insight of Detroit. *Testing*, a third album by Bonik, whose relative commercial success has allowed the reclusive South Londoner to give up his day job, is currently in its early stages. It sounds asterned in parts. Listening to the snuggled vocalists like unwillingly a perched-up note heard on the street. There are even echoes of European house music of the likes of Fela's "Don't the Want Me" or Bigg's "Seven Days In Our Week", which suggest connections in his music outside the perpetual UK reference points of "Antonio Vivaldi/Benga".

The tumultuous and anxious education are all part of the equation possessed. In the first place, Keen as he is to stress the viral nature of music, Goodman is happy to be a carrier himself. "It's that kind of abstract machine which spreads through populations, and possesses people," he says, "and I don't think it's something we should be scared of. When you get inside a music to dance to, you get a lot of information in these moments. Not conscious information, but information about rhythm and feeling and sensation. You get these small compressed doses. People call them euphorias, and that is like the meaning of possession. It can keep you interested in music and get you to make it for years."

"It kind of reminds me of that Philip K Dick book, *Valis* – it keeps getting these messages beamed down from God," he concludes. "Anyways, in this short period of time you have all this information about rhythm and texture and tone and movement and what your body can do. like you've been injected with this information... and it's this shared information, and you spread this practice trying to decode this signal. This process of decoding right, I invoke reading it, writing about it. Certainly a synopsis of the fact that you need to work out what the fuck happened." *"Black Sun"?* "For Son" is a new album on Hyperdub. A Hyperdub compilation and a new album by Kadell & The Spaceape are due for release this summer. *Sonic Warfare: Sound, Affect, And The Ecology Of Fear* will be published by MIT Press in November.



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## The Primer

A bimonthly guide to the selected recordings of a specific music phenomenon.

### This month:

## The Roland TB-303 Bass Line

Peter Shapiro surveys the squiggles and squelches of the Acid explosion, from the heroic abuse of an obsolete Japanese bass simulator, to the man-machine interface of Acid House, to the wistful reminiscences of AFX's Anoroid series. Illustration by Service Pencil.

**Leashed and loosed in equal measure.** The Roland TR-303 Bass Line is one of four or five synthesizers that can rightfully claim to have truly altered the shape of music. No other major model of an instrument – whether acoustic or electric, analog or digital, monophonic or polyphonic – has been inextricably linked with a genre of music as is the TR-303 and Acid House. The only real competition is probably the Technics SC-1200 turntable and hip-hop. In fact, despite all of the software emulators that enable its sound, the fact that other synthesizers are capable of producing very similar sounds, and the released 303 (John MC-303 Grooved) put out by Roland to capitalize on the seemingly neverending demand of music producers to create variations of the Acid blueprint, Acid House is the Roland TR-303.

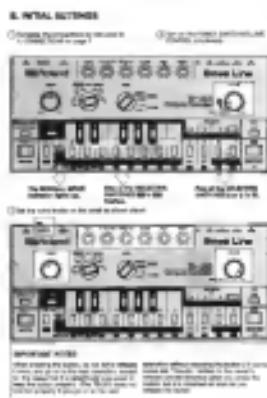
Of course, this did not happen by design. And Hou's druggy, slightly psychedelic but uncessantly physical sound, characterized by the 303's heavily distorted, coruscate squeches, was not a sound intended by the 303's designer, Tadao Kikumoto, but was instead the result of some kids from Chicago randomly playing around with the 303's array of pitch-controlled knobs. Instead, the Transistor Bass-303 was intended to be a portable bass accompaniment for solo live musicians or studio recordings. Sadly, it was miserable at this task: it was complicated (you played the 303 by using the 16 knobs that caused one-to-eleven merge and set a tempo without any visual reference), had very few features (an oscillate decay control, a sustain legato's filter and accent button), didn't sound like a conventional string bass, and was even originally shipped to the US with these knobs – what an arsehole is a trigger/brightness control or a volume envelope modulator?

Introduced in 1982, the TB-30 was a resounding failure. Imitating production of the cored little silver machine in 1984 after only 20,000 units were made. These ergo-licke knobs were its salvation. Reinforced by its octave range, the 300 could barely accomplish its appointed task but with that mutation, an entire universe of sound could be created. While the 300 sounded nothing like a bass, by turning the knobs this way and that they could produce harsh, piercing sounds that ranged from high-pitched squeaks to subsonic rumbles.

burned out but were also somehow still alert enough to move bodies on the dancefloor. The sound became dance music's answer to guitar feedback: a catalytic agent that was able to trigger both bodily and neurological release.

The 300's history can be effectively divided into three stages: pre-Add, the discovery of Add, and Add professionalism. The pre-Add phase dates from the machine's release in 1960 to 1968, when the machine was used largely according to its manufacturer's (in this case, the University of California) instructions and yes, wouldn't glance at it twice if it twisted its ascent back at you when you passed it in the street. The Add phase lasts from 1968-70 as the immediate aftermath of the epochal discovery of the replicator, when the producers seemed like young bairns in taking their first tag on a motorised scooter and had no idea how to control the damn thing. The Add professionalism stage encompasses everything thereafter, a period in which the squish grew tired, was re-investigated again and again and again, and has become disseminated by highly skilled DJs and producers who can eff the ridiculous prices 300's fetch on eBay and the scores of software emulators that have enabled the sound in user-friendly interfaces and pre-programmed sequencer patterns.

The pre-Add phase begins with records like Imagineering's "Is The Last of The Night" (1962), Blackmagic's "Living On The Ceiling" (1962), Orange Juice's "Get It Up" (1962), DMV's "Venezuelawide Deine Jugend" ("Weave You Yourself," 1962) and Paul Hug's "Justicia" (1963), which used the 303 to create rhythmic standard synth basslines that either licensed (Imagineering, Blackmagic, Orange Juice and Hug) or purchased (DMV). Section 26's "Looking For A Hitstrip" (1962), however, played with the 303's pitch knob to create a wavering, eerie baseline that lent a "wind across the moon" feel to a xylophone that otherwise evoked the same new-world banjos as of Wendy Carlos' score to *A Clockwork Orange* (the group would achieve a sound much closer to Add in their 1968 American tour, as documented on *From The Rip - In The Flesh: Live In America 1968*). Two years later, Newzeus used this wavering line (the group didn't use it as the baseline - that was played by a different synth bass) in a rather different context as a base for a 32-second version of the track, titled "second



"But the children know what the world is about."

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Shannon's "Let The Music Play" (1993)

The '91 Single

## BASSLINE MANTRONIX BASSLINE

Mantronix's "Bassline" (1989)



Alexander Robotnick

### Brown 17

"Let Me Go"

Virgin 12" 1983

### Shannon

"Let The Music Play"

Emergency 12" 1993

### Alexander Robotnick

"Problèmes D'Amour"

Face 12" 1983

You could first hear the 303's shrewsiness at work on the bassline of Heaven 17's "Let Me Go." Sure "Let Me Go" sounds at points like Pink Floyd gone synth pop, but the bassline gurgles amazingly like the wah-wah guitar on some of Miles Davis's 1970s records and drops it out of the realm of the ordinary synth bass used by Heaven 17's contemporaries. One of the truly great angles of the 1980s, Shannon's "Let The Music Play" contains the Section 25 waver with Heaven 17's wash-wash proto-squish to create a halting, stuttering groove that not only echoes the reststop of the song's protagonist and her love

object, but also created the perfect rapport between disco and electro.

Alexander Robotnick's (aka Mantronix) "Problèmes D'Amour" is, of course, one of the pillars of late-disco and one of the building blocks of House and Techno. Robotnick used the 303 to create a jazzy, percolating groove and modulated the tones so that it approached Acid House's squelch, albeit without the severity or otherworldliness.

### Mantronix

"Bassline"

Stargate 12" 1989

### Ice-T

"Squeeze The Trigger"

From Rhyme Pays See LP 1987

Strangely, the 303 has almost no presence in R&B. Despite its nasty, stinkin' bass sounds, the 303 would have been perfect in the pre-sampling age when hip-hop artists were creating beats with razor-sharp angles and chest-crushing bass. Curtis

Mayfield was one of the few producers to capitalize on its potential. "Bassline" uses the 303 to create a sub-bass rumble that is slightly tweaked so that it approaches full-on squelch. The instrumental is simply insatiable, and you can only wish that it wasn't wasted on MC Tee.

On Ice-T's "Squeeze The Trigger", the 303 is much deeper, more traditionally bass-like than on any other record included here. While there is a certain fat (but not "fret") Dennis Womell adds to the baseline, it produces him, its slightly less-than lack of flexibility is evidence of why the instrument failed to find favor among hip-hop producers. But it mighty fine Ice-T's more angular style as shown here as he was transitioning from off-school robotics like "Gold Wind Madness" to the more typically West Coast style on albums like DJing With The Ringer. While it lends a certain menace to "Squeeze The Trigger", you can't help but wonder what would have resulted if the 303 was used by some of the goddamn-jiggy emcees mid-1980s East Coast artists like Just-Ice or Tuft Crew.

### Sleazy 12

"I've Lost Control"

Isis 12" 1988

### Phuture

"Acid Tracks"

Isis 12" 1987

The first two Acid House records, and still the two greatest 303 records. Even as the 303 squelch has since become the woe of complete and utter geneocide, these records are still starting – one can only imagine the effect they had at the time, even if "Problèmes D'Amour" started at the squelch, "I've Lost Control" and "Acid Tracks" still came out of nowhere, and are as strikingly weird garble that they belong among a unique class of musicals of technology that have redefined music. Leo Fender spreading up the top on "Walk High The Moon"; Guitar Slim discovering feedback; Grand Wizard Theodore fumbling the record on his turntable and happening upon the scratch.

The story of some kids in Chicago stamping upon the absolute 78-303 and summoning the new trademark squelch from the machine's bowels by randomly turning the Resonance, Envelope, Modulation and Decay knobs has been told so many times it doesn't need to be rehashed here. That they heard disco music in these sulfurous synapses and infernal belches is a mystery that may never be explained, but clearly they weren't alone, and at Ron Hardy's Music Box did these alternative but emanating records complemented the druggy vibe. Both tracks were played by Funky Uptown long before they were released on vinyl and initially cleared the dancefloor (as you'd imagine) before the crowd grew accustomed to the weird new sound and ushered in a worldwide craze. While "I've Lost Control" came first, it was Phuture's "Acid Tracks" (originally titled "In Your Mind") that quickly re-labeled "Ron Hardy's Acid Tracks" that really drove the click-craziness. Whatever the origins of the term Acid (there are at least 25 different versions of its genesis), the twisted 303 sounded like someone had poured battery acid over a synth and

its careers were shorting. "We Lost Control" is the darker and more dangerous of the two records, but its cartoonish vocals undercut its force a wee bit. "Aid Tracks", on the other hand, works up a frenzy (in all senses of the word) groove and is sterilizing in its forward motion.

Both records were produced by Marshall Jefferson, "We Lost Control" is a collaboration between Jefferson and Virga, while "Aid Tracks" was the work of DJ Pierre and Eric "Sparky" Smith, with Jefferson in the producer's seat merely slowing down the tempo a few ticks. About the two partners, Jefferson told David Torn, "Really, I was trying to get a mood something like the old Black Sabbath records or Led Zeppelin." Acid and Doom Metal mixes a lot of sense, as they both share a claustrophobic atmosphere, clawed down vocals (at least in "We Lost Control") and the flip of "Aid Tracks", "Your Only Friend") and general incoherence, except that "Aid Tracks" and "We Lost Control" are both way more scary, intense and just plain fucked up than anything by High On Fire, Electric Wizard, Sunn O))) or whoever.

#### Armande

#### "Land Of Confusion"

Remixes 12" 1987

#### Joe Satriani

#### "Reign"

From *Joe Satriani: Private Planet Records 3-CD* 1988  
Armande's "Land Of Confusion" was the third Acid House record and is probably the most technically proficient of all the early Chicago Acid records. Armande's instrument 303s have point toward the Acid Trance sound of the early to mid-1990s. We also get more attack and range out of the 303 squelch than did its immediate predecessors, and even more than "Aid Tracks" – this may be the record most

responsible for Bentley and the Second Summer of Love. Of course, the drum programming also helped, and the kick and tom-tom patterns on "Land Of Confusion" are nothing less than definitive House beats. Maybe lacking the weirdness factor of "We Lost Control" and "Aid Tracks", this is nevertheless one of the truly great House records.

Joe Smooth is best remembered for the gospel-style "Promised Land", but his contribution to Acid is no less important. He co-produced one of the genre's landmarks, Tyree's "Acid Over", co-wrote another (Adrian E. Endless Pekins' "The Pole"), and was solely responsible for one of its obscurer gems. Rather than an end in itself, the 303 baseline on the surely underrated "Vertigo" is merely coloration and texture. A fairly generic, gently upfunked 128 Chicago House tune with plangent keyboard charts and unassimilated African vocal samples, it would be remembered only as the underhanded trick in some hot live stage wren, if not for the subtle use of the 303, which gurgles and bubbles like a hot tub rather than the usual rip-pour-face-off sort of 303.

#### Kevin Saunderson

#### "The Groove That Won't Stop"

12" 1991

#### R-Alkal Shelly

#### "Vertigo"

Trance 12" 1998

Detroit's two greatest contributions to the Acid sound (even though Shelly is from Chicago, "Vertigo" was released on Dennis May's Transmat label). While Shelly has more of a jacking sensibility than Saunderson and, as you would expect, Saunderson's is the more streamlined, pop-minded of the two, the two tracks share a use of the 303 as a rhythmic catalyst, rather than breakout inducer. Listened to side

by side with "Vertigo", "The Groove That Won't Stop" sounds rather gauche with its comparatively lack production values and background synth line that, for some reason, puts me in mind of some decent, yet not pleasure-palace. Relatedly, aside, "The Groove That Won't Stop" is a masterfully orchestrated piece of dancefloor-friendy Technotech with the pulsating 303 line used as propulsive device that drives the track with a blinding forward momentum.

If Armande's "Aid Tracks" was all he was making do with basically anything at all, Shelly's ultra-minimal, lo-fi masterpiece "Vertigo" may be the game's crowning achievement. "Vertigo", the B-side of the stellar House classic "Kill For Love/Sah", is nothing more than a 303 and an 808 (the Hatted drum machine, introduced in 1982, that made such an ideal complement to the Bass Line) in perfect tandem with each other. Unlike most other Acid tracks, the weirdness here is mostly confined to the drum programming, which could easily function as an 808 manual at this rate through pretty much all of the machine's tricks and turns. In fact, for the most part, the 303 here is actually used the way it was supposed to be – as a more or less traditional baseline propelling the rhythm along with only a dash of color. Shelly's judicious twists of the 303 bring out the sleek, steel-pen quality of its sound, with the squelch kept to a minimum. The 303 only takes centre stage at the breakdown about three-quarters of the way through. But this is no over the top "Higher States Of Consciousness", instead the 303 bounces like a shortwave wire for a few seconds and then dissolves back into the main rhythm. Like the run of the record, the breakdown is weird and unsettling, but utterly devastating when cranked up really high. Shelly has released other 303 tracks, like KA Pessini's "Our Love Stays And Grows", but none is as genuinely odd or, well, sick as this.

#### Baby Ford

#### "Dooey Rascly (FU Baby Yeh Yeh)"

Rhyme King 12" 1988

#### 808 State

#### "Let Years Fly Go" (303 Mix)

Cloud 12" 2000

#### Hammerhead

#### "Stekker Hammerhead"

Remixes 12" 2000

Some of the first British postcards from the second Summer of Love, Baby Ford's "Dooey Rascly" is, slightly undone by its craggy keyboard line (which, admittedly, does have its period charm), but the track is redeemed by Ford's ingenious use of the 303 to



8 Baby Ford "Dooey Rascly (FU Baby Yeh Yeh)"





Billy Port's "Beating Knowledge" (2003)



Shankar Hoonan's "Shakkar Humanoid" (2003)



Prashant Hoonan (Shakkar Humanoid)

with a scratchy, and the dislocating vocal samples. "How Come" might have been the more obvious 303 State choice, but the primitiveness of their debut, "Left Years Off Us", makes it more punk, and thus somehow more emblematic of the 303's spirit; plus, the juxtaposition of the Barry White song flourish with the grinding 303 line is priceless. While the underproduced 303 line has won an obsession with some of Regejo's Moroder is synth lines from E-MG's than with "Acid Tracks", the fibrilla intensity of the bassline, especially the way it interacts with the percussive thud that comes in at about the 2:10' mark, is as states as any British producer got to the forecoss minimus prompted by Ian Hardy at The Music Box.

"Shakkar Humanoid", as it was originally released on Indian Khan's Westside label, acts as a bridge between breakdowns and the summer of Love. The beats and cuts have won in common with low-period electro than with House, the stretched-out 303 lines are refined and act in service of the rhythm, and the "Humanoid" sample comes from the video game *Shakkar* and was recorded by Simon Doggins (later to become one half of Future Sound Of London) in an arcade in Ealing, West London. When the 303 fully

takes over the track, though, it seems to have more in common with electronic Body Music than anything in the hiphop spectrum.

#### FUSE

→ #121 1995

#### Plastikman

Sheet One

Neonite 03/93 LP 1995

If there is a virtue of the 303, it is surely filthiness, Ontario's own Prashant Hoonan, who is not only the pied piper of the second wave of acid, but seems uniquely capable of extracting vast swathes of basses, cassettes and electronics out of the little metal box "FUS", released under Hoonan's FUSE (Futuristic Underground, Futuristic Experimental) alias. In probably the most punishing 303 track there is, Surbog, reining increasingly underneath moshpit 303 beats that are like God's handclaps and brilliant percussions, the 303 is more like a full, throbbling megaphone than the more perching and patterning Chicago style, and helped launch a few thousand Gibba records thanks to its overwhelming atmosphere, speed and whomp.

Sheet One is notorious for its acid blower insert, but as an exploration of the full capabilities of the 303,

it is nearly peerless (see APX's Anfield series below). From formal exercises like the dry metronome sounds of "Helicopter" to the tonal explorations of "Flextory" and "Plastikone", Sheet One brought the 303 off the dancefloor and into the metalphones.

#### Hendilair

"Experience 1"

Barhouse 12" 1993

#### Hendilair

TR Repercussion

Barhouse CD/12" 1993

Germany's Oliver Bondzio and Bernd Zinkler are the world's premier 303 tacticians, and when Acid was being supplanted by hardcore and "Intelligent Dance Music" (IDM) in the early 90s, the duo did more than anyone to keep the sound alive. "Experience 1" was their claxon call, and the clearest signal that the 303 was not ready to die. It may lack the strangeness of the early Chicago records, but its clinical cold harshness is nevertheless a wonder to behold. Essentially one enormous body-hammer, the multiple 303 lines pulsate and disintegrate. "Experience 1" builds relentlessly to one of the all-time great breakdowns and recoveries.

TR Repercussion was dedicated to Hendilair, and every track features the 303 in a starring role. The album's highlight is undoubtedly "Lost In The Silver Box", which, as its title indicates, finds Bondzio and Zinkler breaking every rule: there is no wavy or squelching that runs the full range of the instrument's capabilities. Also, if only the drums weren't so pleading. On tracks like "Tranceslost", the high-Haarpfloor at least manages to inject a little funk into the formula.

#### Dust Brothers (aka Chemical Brothers)

"Chemical Beats"

Dust Up Books 12" 1994

#### Sheet One

"The Raw" (Jedi Knights Remix)

845 12" 1995

#### Farbox Slim

"Everybody Needs A 303"

Skint 12" 1996

Picking up where Ice-T left off many years earlier, the scene that would eventually be labelled as Big Beat realised the frankly awesome power of a squelching 303 combined with a breakbeat bass. Capitalising on the 303 as feedback megaphone, these tracks all use the Bass Line as a stand-in for garage-rock guitar, riffing and soling it in Keith Richards and Brian Jones – The Chemical Brothers even ran the 303 through a distortion pedal. "Chemical Beats" utilises the 303 as pure riffs – the 303 line barely starts or modulates at all for the track's duration – for the British equivalent of the farbox set. For all the laddishness of their Heavenly Social misfits and their dalliances with Oasis's Gallagher brothers, The Chemical Brothers' borderline aggro was (and remains) incredibly exhilarating, and their transformation of the dandy quiescent 303 sound into the soundtrack of decadent Man's larger-peaked fumblings rather



remarkable. From here it was a rather short step to Josh Wink's "Higher State Of Consciousness" (even though the rather gauche epic squelch breakdown was the product of either an SA-501 or MC-203, and not a 203) and The Prodigy's "Fat of the Land", which is certainly the most popular, if not necessarily the best, 203 record ever.

The Jack Knights Resin of Model 200 (another pro forma "The Fawn" is much flunker than any of the fellow trailblazers). The use of the 303 here is a more skin-to-electro-style positions (as well as the German, bass sound espoused by Aus 68, see below) than its rockin' contemporaries, but the way it cushions with the scratching and voced vocals gives the track a gritty forward momentum, making it a favorite of such loco zealots as Big Kahuna Burger.

Norman Cook may be a disastrous tart, but he really knows how to make a dancefloor. His Big Band progenitor, "Everybody Needs A 202", is no exception. The phased Fifteen Starr sample somehow conjures up the east of *Arcane dancing* mixed on the South banks, but the judicious use of the slowly accelerating 350 batters in a polymorphously perverse decadence the couple could have never imagined and brings to mind drunken evenings at Brighton's Concorde Club trying not to get your eye gouged by members of Bowland Sprawl.

Tim Taylor & Don Zmuda  
"Blazing Off Screens"

#### REFERENCES

#### Planning Tools

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300 different directions, the result presented in which

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was the muscular Trance sound ushered in by Tim Taylor and Dan Zanuck, which became popular on both the Goa Trance scene and in Midwest US rave culture. The duo's first record, "Planet Of Dreams", not only introduced the crashing 303s sound – kind of like Peter Frampton's "Talk Box" on steroids – but its final cut is one of the most intense 303s meg-sounds on record: all of this on top of sped-up big band drums that give the track a bit of funk – something surely missing from the hundreds of records that followed in its wake. "Bang The Acid", a collaboration between Taylor and American Techno producer Gwen Willis, is similarly ridiculous distorted, with the 303s sounding like a hyperactive child furiously scribbling over Disney's "Goofy Goofy #5". While the original Acid House records were undoubtedly pharmaceutically augmented (if only in the sensory distortion created by their social qualities and not necessarily in their imprecision), Taylor's variations on the sound, for all of their great touches, seem solely to be about getting fucked up – less about what's been fucked up.

The same is true of the records by Minnesota's 303 evangelist Woody McBride (see DJ 159). Heard on a big system with tons of bass, McBride's "Basketball Liedsen" is a terrifying mix of speaker-shredding basses, pulsing equalizer of wailing, year-long creaks at 30 seconds, relentless reverb-laden drums and a growling, grinding ultra-low-end 200-grit that turns into crashing strata. Is "Fleest Of Drums" his therapy through, kind of like a plague of giant toads descending from the sky? But, to be honest, it really has to be something so as to appreciate this.

1088

### ANSWER

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Techno Bass, Electro Bass, Detroit Bass, whatever you want to call it, it's all about funk guitars nowdays

suggests...a combination of Tech9's abrasiveness with Eddie's more straightforward funk bolts. On "The Countdown", the first track on this fine semi-concept album in H.Moe (Dr. Macbow), the scene's new movers Aye (88 (Timmy Ramone) and DJ Smith with occasional assistance from Kerth Tucker) issue a short, sharp bass riff to turn the 2001 into a selector radio-style耕田曲, relentlessly chasing after you down narrow corridors made of absolute infinitives. But like the "The Roa", you can feel the key presses on the 303-line, giving it a liquidity and that bell in its total oneness. For a slightly different take on the 303 in this context, see "State In My Groove" by Postponed (Hamilton and Scott's alter ego soul).

454

Android API

Review 11-12\* 2009  
Over the last decade or so, the 303 has fallen in and out of favour, becoming a kitsch object and an object of derision. On *AFK 11.3: Another File* (containing a total of 41 tracks), however, the 303 becomes an object of musical renaissance. Richard D. James' going back to his roots as an amateur teenager DJ of illegal raves in the wild west of Cornwall, shaking all the new fangled digital whizztits and returning to the analogue gear with which he made his name. Again, the 303 as guitar synthesizer seems apt – James heading back to the purity of the garage and a stripped down set-up to return to the purity of the analogue garage. On these 80s AFK mixes the 303 largely to express melancholy and gloom (of course, there are also plenty of schoolboy melodic foot-on-brick-like the likes of "Boiling Day", the sostane "Pissed Up In SEL1", the glue "Person Day" and the family仁慈 "Bedside Ramy"). The *Another* series may not be AFK's finest work, but it proves that the 303 can express so much more than just 'fun' on the dancefloor. □

### Land of the suns—Africa



## Post-Optimo 55

**Albums**  
 J僧 (Peter Gabriel)  
 John Becker  
 Alice in Wonderland (Nels Cline & Bill Frisell)  
 Almost (Paul McCandless)  
 The Drums  
 Another Country (Lyle Lovett)  
 Ninostra (Giovanni Sartori)  
 Four Minutes (Dixie Chicks)  
 Chris Connor  
 Mandolin (Cecilie Olofsson)  
 Spiritual Requies (Nils Lofgren)  
 Nils Lofgren  
 Six Degrees (Peter Holsapple)  
 The Postmodern (Hans Zimmer)  
 Sixties  
 Atmosphere (Quartettmobil)  
**The Phoenix Band**  
 Shockwave (George Clinton/Godley & Creme)  
 Groupies (Lynyrd Skynyrd)  
 Guitars (Lyle Lovett & David Hayes)  
 Another Country (Lyle Lovett)  
**Chances Are Circuits**  
 Rarities (Lyle Lovett)  
**Jerks**  
 Skin Deep (Lyle Lovett)  
 Various  
 Oh Babyworld (You Don't Want to Know Me) (Lyle Lovett)  
**Blues-Control**  
 Blues Control (Lyle Lovett)  
**Flies**  
 discovered loves (Lyle Lovett)

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## Trembling Bells Tour Jams

**Monkey Wrench**  
 Lenny Kravitz (Lenny Kravitz Revisited)  
**Frank Sinner**  
 (Lyle Lovett & David Hayes)  
 Wallflower (Lyle Lovett)  
 2000 Miles (Lyle Lovett)  
**Bruce Springsteen**  
 Darkness on the Edge of Town (Columbia)  
**Elton Presley**  
 Sun Sessions (Elton Voca)  
**Williams Is West Coast**  
 Mexico Is Mine (Columbia)  
**Bob Dylan**  
 Hard Rain (Columbia)  
**Doobie Brothers**  
 The Evolving Doobie Brothers (RCA/Columbia)  
**Street Mechanics-We Must Believe**  
 Make You Believe (RCA/Columbia)  
**West of the West**  
 Goodbye Asia (West of the West)  
**MC/DC**  
 Rose Is Blue (MC/DC)  
**Laurenz Cohen**  
 Death (MC/DC) (Lyle Lovett & David Hayes)  
**Rocky Erickson & The Allstars**  
 I Think of You (Lyle Lovett & David Hayes)  
**Various**  
 Devil's Pleasure Park (Lyle Lovett/Columbia/Columbia)  
**Ring Crooky**  
 Ring to You (Lyle Lovett) (Lyle Lovett & David Hayes)

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## Phantom Limbo Top 15

**Edwin McCain**  
 I Like to Move on (Island/Reprise)  
**MF DOOM**  
 MF DOOM (Island/Reprise)  
**Umesh Bhambhani**  
 Big Sisser Gal (Island/Reprise)  
**Algreen Trifogli**  
 American Acid (Island/Reprise)  
**J. Rodenbeck**  
 I Remember (Island)  
**Celentano-Mitena + Alpens**  
 Non (Polydor)  
**Janet Jackson**  
 江南Style (Columbia International)  
**Poppy Ligh**  
 In the Ghetto (Island/Reprise)  
**Detzback**  
 Udelnaya Sposob (Polydor)  
**Black Box Orchestra**  
 Black Box (Columbia)  
**Golden Jordan Age**  
 Twenty-Two (Island)  
**Liquid Legend**  
 My Life and Death (Warner Bros./Island/Reprise)  
**Flaming Lips**  
 Dark Side of the Moon (Island)  
**Bebe**  
**Elton John**  
 (Island/Reprise)  
**Island Anthology & Karate**  
 Anthology (Island)  
**Genie Fost**  
 Riot Moon (RCA/Island/Fox)  
**Mia Miller**  
 Gia (RCA/Island/Kudu/Motown/Geffen/Atlantic)  
**Elton John**  
 Your Song (RCA/Island/Geffen/Atlantic/Universal)

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## The Office Ambience

**The Threshold House Boys Choir**  
 Award Edition (Threshold) (Island/Reprise)  
**Elton John**  
 Rockin' Robin (RCA/Island)  
**and**  
**Alison Krauss**  
 The Bluegrass Ensemble (RCA/Island)  
**Sheryl Lee**  
 (Columbia/Columbia)

**Andrea Parker**  
 Party (Warner Bros./Island/Reprise)

**deee-ah** (RCA/Island)  
 I'm Sorry (I'm Sorry) And I'm Sorry (I'm Sorry)

**The Chieftains**  
 County Gal (Reprise)

**Elton John**  
 (Columbia/Columbia)

**George Michael**  
 George Michael (Island/Reprise)

**Alvin Lee**  
 1970 (Polydor/Island)

**Elton John**  
 (Warner Bros./Island)

**Janet Jackson**  
 The Velvet Rope (Island)

**U2**  
 The Best (Island)

**The Soft Machine**  
 The Soft Machine (Universal)

**Various**  
 Various (Columbia/Columbia)

**Janet Jackson**  
 Moon of a Day (Island/Reprise)

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Directed by Rob Walker | Production by Rob Walker

Directed by Rob Walker | Production by Rob Walker

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Erica Dohm (center) with My Cat Is In Another Country

## Soundcheck 48-72

### A-Z 48-61

Peter Albigger 48  
 Sata Josef 48  
 Altmann 48  
 Louis Scott Becker 50  
 Birch Bendersen Trio 50  
 Berthemannus 48  
 Brouzil 48-49  
 Isakel-Clouet & Rink Multicorder 48  
 Courtin-Moreau 48  
 Five On Fire 50  
 The Flaw Trio 50  
 Flower Carpet Duo 50  
 Full Moon 50  
 Geronimo Star & Uli 50  
 Strictly Beer 51  
 Hubert Gollerödter 51  
 A Hawk And A Hacksaw 51  
 Fornax Herder 51  
 Lars Henningsen 53  
 Kult 55-56  
 Sten-Lööp 54  
 Alex Lohr 54  
 Maytray Mc New 54  
 John McDermott 54  
 Sando Möhres 54  
 North Westland 54  
 Das Mollnische Geisterhaus 54  
 Marveit Music 57  
 Jim Mennin/Andy Vajna/Steve Patek 58

My Celtic An-Alma & Danne Zaffin 55  
 Hermessi-Witck 55  
 The IHEC Ensemble 55  
 Of 55  
 Stephen O'Malley 55  
 Omer S 55  
 Open Strings: 1820s Middle Eastern  
 Recordings/ New Responses 55  
 Robbie Orr & Valeria Cesa 55  
 Our Love Will Destroy The World 55  
 PRRA 55  
 Evan Parker & John Tilse 55  
 Phoenix: The Beginning 55-56  
 Electronic Music 55  
 Odilia Page 55  
 Quickilver Messenger Service 55  
 Seven Free 55  
 Spontex: Butter In The 21st Century 57  
 Stomylidice 55  
 Sunbeamland Band Of The Moon 55  
 The Super Wreckers 55  
 Chorus Switzerland 56  
 Talk Normal 56  
 Sections: Pieces Vol 2 56  
 The Thirteenth Assembly 56  
 Mary Halvorson & Jerome Paeffke 56  
 Svala & Svala Metzger 56  
 Yoko Miwa 57  
 Wildhorns & Pfeiferwurst 57  
 White 57  
 Wooden Stylers 57



A. Hawk And A Hacksaw at Soundcheck



Tom Harts at Print Run

## The Inner Sleeve 73

Terry de Castro on Table Of The Elements' Guitars Series Modules 2 & 4

## Print Run 74

Lewisohn At The Road: A Life Of Paul Weller by Barney Hoskyns  
 Registration edited by Rocío & Rivers/  
 Wayne Wiersbe & Deborah Pagan Hernandez  
 Sincere Wishes—Conversations With  
 Composers by Paul Sternehausen

## On Screen 76

Great And Their DIO  
 Rachel Shear's Polka Dot DIO  
 LILY Wren-Miss DIO  
 LIZ, WHITNEY DIO

## On Site 77

Matt Walker London, UK  
 Wayne Westgate London, UK

## On Location 78

BLSC Weekend Birming, UK  
 Instal Brixton, UK  
 Neptune + Interstellar London, UK  
 Bowell & Becker London, UK  
 Madga London, UK  
 The Human Voice Is A New World New  
 York, USA  
 Bellamy Poly Youth-Cults Night London, UK





**Mordant Music's collaboration with Shackleton is a macabre, comedic celebration of End Times. David Stubbs works the graveyard shift**

Mordant Music belong to this non-category – issuing instrumental, pernicious tunes where anything can happen, or indeed, not happen.

Something like Shackleton and Mordant Music have in common is that both feel like a response, albeit a vicious one, to perceived bad times. The title, *Picking O'er The Bones*, is equally apt for both. Shackleton never sounds as intense as that, but Mordant Music seem to be more intense than that. The title *Picking O'er The Bones* is a physical sense of the tracks requiring that life after a death of sorts has taken place. There is in Shackleton a bleached, Mordant Eastern feel, with faint references of the like. Mordant Music, whose recordings represent a sort of wincing panoply, empathy towards *Pickles*. Shackleton doesn't try to expose the same pathos as *Wingspan*, simply taking one of his tracks, "Rat's Roar". Tracks like "Stalker" and "I Want To Eat You", however, take place on sound-deepened, semi-enclosed, cramped forms, in which the irregular frenetic, spouting beats are like a dense, insatiable, character names, frantically peeling and rewrapping themselves. "I.D. (Ent Tech)" commingles with distant voices over what could easily be an unannounced pile of radio equipment, uttering the words "Hello? Hello?" over and over, to no response. This is the place where art is skilfully permission to lagged out over what could be discussed, points of exerted or distant happenings, before the stragglers of waterspouts come tearing on the horizon.

As for Mordant Music, they have been described as "hauntingly beautiful", as they acknowledge with survival intent by calling one of the tracks included in *Picking O'er The Bones* "The Haunting Song". In general, I'm not sure if I'm an appropriate reference point for a whole host of nondescript artists, however discussing the material with the guys of whom *Burial* is the most obvious example, whose work is actually a great deal more interesting than the real thing. Shackleton and

is very shielding of some size. They are the other side of the same coin as *Burial*, with his investment slight instances for the last days of rest. Mordant Music argue something similar. The big things that have happened, popularly, are all that are likely to happen. And yet, strangely as all that they like is piled about us, that makes for among the most interesting times of all.

Unlike *Burial*, though, Mordant Music point out with a wistful but with a smile. Comedy is a significant component (they have worked with the likes of comedians Simon Pegg and, and others) and is about their edges the same. *Look At Me* is no anomaly as that is established by Chris Morris in *Blue Is The Warmest Colour*. However, whereas comedy can be an interesting antidote to good music, in Mordant Music it's a *do* to a *do*'s abundant surge of static. "Hummidom" dissipates into a vicious sheet wash of fuzzy, glooping, verged energy. It invets, spotlights and decays (he immediately sang me early 1980s *The Clash*). The dystopian Moog static and descending bass tones of "Dick Woolly" suggest affirmatively something that we are heading towards the last party "24 Million Or Still Counting" dance on the noisier end of the *ex Raig* of Pop like early Cabinet noisies mixed with the blearier, more specific artifice of a later *Atomic*.

"The Haunting Song" following in theious Old English syncretic scores and sonorities about a kind of oblivious defiance, reflective and belligerent, with the long resources of a Welsh "Maurice Moar" in a 17th century Civil War battle, is a violent re-enactment of the thrills and spills of long ago, of shock, survival and heavy thine, reveals "Private Places", a revision of a *Vivaldi* track, with its high-pitched echoes, which that takes in *Dragonfly* closer. Jon Lissens' surreal *Forest* World uses frontier stylings and basic segue stock swapping socials. They pan forns with Shackleton on a menu of "Private Places" and much another level altogether, a temporary, making hell of themselves, which everything dead (or anyone) as it's created and reflected. Revealing in the sort of existing family in, for Mordant Music, will there's left to do, the only place to be (D).

**Mordant Music**

**Picking O'er The Bones**

Mordant Music CD

On the face of it, Shackleton, who contributes to or works on almost half of the tracks on *Picking O'er The Bones* and Barrie Morden and Adam Greig create the duo who comprise Mordant Music, appear to come from opposite ends of a spectrum. There is Shackleton's MM's, perhaps, the stolid, dignified, Rastafarian-dressed, percussive instruments, and there is Mordant Music, whose rich, reedy, heavily sampled atmospheres from an altogether contrasting atmosphere.

And yet both, for all their undisputed dissimilarity, exist in the art that surrounds subtle, a word of echoed slower, more sparsened rhythm structures. And there is one of the strengths of that genre. *Down In Bass*, despite its churning rhythmic intricacies, proved ultimately just a bit too easy to get a handle on. Its seemingly tangy *Parade* was very soon assimilated, whereas *Stalker*, which hasn't been easily absorbed into the mainstream. Moreover, *Stalker*, itself, is an interesting reference point for a whole host of nondescript artists, however discussing the material with the guys of whom *Burial* is the most obvious example, whose work is actually a great deal more interesting than the real thing. Shackleton and

studded showboating that has been a hallmark of their work over the last ten years. Hence the album seems from natural sources from recordings of a band known to parades of fierce, concentrated improv energy showing the pair's imagination and accomplished work in terms of virtuosity of that, supplemented to Dupree's customary guitar and basso.

Blackout Juke's immediacy belies the fact that the musicians weren't even sitting the same hemisphere during its creation. Courts in rearing his contribution in Buenos Aires and Moore operating his base in Brooklyn. The telepathic "Blueslets" – "Feed Self" has a honky-tonk quality that one might have imagined only on stage from the real-time interaction of players in the same room. But the album is by no means a cut-price simulation of a clapping session; they do it "way from" building feature free musical overdrive. "Sonsas" is a No-Law! at particularly edgy, especially when Moore lets go with some deliciously distorted melodic lumps, bounces, and the divine piece "Capricorn" or "Gone Castle" assumes a grinding density over its two minute duration. This, I believe, is the track that displays Moore's broad talents, on this evidence at least, though there's still a growing foot.

The final passa "Gagapade – Anti Epis" is at the time the disc-falter. It fed in, promising you a second string reference and then crystallized, then it explores into full-on New Orleans jazziness as a nod nod in the context of the untroubled liveness of the rest of the album. Growl-and-thud (and wail). Moore appears to have been influenced by the spats of Burn Gorman's Who's Swanner and Klaus Schulze – but it is an unconvincing local approach that slightly deflates from the gurus' elsewhere. Even allowing for this masterful however, Blackout Juke is a great achievement, and one of the year's strongest releases.

Keith Roach

## Fire On Fire

### The Orchestra

Thomastik 100

### Charles Butterfield

### Blowin' Live

Fire Fox 01

A recent theory holds that the emergence of "softer" psychedelic pastoral groups such as Anansi Collective and Fleet Foxes mirrors the decline of America's standing as a world power after the Bushies' Next as a concept of art mirroring the political-cultural angst of it. It is something of an overstatement, in fact, when American alternative music artists have periodically renewed themselves by moving away from rock for more mellow before styles. Sometimes, this has been approached by adding influence; the times, but the urge itself – to pursue and award an atmospheric sort of grouping in American folk music, runs deep and keeps re-emerging with a dogged persistence, and it is that repeated art's Prog theorists' credo. Since have transformed themselves into the acoustic collective *Fire On Fire*. Recorded in a studio house in Maine,

their debut album shimmers with a bright hedonistic and strength of character. Strummed acoustic guitars, the dry plink of banjo strings and the twang of an accordion dominate the sound. Their various voices take turns on lead in songs that switch from reggae, shuffling blues to earthy bluegrass banjo. There is a certain degree of enthusiasm they're having going down the jones and the maniacal efforts are a little mannered, but the music is richly flavored with spontaneity and possibility. These songs sound like they have evolved from a layer being completely usurped in collective effort. There is not much an experimental pull-through, but rather a mannered, only directed, control quality.

On his second solo album, Fire Fox, bassist Charles Butterfield presents himself as an eccentric, wacky troubadour, making his own musical journey into a comparative territory. But whereas Fire On Fire is the sound of a variety of voices both collectively and individually, Butterfield's solo works like a single voice emanating a series of off-kilter vocal intonations. He can play himself into sync with the thorny edge of a Guy Farmer or Son Net on "Walking The Roads," but he sings in a fraying, Dylan-esque drawl on "What Are We Doing To Do Now," while offering a bouncy, dancy one on the doo-wop "New Moon Pine St" and "Without Much Love" – songs which recall Beck at his most lugubrious. There's an interesting contrast here between Butterfield's rough-hewn delivery and his songs' lyrical opacity, but his trickey skewed confessional lyrics also help to make the collection more rhythmic singer-songwriter fare – a kind of jazzed-out harp run through his wacky bestiary tunes. Folioage

## The New Trio

### Requiem Live

ESP 03

Since its first support was a probably-burned-off Fire god in the early 1970s, the ESP label has been remastered more times than Frankensteins' monster – to the point where it is easy to forget just what weirdo creature it was in the first place. Even in New York City in the 1980s, where the post-war cultish consensus had been banished to the back of many a record store, it was which was top esp, esp's roots of the counterculture's purest, crassest proto-punk, black metalcore, and female, we see our guitarists still made Frank Zappa's *Stingray* look like *OBIS*.

In the last two decades, mainstream consumers have been conditioned on the ESP output by the Dutch Caliente label, and Poly's Big Bass and Sonarp's underground. And now Frankensteins himself, esp Founder Dierhard Bölmann has snapped back his label to original artistry and captured another sort of artistry through the most ready of his intense, austere freaks of record label. Judging by some of the music that esp has released since Bölmann once again donned the label's coat, however, you might reasonably come to the conclusion that some things are better left for dead. They "new music" but listening to *The New Trio* is almost appropriately titled

Requiem. I feel like it is the reach of yet another renaissance personified (which is the underground's equivalent of a Renaissance person to stage industry executive). The creators of *The New Trio* can't just retreat to revere the mentor; they must *mess* with Albert Ayler. This would be fine if it resembled the first album proper, *OBIS* is definitely *mess*. They actually sound like they want to do it alone and walk away.

When Louis Bellson gets up the bus and off of a never-sleep-on-in My rough and ready gettins some air vibrating through his throat tubes and valves, he does it with a kind of chompingly lyrical a span so much as he is willing to possess his complete life in the same way (as) Jon Morris and drummer Charles Denner (formerly Rosko) do it with an exhilarating their own considerable personabilities in order to act as messengers for the ghosts of Gary Peacock's and Steve Murray's phlegm and servus. At times, listening to this musical doomsday cappuccino, I feel watching a zombie movie in which the victims are complicit in their own disappearance.

On one level, one can understand musicians wanting their past, even those who are so original and distinctive, they confess to not being beyond the grave. But here the music is closer on the line as and gets closer to the point where jazz regresses to similes of "the power of music," with musicians meant as empty vessels emanating the word of the gods (it's hard to imagine any members of the New Reed Orchestra take it on themselves to pay homage to the likes of the ESP legacy and start channelling the actual words of The Gods... when we'll get an update on the gods)

MLP 102. The Gracious Success! Dierhard Steiner Donzel. Joe Morris is home to another long dead ESP engineer, shows how it's possible to lay off groove energy tools and come up with something that, at least attempts to make a statement that is not mated and collapsed. Faced with the Freestyle competition of *The New Trio*, you might immediately wonder why you'd better listening to the existing band when the original split still issue issuing us (courtesy of Dierhard's brilliant reissue campaign) *They Are* regrettably.

## Flower Garage Dub

### The Four Aces

ESP 03/04

This is one where every group in a supergroup, the pairing of Michael Flower and Chris Corsano still stands out. Flower is best known for his role in *Wimberley!* (Dierhard and Stumpf) and Corsano for his part in *Swans* and *Idiot* of *The Mars Volta* and collaborations with Paul Frickley.

Flower gets his trademark sound from a synthesizer. The instrument contributes elements of the delicate or bullet-biting with drowsy and sympathetic strings, ad elevated into spooking psychedelic bleeps, twisted, bullet-holed, frenzily messy "waves of regeneration" and Flower is sound around and sing the most rocking and meowing.

Concise drumming as a force of nature is itself. This album is notable for

the beautiful interweaving of textures between the two players. On opener "I, Brute Heart," Corsano's drums find finds peaks and troughs in Flower's playing. The drama is activated into something eventually tangible and compelling. The style is our audience presented the swampy meadow of *Swans* and *Wimberley!* and more stabilized than the wild solo of *Wimberley!* Orchestra's *Orchestra*. Elsewhere, Corsano tracks drums for evidence. "The Delirious Measures" is a *straight* from the densest synthesis answered by tenuous, other-world lines. Or there's the sober paced and insistent world of "The Three Organs Of Delightness" where Corsano's drumming has an almost surreal expression of fact. The vinyl edition adds a bonus track, "The New Process" and two others that follow the same promising *reign* flagellar avenue. The Poor Are Primes that Flower and Corsano are extraordinary pairing who have found a rich and novel territory for the playing. *Mike* Roach

## Full Blast

### Black Metal Live At Pompeii

Acoustic 140

Black Metal is something of an unassimilated Petrus illustrans, with his Full Blast too, at his "big-city art" mode – to use aphorism first deployed against *eskimo* Richard Green. It's also a concise demonstration of the nonchalance of track titles. The names of most of the pieces on *Black Metal* are references to quantum physics ("Lucae Huius Collebi" "Tritubalum"), "Quarks (or Dees)", but they sound significantly not distinguishable from the cover art that lives tracks on the bonus disc, *Live At Pompeii*.

No better what better to put the music of, is the new edition of the three pliant, modulating and total *Detour* (Graeme Macrae White) will be hard to predict on *Black Metal*'s 2001 album *Avenging*, not in whether the self-titled 2008 do-it-yourself group keeps up a compact and sharpish, yet powerful rhythmic attack across both discs. (An combination of *Heretic* and *Metaldog* & *Heads* *Reckless* *Desperation* *Detour* *Black Metal* *Worms* *Palace*) creates a cohesion that almost equally recalls Bill Laswell's work alongside the *Detour* in *Detour*, when he took slumbering a profane and transforming into a *Moskva* metal-guitarist. Indeed, this is everything as much as it is *Bill Laswell*'s. But the honest, often expectations throughout this 90 minute playout – the blustery, shrieking runs, sun-sets are repeatedly countered by long, smirking passages of quiet heartbreak beauty, not to mention the relentlessly red work of "Professor pearl," too frequently underappreciated. He remains a trickster disguised as a coonman.

Phil Keaggy

## Quarantine Son Of Live

### Sometime

1000 1-02

Given Son Of Live have been active in the New York area for more than 20 years, with

the art of commissioning and presenting new work for an international audience of persecutors. There are also immediate difficulties for such a project: The first is the potential profit of Delphian's existence, blurring the line of the most important water cooler. The second is that few Western emperors take the trouble to understand and to thank the traditional past and blends them, resulting in music that sounds simultaneously exotic and technically inert.

There are some interesting places on Sonogram, while being altogether mostly too composed within the ensemble. Bertrand Beirer's *Agility* takes four Gothic-style credits and then turns up to go home in *Capriccio Hobo* style, leaving layers of complexity through the guitar. It's clever, but it fails to cohere and entirely fails to move. Beirer's *5:12 "Alphorn"* (Sonic) is somewhat enough – *"Don't Break the Chord" since delphian.com/through-the-tunnels* (2011) – but the virtuosic work by relatively ensemble members are absolutely fascinating in their thoughtfulness and simplicity of expression. There's even a tag line, "Laud Di Hope and Glory" in the fifth variation by David Beirer.

John Martor is the (W)hole's No! to do truly the same on its 16th album of experimental software. There is an electronic component, but the orchestra itself functions algorithmically and the results are witty and strong. So too, Leon Liber's *Deep in the Dark* inspired by Peter Murphy's interpretation that as actual guitars are played as in *It's a Fairytale*, Delphian's *Descent* is Descent (Murphy's) aftermath: a similar cross-inflated effort, using MUSiC-driven drivers, in *It's a Fairytale*. Daniel Brotz's series *Rehearsals* (Sp 218) *Clarinet Quartet* for its "folk" elements, Christian Mazzoni (inventor of hyperreal) makes a mysterious use of noise and a palely bold *Meet* of the rest, finally left as cold and wondering whether there was really enough quality material for a double CD set.

Brian Morris

## Grizzly Bear Measles

there (2)

Grizzly Bear started out as the 10-11 home recordings of David Long. With *Soil* it's a *Follow* move, they have since become a full group, with shared writing duties and, in preparation for this album, long sessions followed up in hotel rooms or emerging and rearranging new material. Some groups, given weeks to refine and refine and up-shoot-shoot-shoot, mull over assumptions about the very sound they're working with – feedback, say, which recently took directly from out there. In *Grizzly Bear's* case, all that time and work has produced something that's apparently overwielded, overthought and overthought.

Musically it draws on a similar current to Foss or *It's a Fairytale*, a kind of blockydelic 21st-century beat, which makes the pop signs of you while simultaneously sounding nothing that could actually be too obviously pop, having to do with a kind of hazy aesthetic identity (which Animal Collective do) while avoiding anythingentious as an actual

21st-century sound (which Animal Collective, with their digital junk and clutter, don't).

All the care expended on the sound and texture, on trying to make it expressive for the listener to ignore the effort to be made, creating against that under-the-covers effect of not wanting that effort to be obvious, makes *Measles* a precious, delicate, little album after a while the glossy results, the dry aspects of the vocal harmonies, the rich sonorities of the guitar, the pure synths, makes you long for the unadorned space, the forested dryness, of *As One* (Rousseau) – or trying to step back the sonic vaults and let *Death* and *God* and *the Unde* make their writing ability stand alone.

David Davies

## Hildegard Bastic Without Singing

Touch (2)

Calder Hallar Guðrún Þóðr is best known as a member of the awesome Icelandic post-rock outfit, *Núna*. But her contribution to the ensemble shone on *Re:son*'s 2007 release *Ge Þá Þáur*. *The Polysix* (in) *CD* sees her move from the guitar guitars and gradual soundscapes of *Without Singing*, her second role release. The cover cover shows a desolate horizon, a plain meandering through hills, and at the end a single page of text. It suits the music well – kind of narrative as implied but as represented predominantly through atmospheric changes rather than sheer text action. A selection of free form tracks, *Ge Þá Þáur* of these sound starts "Overcast", "Erupting Light", "Opaque", "Into Waterfall", "Modulations" of transparency in a hush of silence.

At times *Ge Þá Þáur* adds a harp and voice, but it makes those contributions organ, bass and clarinet, and some sounds are softly processed. Mostly though, it's a harp – with a ringing, dreamy, gently slowly pulsating pulse – that does the work. It's a sound track rather than a soundscape, poised to communicate rather than to comprehend, rhythmically varied and tinged with necessary witheringly abundant emotion. It's a noise *Without Singing* is music that's her next step up with the ratio and the rest – if it has been going historically as an experimental instrument. Although *Ge Þá Þáur* plays with evident awareness of that ratio, her music is rich in expectation rather than bounded with a consciousness. There's a sense of freshness within the melancholy.

John Cowley

## A Hawk And A Hacksaw Differences

Leaf (2)

The pathway from the West to the preserved, academic strains of the musical other. In the last 10 years I've tried to do just this. I really have given my time to make music classically and experimentally as I do my working out of – feedback, say, which recently took directly from out there. In *Grizzly Bear's* case, all that time and work has produced something that's apparently overwielded, overthought and overthought.

Musically it draws on a similar current to Foss or *It's a Fairytale*, a kind of blockydelic 21st-century beat, which makes the pop signs of you while simultaneously sounding nothing that could actually be too obviously pop, having to do with a kind of hazy aesthetic identity (which Animal Collective do) while avoiding anythingentious as an actual

association, is more than em-dash or the Paugusbach. One tends to talk about the *real* thing, when it comes to World Music, something that can't be articulated or categorized – which is a proper distinction implied between commercial and source material. Here so much to be used for it. However, it only takes about ten seconds of exposure to the opening track, "Haus Not A", to understand pieces arranged by the likes, to be overwhelmed by the incoherence, a acoustic beauty and closely situated delights of this album.

Other highlights include "Kerthas" a tribute to the photographer of the same name, perhaps whose influences of 1980s Punk, hipster culture may as well as 1980s Punk coffee. There then is "It's Not A, Gazing Moon", on which Bastics attempts a disjunctive, jagged, hoarse vocal over rhythmic recordings accompanied by strings, suggesting a life of a world as the band's have elaborated their duties. Overall, however, it's a triumph of a triumph of playing, in which, among others, Ilja Grönberg is pianist, Chris Halskovian is bassist and Søs Kjærulff on flute, each player showcased with just the most delicate single, inaudible C.R. reminiscent of the photographer Gertrude Käsebier.

David Davies

## Florian Weber

### In The Style of David Torn

Öffnen (2)

The tag of the *Artist* is *Aidu Kouassi* likely never be satisfactorily resolved, but as with the psychedelic guitar solos of the late 1980s, there was a semi-romantic interface between raw drugs and fine art textures, as *tautou* – worms incubated in the Roland TR-303 peaked their way through time, shaping the user to the moment. The way *Kouassi* could be a spherical microcosm, states fed solely in the *chip LSD* reportedly soaked soaked in cold consciousness into infinite small details.

The popular *Techno* explores of the late 1980s and 1990 helped *Aidu Kouassi* make noise, clarifying circles out of experimental sound laboratories – not traditionally sites of such discipline – and onto the dancefloor (or *christian*). *Öffnen* continues that, the earth connected and that's where the first three internal pieces – generated not on a 303, but a vintage Roland *modular synthesizer* assembled through a reuse 1980s *Coastline* PC-Computer – slender and tall, your heart mountain range, whispering, right compass.

Remember this stuff is subtle. It uses what electronic music can do – provide a sequence of data according to your expression, always amiable to a certain physical or emotional state – and does it superbly. Its rhythmic dance neurological mystique, its sonic pressure systems are derived from seeping the human body could produce in real time, its duration less no intrinsic logic. As the title *Öffnen* comes specifically to a question of opening issues by *philosophers* Paul Mauder or located under *Art And Language*, intuitive *Finance* and *others*, there's no nearly a pleasure of illegible acoustic art breakers, it's a gift to

be genuine. It does, however, point out the intransigence to David Torn's *12000 Miles* *Symphony* series – the connection behind *Herder*'s *able* *che* *opining* *CD* (1991-2001) there could be safety in the coherency approach between hemispherical academic strictness, any fears for "Wolny" in the style of *George Nino*?

John Young

## Lara Herkert

### Notes

Telemann-Government (CD)

Perhaps anticipating the one adjective given most to be employed by critics while describing his second solo album, *Jazz-Jacket* (Lara Herkert, Lara Herkert has studied in the universities of *Albion* and *Alpen*; a short essay by John Sorensen on the nature of "Jazz-Jacket" music, but while Sorendsen, Frank Wess, Bernd Koenig and these Moravians, Michael's single 37 minute composition (recorded with the aid of 40 members of the *Leibniz National Orchestra*) is actually more representative of the work of John Williams, composer of the striking, laudably-recognizable themes for *Star Wars*, *Superman* and *ET* – not to mention the inauguration of President Obama in January of this year.

*Jazz-Jacket* hardly concerns its creator's penchant for lateness. Herkert exhibits a sociability comparable to that of fellow Norwegian *Line Leibert*. Hans Peter Leibert, another artist who refuses to allow his music to be restricted by preordained labels of "good taste" (Leibert's decision to grapple with the *eye* and *ear* is similarly refreshing and interesting), and while one might be easily associate the *kind* of art he does, *resounding* (romantic) displayed here with a lack of security or rule of hubris, there are nevertheless the *expressed* identity given way to the lack of polish, introducing a welcome sort of ambiguity that prevents the work from dealing exclusively in the mode of the *frontiers*. Eventually *Metting*, *Klatschklatsch* is prettier (older) than *new* (older), each successive later revealing yet older or aspect of its timeliness.

Joseph Bowman

## Kat-B0B

### Shout At The Dancer

Torjus (CD) (2)

Gorgeous albums, however, collaborations, duets and sets of cuts – just like mehren down the line. Miguel Iglesias plays in mehren as well as to his throwaway, frenetic and shell-pure core music as he was when he first recorded as a 14-year-old teenager back in 2006. *Shout At The Dancer* is concerned with winter sensations – "Danzical" (The Devil", *Shout*) comes to mind with Ben McKee (Gerry's *Shout*) and *Kim Deal* ("Lanzendanz") – and guitars (and guitars like *Heidi Suckermann*, *My Old Friend*, "Ganzklang", "Ganzklang" and "Klangwelt" *Everything*). In a similarly boozey vein, "Mr. Walker's Rhythms" are *amped-up* sets off the *versus* of *Shout* & *Shout* events. It takes no effort of will to listen beyond the cheery folkloric hoover vocal and the slurred piano bass, but beneath that

**Tony Herrington monitors the Zelig-like presence of a mysterious Australian bassist and composer at key encounters between the thinkers and players shaping Swinging London's avant garde**

#### Laurie Scott Baker

Drudgery

musicdrudge.com

"If you ever thought feedback was the best thing that ever happened to the guitar," wrote Leslie Chang in 2004 in one of several articles he devoted to worshippers having Lou Reed's *Velvet Mechanical Music*. "Well,

I'm just not in the crowd." Long before Lou heard his first bands of a double dozen straight at the last-while-underside of mid-70s major label rock, he, too, however, was one of those people who thought feedback was the best thing that ever happened to music per se — and who thought it could get rid of more than just the guitars.

Writing in *The Encyclopedic Source: Thematics 7-8: Music Of The Avant Garde 1960-1975* (just this issue's dog), American composer David Behrman speculates on the wider implications of his iconoclastic 1965 feedback-driven composition *Wine Drunk*: "I think it reached the moment when something radical in the spirit of the 1960s first came through to me. Those 70s were one of those places in which established techniques were thrown into the nature of sound as chess with form itself." And writing at the same moment as this double CD, Laurie Scott Baker describes his 1963 *Electric guitar vs. an example of the types of distortion made by different electronic sound systems*, stating "it comes out of three repressions, and the general questioning of the musical establishment."

Both above head and shoulders are those cold dismissals of that late-60s moment when collage techniques were applied to early and unpredictable electronic music systems to search the earth and strike a path for

previously unknown soundworlds of usually alien design. At certain points both pieces are so mired in web-clutter that men Lou might have thought they were pushing it through

— "Guitar is a 'lost past,'" he was quoted by Hugh Davies at London's New Art Lab in 1969. The instructions set up a system specifically designed to produce feedback — two guitars and one bass being played through overdriven valve and transistor amps — but require the players to keep their feedback in check. "It contains a genius in a bottle," as Baker puts it.

Considering that preceding radical split, was this a manifesto for a specific model of political-revolution, subversive system by working against it from the inside? Three of the players, guitarists Dennis Bailey and Ruth Ross, and bassist Greg Bryson, were among the most original voices in the then emergent theory and practice of improvised music, but for them their pavlovianisms are utterly subjugated by the requirements of the "fatten." Maybe that's another metaphor. Or part of the same one. Either way, the facts of the matter are these: the performance space is supercharged with electrical energy, distorted sounds, distorted and peaked with energy. There are no pure tones, bodies as actual nothing, brand or self- or crew and accept it in the hazing silence, occasionally triggered bolts of feedback, some of which form into nervous blizzards of pure noise. What the crowd of 1000 persons demands of the piece's continuation is to fill the performance with a swelling roar, and the players suspend their tension in mid-air for 70 minutes of compelling aural geste activity.

You could stack Wine Drunk and drudgery alongside other contemporary feedback milestones such as Robert Ashley's *The Walkers* (listen on the Source site). The NADA's "Looking At You" (the 1965 single version), *White Light/White Heat* and Hendrix at Montreux define the beginning of a line in their confirmed electric storms, follow it to Miles' *Midnight Music*, continue to plot it through the '70s and '80s decades of '80s superstars and '90s rock rockers and end it leaping in the middle of the present future past of no-musical-music bands and *Neon* tests.

Which is not a bad way of saying they're nodding one under the sun, rather than, even the most abhorrent, not-of-/neither art imitations pain function by having some no less lucidous weight in their wake.

Laurie Scott Baker is an unlikely precursor for the 21st century extremes of lower case improv: UPPERCASE NUMBER 1033. An Australian composer, bassist, and graphic artist who landed up in London in the mid-60s, he seems to have been something of a Zelig figure, popping up at the intersections of numerous swellegant avant-gardes: Age of Aquarius, happenings, free jazz, improvised music, art lab happenings, XY electronics, early synthesizers. *Electric guitar vs. an example of the types of distortion made by different electronic sound systems* (1963) included some of the earliest full realizations of the UK's emerging New Music Monday Club. Christopher Hobbs, John White, Michael Parsons. It is based on one of Baker's graphic scores, and judging by the fragment reproduced on

the cover of the CD you might reasonably interpret it as an invitation to look into the tellingly cyclical image of something like Bob Marley's "Is This Love?" But even at this early stage graphic scores tended to manifest at one of two ways: as abstract sounds spanning an inverted space (see *Ground*), or as performances that expand to itself, which is what happens on *Circle Piece*. Throughout this 50 minute or so titled, bowed basso, organ, voices, and electronic playing held bones that, diverted or meandering and never forward in time, presentation under what sounds like the heavy influence of Gowan's sacred music. Like a Black to Smiley spectrum, composition, the piece is stuck with dramatic incident, and the sense of the musicians authoring a varied state of capsule communion is palpable.

In 1968 Baker took part in Music Now, an event that introduced the whizkids of Terry Riley and La Monte Young to *Silence*, *606 Lucifer*. Not long after this he was playing piano. *Prog* is a group that included guitarist Alan Holdsworth and drummer James White, then fresh from The Music Improvement Company and just about to become a member of King Crimson. *Deep Chants* *4-Guru* emerges from all the breakups, post-hippie activity.

It's a fine game invented at Goldsmiths College in 1972 by Marc Baker on bass, VCS3 synth and tape delay system, and John Tilbury on Lowrey organ. For the first 20 minutes it resembles like hell (self) Blackmail minus the Beatles bassist, and you get the feeling that Tilbury is trying to suppress all his better motives and make like Mike Redding on the cover ready about as much sense as something Kristen Nigels

there are no more four seasons

"Without a doubt a vision of the pure... there are no more four seasons... a masterpiece CD. You'd want to when you play and you know the discipline is... from Michael, soundcheck.com

"...is produced with care, control, border lines, and a wholly raw feeling of risk... And its superb. Enticing..."  
Mette Nystrøm, Diogenes Nystrøm



From left: Lauré-Saint Baker on guitar; Derek Bailey, James Muir and Evan Parker

all that quantum physics and get back to doing some basic stuff instead. It doesn't add up. Lacking the displaced aspiration and formal rigour of American minimalism, it sounds whimsical and quaint. But then Tilbury looks like a three-headed organ, taken charge, up a mutated bass riff. Muir's saxophone float rolling around the song to beating out a Brazil four-four, and all of a sudden they're coming on like "Sister Ray" with all of Louie taking out and Bucky Pizzarelli sitting in for Billie Tackier. The music now sounds incisive and purposeful, full of distortion and with-a-bit, a jigglement of materials of energy.

During the period these pieces were taped, furious arguments were raging inside the revolutionary cells of UK experimentalism. By 1979 the kind of materialist techniques, pure sound art

new-fangled and polymorphous practices that characterised Glastonbury, Cheltenham and Dasein Chants & Chants were being denounced by the likes of Scratch Orchestra member Alan Stivell as "Soviet art... useless nonsense... devoid of revolutionary content". Some of Lauré-Saint Baker's contemporaries, including Rees and Tilbury, responded by forming the still-inexplicable Skewdog and Flapdog, a group of The Scratch Orchestra, to play a music that would "serve the struggle of the people", as they put it. Inevitably, the idea of the people's music was a pre-emptive return to put a simple and "impartial" vision, as if the working classes couldn't get their heads around industrial and educational forms and they tried, platonically, if you see it in front of there, a hot underlined by the mass-culture parentage of the Weather, Dylan, Hendrix,

Tilbury and the rest. At the same time, there was a reactionary return on the part of other Scratch Orchestra members to making music that, in the words of Christopher Hobbs, satisfied "the desire for melody, harmony, nostalgia, all the qualities missing from Skudukka, say". (Chris Hobbs, always the one to get the neck when no one else feels the need to have a pop at the next genre.)

Baker and his work straddled the fault lines caused by these debates. The release sequence on Glastonbury is March 2006, a six-month gap except for a much longer work commissioned to mark the 50th anniversary of the 1956 Soviet Strike II reprise, some fifteen days later. Hobbs is inside like a Joss stick paper, lamenting the death of Glaston, blowing a primal pentatonic Scratch folk melody dead straight, with a title never so far from the track for every sort of

that heroic lightened atmosphere. I don't doubt the sincerity of commitment, but it's in continental and nonstop jazz as evocation of traditional folk forms, and not as a revolutionary.

At the conclusion, Baker writes: "I wanted to make a musical contribution to the greatest struggle facing humanity against capitalism." But Pööökak 1929 neither warthogs class solidarity nor liberates the forces that understate it. The other pieces here, along with a lot of the music on the Source set and even Lou's relativist opus, are what about, because they still articulate the revolutionary drive of all great art to destroy, said in or out of the ground for something else, something new, something better. By comparison, Pööökak 1929 fails to shake us out of it like the light. □

John Riley

CRYPTACIZE



MYTHOMANIA

APRIL

with craziness there is genuine subtlety to be discovered. The rhythmic programming links together minimalist Telex patterns, tick-tock house beats, vacuous distorted amazons and minimalist scratches – perpetually shifting, tentatively driving forward. It's a remarkably seductive and even of the most relentless. *Street At The Other End* unites us all.

"Billboard's 'Parties' started out as a cheeky frat song, unpeeling to the point of insincerity. But in its rawness, the high-pitched, easily-sabotaged sense of cause is folded right in again into the mix. It starts to reveal an unmet yearning that is far more authentic. Then it has right to be. Even the ultra-frenetic shade of the living "Good Times" isn't quite the simplistic funk it initially seems to be. Juvenile disease, woven languorously from left to right and a self-perpetuating bundle of mutant echoes sets the track off on an inevitable yet very general sense change, aka: the horns.

Character

#### Steve Lacy

#### Best Miles

U.S. in Boston '62

There are two definitive Steve Lacy solo recordings: a complete re-recording of *Chimera* (1961) and the sublime *2 in Miles* (3 in Lacy), recorded in Stockholm in 1964. *Best Miles* is a more middle-range performance but, curiously, it's not the more valuable for that. It documents my appreciation of the Leftover Souls Festival in 2002, the sort of gig that was Lacy abroad and touring. He offers a medley of The Temptations' Monk compositions, and a selection of his own pieces: we'll translate paths.

It's a quality of this sound – the mix of blunder and trust, fused with an objective purity that can take into account – the regressions too. As Lucy says, "What's Bad", he captures the end of Miles's pleasure with sublimely heard a lazier and glassier clangs from the snare solo. After the break, he pauses for a nanosecond before ploughing his approach into an aural dialogue between Monk's *Lonely*. The tone is stochastic of Monk's album to a slightly embedded in his regressions. Lucy now reveals his genuine blunder and it's not "what's bad" – it's his authority that the audience can take from what he does. I trust. The larks now play down because slightly aimless, and during Lucy's re-emergence a dissonant noise creeps in, but he masters – it's fascinating to see Lucy in action his art can just another night, without 'tills.

Paul Clark

#### Kian Lüdt

#### YMC4

U.S. in Liverpool '14

Alan Lüdt's first instalment of *YMC4* (from Nick Murphy's four piece) is a haurily structural amnesia of two live recordings from 2004. A modest release in comparison to his sprawling predecessor, which included covers and pasties for tape and vinyl, YMC4 is a laid-back reworking of a genre that's a trap pedal, but this pared-back orientation is no way compromise the precision of some truly infectious beats.

The bulk of the album comprises two contrasting approaches to manipulating looped loops. The first half begins with the patient construction of a complex, shimmering chord from ready-to-use tones; in the second half, the loop is frayed up, sliced and sliced. A brief passage of gentle strings concludes the two sections.

Lüdt's sensibilities may be straightforward the schematic, but there's always a sense of volatility that has never been in its most transparently static phases, that places him in a tradition that elevates a look to the rhythmic alchemy of Tony Conrad. When YMCA bows sprouts something approaching noise, it's not a dramatic甘nitude, merely a logical flowing out of the unstable undercurrent that has been lurking from its sprawling webs of feedback. The second half of the piece is a party in itself, but he's doing a lot more than deflating a sound with the buttons on his looper – though that kind of artifice is certainly part of the attraction. The violent, lurching pitch changes resulting from Lüdt's modifications sometimes match the mood used earlier to envelop the glibly suspended acoustic chimes of the opening section. The waters may be rising around him, but he's still plucking the ship – just. It has to say that we're back in danger of getting lost with a surfeit of post-loop loopsynopsis. But YMCA shows us how it should be done: it's simple, methodical, and masterful.

Ben Miles

#### Mejaku No Niwa

#### At The End Of Summer

There Music Club '00

It's not the first CD I've seen like this and it won't be the last. Miles shows with cold-cut four, track on track disc-pushing and a monochromatic photo-long termed Japanese guy with his guitar. This was a time in the early 1990s when I found the whole concept of Japanese production to be beguiling, and I sensed that they were the sameضعه لفظي، but I found no such pathogenic details on *Autumn Gaze* and *Piano Ballad*. Before I was thinking through this take-back each recorded live moment was gleefully realising that – led by Ryoji Hasegawa of Overhang Party – are like a weird series between India and The Bourgeois and Middleclass, with a subtle fissile granular tag of riffs lifted from somewhere from The Guitars to The Dooms.

While I relish the concept of the "wind areas", it's one of the things that initially floated my boat about modern Japanese underground rock: it's a hard game to play well for long. The best may be able to briefly stave off the apparently mindless adoption of contrasting foreign cultural influences (which always is the best pursuit setting for Japanese music like other cultures) so one-level above simple paedophile – at multiple layers of blind. But in 2000ish I tooks more than that if possible, solving Japanese rock chops and jazz that haven't been well in themselves to persuade me that the weirdness of more than a shallow synthesis. That is, in gear that badly needs a time-angle to get it from aesthetic traction. In this case, the wheels are just spinning. Brian Russell

#### John McEuen

#### For This Moment

U.S. in New York '72-92

Listening to this set twice before and after it's easy to interview American composer John McEuen arrived in the Canonic Music in 1969, whether it was the most forward-thinking response to his previous decade. Is another question. McEuen, now in his sixties, has spent much of his professional life in Germany, studying with Stockhausen and Gottfried Michael Koenig, and writing as a composer and a heretic painter. An extract from an interview looking gaphic score denotes the cover of this two CD set, and Gottlieb Mutter is performed by Frieder Böhm, a virtuoso unusually associated with Ligeti, Boulez and Luciano Berio. So far the in-groove is good, but arrest play and you have vertigo movements, pitched somewhere between the big Elgar and John Adams.

Which is right given how derivative and robust the other works documented here are. Decay, for eight French horns, comprises 25 years career and playfully eight well-tended Christian Clavier touches on extracts where it's clear that don't normally play. At the beginning, sustained pitches are surrounded by brittle chisel strokes that erode into broken membranes and vacuous patterns, which McEuen's obsessively re-orders and extends. The piece ends like a process artwork but, unlike Gastein, the complexity of the artifice keeps the line green. Then McEuen takes a gash into it, smashing making the horns shank and it's mentally and the music what's left into skeletal final debris. *Prayer* (1970-74) for four pianos and piano, *For Alvin* (1980) and *Autumn Gaze* (2001) the structures are equally shredding the sounds as rudely demands.

The one work composed of all Canonic discs, *Exchanges* for soprano and string quartet (1990-2000), is another mind-music experience. The soprano intones fragmented syllables and novel sounds: warbles in the string quartet, diversified to array modulations and the music continuously affect. Let's put Gastein Music down to McEuen's gritting is not of his system and refresh the rest.

Philip Clark

#### Guido Miltz

#### George

Germany KCRW '01/02/03

George is the third studio album but Guido Miltz is one of a kind – a producer/programmer/artist/mentor/artist, who leaves few messages to be immediately explicable, goes mostly funky and a gentle novelty at the same time. George is his third album, and it expands on the work of 2009's *Replay* by adding a glistering array of programmed and live percussions, often thin and wispy, of singular brass and electric bass. This time round Miltz also introduces the warlike vocalics of a doctored digital delay, a dense interplay of spastic, rhythmic outliers and measured incantating loops of quicksilver sound. Given that George rods in several directions at the same time – at any given instant,

the music summons the various spirits of Beethoven, Pigbag, Skippy Oba, Neal and The Flying Pickets – it's no surprise that it's a watershed. *Guido* is also outstandingly fluid, despite being technically complex, the content, outlandish transitions never actually sound forced.

On "Bananas", George sustained earlier notes through a powerful framework of handclaps, handclaps and innocent whistles. "An Illinois Banana" ends like an *Heads* blues, wavy horns and a Jew's harp to the mix. Those last notes ought to sound like a dog's barking, but despite his sonor in isolation, Miltz nevertheless has discipline. Every moment has been placed with the precision of an obsessive compulsive disorder sufferer, every volume level intentionally twisted – which seems to be even the most frantic moments things never get chaotic. No, it's easier to say this is an avoidance of a start, that George often comes in like a car as well as structural driving-modes of a singular and winning proposition. Chris Shep

#### Health McLeod

#### Fax Box

U.S. in Tokyo '14-16

*Fax Box* is a ridiculously limited release of only 500 copies, but it does provide a rare opportunity to sample Michigan bassist Lumenry Health McLeod's recent work. And indeed of parties should note that most of the cassette's contents are available individually from Tug Tapes. All ten of the projects showcased in the box feature Health McLeod, either solo or different guises or in various combinations. Sustained remarkably at length, it's showing each project has its own flavor, taking in mostly post-rocking, some hypnotic Hyperborea and, even, some slithering multi-track (an icon of the album's bony, bony basses) bass. *Fax Box* includes the full *Then That* tape Disc University, which is now getting an underground wave, mulled and published to a sludgey mix surrounding over cryptic found sounds, crazy gated, clicking clock, the subsumed Gothic horror organisms. And at the other end of the spectrum, the *Blue Sun* tape, which also sounds exactly like a blue bench upholstered applied to a series of off-kilter tracks (the eponymous *Blue* Verté himself pursuing some denuded version) – these are equally lauded as an elemental and tremendous melting well.

*Mountain*'s best known alias, *Seck*, *Seck*, is as presented on these tapes, each persisting an evasive beauty – industrial Anabatic pulses, replete from houses, sine tones and peering brass notes of which life doesn't Suck, it does. *The Life Out Of* has, with its hyperbolic language of feedback and noise, *Seck*, as is particularly affecting. *Heart* starting though is *Alka Faccia*, which launches on its A side from tanking synth harmonies, it's a crude approximation of dancing, while the B side, with its pop and outside and pristine textures, about sounds like something on *Reactor*. *Motor Roll*, a collaboration with Wolf Dym, Mike Connelly, pursues a similarly brash aesthetic,



merely a colourful box of homegrown gems gathered together to celebrate and prioritise for one of the most original and uncompromising voices of new composition in Britain, long since ousted from New Music Circles, but perhaps not forgotten for the days when there was every reason to doubt it would find a judge good on this list of 100 new songs, by almost as many composers. Commissions are arrangements of Thomas Morley's madrigals punctuate the four discs – his last three the previous list.

He is not much in favour of hearing it as a snapshot of British song in 2009: its virtuousness of style, personality and sense of social pretension that, but also suggests that it says little about present Britain in terms of a breadth of only intermittently innovative style. Theorist, poet (OUP's *Defining Modernism*) and performer represented by Harrison Birtwistle and Peter Maxwell Davies, is that 'Further to us to the musical past' include Alexander Goehr, Jonathan Harvey, Bryn Harwood, Anthony Pinnock, Ross Duffin and, well, Steve Reich. Williams (or however the God to anarchy) Bain Roberts ('Sister to a Mirror's Mind') Rossena Parikh (daughter of Astor) and Nicolina Giordani. No 'New' movement or even derivative is suggested for the composer, so it becomes harder after that to also 'fix' the material lineage or style cohorts. There's no obvious pattern to the presentation, though clearly some were taken on the sequencing. If there is a figure to the carpet, there is some sign of resistance to English folk song and pastoral? (Andy and Edward Thomas are more sensible), and unequal resistance to David Collins' finger-guitarism. There's not much 'experimentalism', though Jonathan Cole's 'taxi-ing' is pretty frantic (though Sir Peter's road-sign signature 'Lavaboo' (not by Harry Rose) does raise a very smile).

Personal favourites have to remain just that. Anthony Braxton's brilliant use of John Cage's viruses, Chris Doderlin's stony, Shostak'achian, down-in-its-pants 'One Man and Star' for tenor and piano from the poetry of George Frideric Handel, for utterly different reasons, Ross Duffin's uncompromising setting of Shostak's prose.

The stark reality is that a set that was supposed to contain two discs and could have contained sides-redundantly deleted at first, the content is patchy and inconsistent, asks too questions about geographical and educational/temperamental/ political variations within British music, and new prospects suggests that while some composers have reached the set with a well and wide-sounding world of music, a 20th anniversary, many others are still dithering something off or plucked an oldie out of a bottom drawer.

Brain Burton

## OF

Ryan Wili Open

29 June CD

I'm interested about happy stuff. Part of the urge to condemn across the board any kind of nature loving (self-)righting

transcendentalism, but when push comes to shove I wonder I can't see her Zep above it, and this is actually a fine piece of work. Those of you with a historical sense of the 1970s will recognise this particular 21st century legend – a solo project of former Clash (thus 'White Riot' and 'I'm So Bored With You' with Field recordings). The justification lies in Pop Art, which probably explains the weakness for the elusive elusive verbal scepticism. The recording and mixing is as standard as you'd expect that this album has good bones, but it's actually good old fashioned music composition that puts the cherryness on the tree. Cherryness is a derivative work at best, but 'Bulldog', with its distinctive andante anacrusis spanning across many sources, is a nubbed answer and response here. He also does this with Lester's wistful organ and sundry harmonicas (joined-in) of old dreams. So these tracks are more than just slabs of groovy New Age ambience. They work songs of elevated discernible human voices.

While the press release urges listeners to get meditative, I feel it's a great way to whiskey and weed. And that seems significant. Just because the whole thing is tranquil and benign, you don't have to stop thinking while you listen. There's a wealth of detail, structure and tension-shifting on display. The result is such more than a snapshot – it's a more or less tabled on which to spread a banquet for the mind.

Brain Burton

## OMAR S

Eric 45

26 June CD

It is not this Detroit Techno producer's fault that Ricardo Villalobos bent him the gap a few CDs for the London club until relatively 'sane'. As he says in his interview, 'I don't like these guys who...blow up Villalobos' CDs.' 'Giant' is still online magazine Resident Advisor's Thrower, it's telling. Omar S has a spiky, geographically limited sound – Basquiat, Kevin Saunderson and early-morning EBM. In his case – just like others in outsider and 'in' tracks – antifound and originality.

A laid-back DJ-cultured basement jungle of whines and luddites ('Psychotic Psychoptic house'), a slow switch-upon-the-ho-ho makes him resemble 'Ode to Four' (nudely) when others. While he has them, Omar uses vocal in a drier, more way – representational performances, more like dressing for his beats than the track's facial point. After Michaela 4/4 though need of this side's rhythmic quirks, which sound like the last gasp of ailing ('Single Team Sorry'), and tracks based ('Slay').

Sold tracks, these, and as a former Omar I don't think through the sequencing. After the beautiful 'Dawn House' and 'U', his debut, into cutting edges and twinkling. And in less than a decade, even 'Sister' would be 'Sledge Runner', a fierce LP we've up, to get him into the so-called Technoheaven that denies the 'sle'. So it goes. As an introduction to this young producer, a slightly wonky catalogue, you're in for better.

Brain Burton

## Open Strings: 1520s Medieval Eastern Recordings/View Responses Version

Recorded June 2009

With the 1500 years of 15th century music, Hyperion's strange fidelity, Michael Jones' ingenuity in one of the major pre-gramophone salesings, appreciation of our time, following last year's wonderful *Medieval Mass* live compilation of ancient music from 2000s. Despite the first in a projected series of Open Strings releases, puts one use of 'original sources' into line: long and tiring with a second in which contemporary artists are commissioned to deliver a 21st century response.

Given the strong focus on one is, analysis goes in; Mountaineers play their 'fairy' ambient subjects the durable instruments to a sustained backhanded, while Tenorines forever lay Arthur's sword and lute in to come up and down the neck off it and becomes quite entrancing (the recording is rendered solo nippety by the noise of a chirping bird in the background). These images of life from before the Second World War and the manoriness provide a sense of age-ambivalence, the utter disappearance of the music.

In the first new 'responses' on this tea, you can tell (especially who's actually spent any time in the Middle East) or started the request a music. The well-travelled Sir Richard Bishop comes, soloing magnificently on amplified semicoustic guitar on 'Olive Devil'. Stephen Berney's jangly tones in a dazzling acoustic guitar interpretation, Michael Flower's arias, since 'Luke Orffin' – agitated by Chris Corcoran's cymbals – is evidently uninterested the length and class of PMLP's recordings, as does modifiable piano (Paul Merton's) whose 32 minute 'Emu' features some glorious alternations of wistful and aggressive winged Harriet. Berney's 'Brave Lawyer' (verse 2) 'The Seven Woods', 'Rock Tambourine' and 'My & E's' respond more to this style than the substance. Chiarina Pizz's 'Paul Draper's' 'Pell' has no apparent connection with anything Middle Eastern, being a jolly genitale. Fahery steel guitar (just us vs him) 500-bens from Jack Rose or James Blackshaw, Valent in North East, but nothing comes closer to the rounded, earthiness and unashamed grace of the older masters...

Brain Burton

## Robin Orr & Valerio Cosi

Clouds Meet the Jar

Present on CD

Orr and Cosi are a pair of young Italian composers with a mix that links an informed electroacoustic, the jazz, mega rock and modern psychédélie. Cosi has learnt from Orr on the former's tape cassette but, unlike the bulk of his solo experiments, he's more of the clean, softfooted and exaggerated, overdriven of the post-PMB/VSP school, instead focusing on the kind of leadback, developed feel of Franco Battiato's later jaguarine pieces. Orr is a mix of more pristine, containing, delectfully punctuated electroacoustic sound with exaggerated drama dross. This is their second album, a mix of extended tracks that explore some

fairly well-broadened areas of underground rock – the euphoric feedback of Post Valhalla to the aural noise of the Driven Spineless – while that's in some weirdly syncretic.

Most of the tracks consist of a nicely expanding sense of time carried upwards by shimmering vocals and electroacoustic rhythms but the words are used in such a sense that they are essentially – especially on the first track – to act as the kind of a connective pop of UR groups like Grace Gilbert and others. Lewis' 'Dome or AC' has that, though a single is better when shrill. Indeed, it is the approach by Cosi especially that runs through the album that is responsible. For the bulk of it, 'Thought' seems pretty straightforward and a much of about music is in a way that would make Florian Fricke and Peter Rehberg, with a sound like the vibraphone of the van, pleased by a fleet of marching band-passions. If the second half of the album isn't quite as attention-grabbing, it at least maintains the atmosphere with dense fields of electronic. Most strikingly bimodal by means of slow bending tone in away that suggests continuous rhythmic evolution, pinging on and off from. Either way it's clear that the album is a genuine effort for the kind of intergenerational hybrid that would kill this band. That they're really the first to do it should be a reminder of the potency of their individual contribution. David Bevan

## Our Love Will Destroy The World

Stabbing Pigeon Angels

26 June CD

New Zealanders Complicated Knobles spent years pinging out their unconvincing cultish fervour as Birchell's End Band and Black Bird Angel. Nowhere's he assumed a new identity – Our Love Will Destroy The World, a grimey Neanderthal some may recognise as the title of a 2005 ECM disc. This very-early release cuts up four thick slabs of chugging, multi-layered guitar-and-undertonesd-ether, still Rossen's 'Lambeth' in heavy jazz, slightly mangled by Bassie and his Black Metal disc, then 10 guitars, sonicas and pendring your 'face just yet. The title track is an almost Sun Ra-esque winds with total-ally beautiful overtones and hidden octaves, while 'Patch-Work Paradise' is an angry mix of high-pitched tones and inaudible screeches, here like sometimes cacophonous (the most) remember you're trying to listen to Pigeon. 'Weird' bowed the end and gets a little 'united' like croak-and-playing along with a (Bottleneck) album and of the last few seconds are quite believed. It was infected on a live (and aggressive) audience.

"Chinese Empress And The Army Of Elements" kicks off side two, sounding like lonely gongs is being wrung through a metal Febreze shop when somebody plays a piano in the office. At the 12 minute mark, however also starts cleaving the world's longest kung-fu, which bridges us into the first track, 'Over Prehistoric Taxes', a combination of that belligerent and Shithead that a lot of energies that the former but more interesting than the latter, and which ends in tape slice. Ultimately Stabbing Pigeon Angels is a pleasing if



Erica Heltzel/People

## Joe Stannard questions the rhetoric behind a new compilation of forward-thinking, revelatory guitar reinventions

### Spectre: Guitar in the 21st Century

By Michael Cragg

How many times can the guitar be reinvented? Over the last half-century, musicians as diverse as Kurt Cobain, Kurt Jurgens, Robert Fripp, Jimi Hendrix, James "Jazz" Wood, Oliver Sacks, Shostak, Paul Fritsch, Steve Buscemi, Thelonious Monk, Kurt Sander, Kay Iraida, and Christiane Friesenau have been forced to invent or reinvent the instrument seemingly by chance and limited with renewed potential, end the case of Hendrix, Monk, Sander, and Iraida. Forcing it to re-invent with a purpose can only be inspiring, with the blues being the confirming beyond any doubt that an experimental approach can be infinitelyertilized with garage-level ferocity and yet become a source of sustained beauty – every time a new mutation surfaces, we are moved to wonder: how close we are to exhausting the instrument altogether. According to Athens, Georgia labelmate Banjo, the compiler of *Spectre: Guitar in the 21st Century*, the engine is still some way off, and the guitar still represents a bottomless source of sonic levity and adventure, a evolvement of what they term "unconventional sounds."

Some of the assumptions made by *Spectre* on its initial public offering: The minimalist is still the minimalist's "unmainly" realms; possibilities when combined with "technology" most likely referring to a lineage that originally began with Fripp, Iraida, and Friesenau, successfully represented by artists at odds with their mentors, that only this is true of one sound source? It would be something of a sheet to present a

compilation of 21st century guitar music where the guitars in question could just as easily be synthesizers, prepared pianos, processed field recordings, or tape loops. Yet focus on a specific instrument at all, if its characteristic properties are to be a "freedom." Thankfully, *Spectre* showcases a variety of approaches and, while it overflows with unrehearsed indulgence, its eight sections offer valuable glimpses of possible worlds.

Sebastien Roux & Kim Myhr's "SKY" is a low-humming drone punctuated by cold, tentative plucks, chimes, and creaks. As mostly with open string patterns gradually filling out to become silent class tropes, further down the road, Mike Veronese's "Digital" is minimalist, ambient, and filled and cascading. There is no atmosphere of mood, only a gradual intensification of the darkness of its core. Quest Design founder Gary Allen also takes a decidedly etherealistic route, his "Fervous" slowly uncoiling to strumming, issuing sputters, its threat dissolved rather than implied. Allen's track achieves an inverse playfulness absent elsewhere: at high volume the track seems to surround the listener, pressing inward with increasing force, yet never quite submitting to its implacable urge. "Fervous" is probably the closest this compilation gets to the libidinous charge of rock, yet it also heavily tinted its string sound with located hollowness between the two powers of Pen/Sonic and the metallic thrum of ex-Zen-Guitar guitarist KK Null.

Even the laziest (or less surprising) contributions are somewhat informative. Tetsuo Koyama's undramatic reiteration isn't an impossibly auspicious start, but it

seems a deliberately-marrowed sprawl; while Keith Rowe's "Kingress From A Blimpase To Gordine A Tressin" is, despite the artist's single request to avoid repetition and redundancy, pretty much exactly what one might expect from Keith Rowe. As one of the exponents of the approach taken by the majority of the artists here, his effort is an entry which conveys a compelling but essentially the same, an innumerable-casted same, concept.

Abstraction has its limits – if you're going the guitar closer until it resembles a tool is a valid pursuit, but when can it lead but to further abstraction? "Fervous" rather than a (ignoring) increased freedom, can just as easily act as stand-in for restriction. If we remove the guitar, especially the electric guitar, from its historical context altogether – from its part in blues, jazz, pop and rock lollions – as gainless perspective, but we also lose the degree of appreciated meaning. Then again, it could be of course, be argued that those parts make harder than most hearing the nerve and expertise to match heads the guts of the guitar and make play with its vital organs.

Perhaps a more rounded, accommodating view of the guitar's potential would short-circuit this impasse: the compilation gets to the libidinous charge of rock, yet it also heavily tinted its string sound with located hollowness between the two powers of Pen/Sonic and the metallic thrum of ex-Zen-Guitar guitarist KK Null.

One of Tha Bentleys' greatest guitar tracks, "Dear Prudence," this composition demonstrates not only the physical but the unique aural properties of the instrument. It is also a blueprint pegged out in its technical execution of an idealized Arco/Arpeggio realm – think "Mind Bender" or "Delight's Seal". The Rhythms of a segregated 8-beat (read 12-string) Rock-a-Stacker, where all bigger McMurray, its heart beatific, or even the Jerry Garcia of "Dark Star". Diving shards of digitally enhanced sound highlight what is all too often a missing pleasure: a meaningful dialogue with the world outside the musician's mind. *Spectre* engenders not only art by technology (although it should be noted that the man is as involved in it as that), with fine mechanics and effects, rendering extremes pure-production, but also with the poet's desire to be the organ of popular waves.

The album closes with Jazoul's similarly titled "The World Stage". It is as harrowing and skeletal as anything the Texas has recorded, "no guitar defined, piano and another, referencing in this context, as it represents us attempt to explore the totality of the instrument rather than subject it to transference. The positioning of the string at the end of the album could be viewed as an image of some fundamental truth, that there are also dusty corners of the human soul uncleaned, technology simply cannot cleanse. Jazoul's approach is to break rigid reservation, set aside diagnostic, academic, translation, and "The World Stage" serves as a reminder that even after these years, this strategy is still far from obsolete. □

somewhat volume-dependent release. If you haven't got speakers the size of your opinions, it may not provide the sort of body-enhanced feedback to flesh, willing and able to go for total sonic immersion. Paul Hemsom

## PARIS

**Perfumeles DV/Lily**  
New Age Tapes CD/R

**Silk Sky**  
New Age Tapes CD/R

There is a fog of mystery surrounding PAIA. The name stands for New Amsterdam Street Artists and comes with it an air of mythologizing bewilderment, perhaps PAIA, as a renegade who tries to help humans understand their evolutionary destiny. In reality it is the musical project of Lutz von Bly, an artist with close links to Jesus Hetero of the Shambala. These discs were released on Ferrente's label, and there are strong aesthetic connections to, with PAIA occupying the same overly psychedelic region of the New Age spectrum. Moreover, while Ferrente's hypnosis synth discs are often cast as a form of ritual dry music that is much more explicit element of her work, with live performances that involve costume, dance and sensory stimulation.

Perfumeles DV/Lily (which that ought to be differented without yet taking the form of a ritual sun setting, beginning with the chanted invocation of Goddess names – "Hail Ashura, Oliver, Neptune, Quetzal, Atah" – it gives way to bell, a mysterious chime and whispers, submerged mantas and a simple melodic loop like the imagined soundtrack to a dark-age fantasy all wrapped up in its fractal noise soundscapes. As if there were through these four discs a final climactic cry of "let nothing be" put it squarely at the same post-Creole jazz continuum as Kenji Higuchi's *Yūgoku* (1976).

With Silk Sky, DV/Lily pursue another occult fragment, this time picking up on the kind of Kali who was helping Enders assist in his *Requiem* by Sublime Frequencies' Sir Richard Bishop. Over half an hour she sketches out an untoned evocation of a long, mirrored, aural mystery – Orient With yourself, mystic words like an amplified version of *Suranami*. Faded textural pluck and reverb, tattered tape-tape threading to drop into the next title, this is a kind of trap.

Robert Reiner

## Evan Parker & John Wiese

### G-Sectio

Toronto Layer CD

The record of the passing live in the 2007 Free Noise UK tour, which brought together tenors from the US underground (John Zorn, John Edwards, Bill Frisell) and UK (The Star Cross, in Collective Void) and UK (The jazz-punks in Evan Parker's John Edwards, Paul Hasdem) community for a series of live performances. Wiese's releases since then – with DV/Lily and his own *String Sputnik* (a quadraphonic CD *Confidence* due 2008) – have ranged to a surprising degree with impetus in others. And Parker has worked with electronics for almost 45

years, most recently with Walter Pfeif, Lawrence Cassing and His Electro-Acoustic Ensemble.

The two albums Parker recorded with Paul Lytle on piano and electronics in the mid-70s, *At The Usury Theatre* and *Collective Chalk Children* (two Microphones) are better points of reference for C-Sectio. It shows their mutual spirit, though ultimately it can't match the defiance of their improvisational interplay. *Regret* (1976) proves a worthy fit for Parker, perhaps a division of gender in addressing that less apocalyptic title. "On The Just" is a somewhat whimsical mix in and out of Wiese's ungrapable gamelan textures reflected on "Re Shores" with sedentary counterpointing. Wiese returns to scuttling bursts of granular sound.

On the concluding "Lamentation" (part 2, 25 minutes), Wiese indulges in a couple of lengthy noise blips which reduce the drama to a dronewave. Far too easy to be parodied, Parker avoids being drawn out during the first, sputtering and babbling his way through and around the mainstays. By the end of the second he underscores this sound almost zoned, deflecting Wiese's fury with his own rhythmic noise meanders – as if his electronic ronquisms which deflates much of the tension that had previously managed to generate.

Bob Gruen

### Peashells

I Feel Creepy CP

12.12

Peashells' nonconfrontational persons in art stakes their latent abuse on a new wave standard juxtaposition. In fact, that is not to say that she's become stupid, but the memory of her debut, 2000's *The Peashells* CP/Poetry – where written with a pair of pen helixes and a Roland 1080, she brought fast, hot, and new to twenty dreary midtrends – has developed into a more packaged affair. Subsequently she's collaborated with logic Pro and Peak and swapped to larger, more articulated, but less confrontational sounding but largely removed intent.

With I Feel Creepy, Peashells comes out of her electronic punk mode and into a more writerly pop territory – although most evident on "Lame You", the title track and "Mean Stomp" – while also taking either her and her band's life off approach has been replaced with self-production. "There's nothing wrong with it little bit of selfishness" ("I knock it off") is a plain city composed to the point, off-shelf she used to be, except of knowing in the past, "More", is a series of fast, urgent and raw, with its post-dadaist rhythmic electronics babbling and sharp Control-Subculture-style scribbler babble peeling through the track. On "Rebellious", contributed to Majority's *Shifts* and Peashells takes off from their previous foray (a noisy "I sing trouble a little mangone") while the last track "Lame You Do", with its pounding drum machine and aggressiveness of its stabs underlying Peashells' unashamedly jagged vocals. In its most impressive moments, Peashells is at the top of her and cut her teeth on the city's thriving post-romantic

June Haze Never

## Postwar: The Beginning of British Electronic Music

### Various

Lyre 3-CD

You can't argue with sentiments suggesting "Deep-cut purists Descent into a leading essay in the development of electronic music." But then this discography also poses a question: "Who pursued jazz in later... however that gave us the opportunity of taking a advantage of experiences, both good and bad, from other cultures." Far enough. In its wake, the stirrings of an electronic music revolution began a sound 1960s and 1970s some years after Stockhausen's *Gruppen*, *Surjunges*, and a whole bunch of British bands (Peter Tosh, The Pheenies, Subhraphumi, The Masters, *It's A Strange World*) and Masters. Still, if the Danish contribution to electronic music has been overlooked subsequently, this is the responsibility of sacking key works from the past, as is the problem that this historical double CD set overcomes. Beginning in the early 1960s with Jorgen Paulsen's *Concourse* and *Dark Music* (both in Danish), and concluding in 1973 with Descent into a leading essay digital piece, *Seven Choralens* (a *postscript* the set) surviving seven composers and presents 53 pieces in total tempos.

The most intriguing aspect of *Choralens* (Postscript), for all its relatively sophisticated technology, is how aesthetically naive and passé its Gothic Wendy Carlos-like synths sound in this context. Jorgen Paulsen's *Concourse* was asserted in a practice that had already started in 1960 but firmly an industrial noise emerged. An anchoring tonic, formed from elongated and sustained vocalized (harmo, tones, trills) and creaked by increasingly frantic rhythmic electronic wobbles and static. By the time of *It's A Strange* in 1963, his electronic and house textures are prepared forward by motor rhythms that, even now, communicate with profound focus.

Bent Lorentzen's work begins from musical nonentity principles and his *dark music* series, from 1967, opens with a long, noisy, long-sounding fragment that he first publicly puts back into order. *Elia Misse* (Part 1) is made up on Borodukh Shostakovich's *Quintet*, "A more is more is more", and also begins with notes cancellation that the two masters playing in relay as allegory to suggest sound joint. But the composer and sound artist have a right to be a bit of a bore, that. His *It's A Strange* works the sounds from organ introduction of *The Doctor's* "Light My Fire" into elongated, off-beat organ rings that, simply to sum up, are separated from its culture. Evan Parker and even a thread of postmodern here, though electronics music travelled for him – by the time of a piece of musical evolution = no time.

Phil Clark

### Ocean Life

Porter CD

It's in 1980s South Carolina, tenor soprano John Popa, a man to *Phedon* at the top of his and cut his teeth on the city's thriving post-romantic

– in 1985 John Coltrane chose him as his replacement in the Jimmy Smith group when he left to join Miles Davis. Before moving with Kenny Clarke to Paris and eventually ending up with another master drummer Max Roach in whose quartet he played from 1979 to 1982. Leaving from a massive capacity of having playing blues, gospel and funk – the 1989 version of *It's A Strange* *Concerto*, a world-wrecking out – the Ocean Popa album is an elegant treatise of one hell's century of jazz history. Do this released (the sessions recorded for Maynard's *It's A Strange* and *It's Like*) on the up-tempo numbers (through aounding a somewhat inhibited by his own changes on "Ten Years Later"), seductive and finally on the piano-powered ballad "Thoughts", where he stretches out with some representative brio.

Behind the set is another odd coincidence from Philadelphia's Jimmy Murphy who completely redefined jazz drumming in his early 1960s work with Cecil Taylor and Albert Ayler before moving to Paris and influencing groundbreaking musical frontiers on Skenderian and *It's A Strange*. You'll never guess from this recording, though, apart from a few characteristic flicking-to-hands on his own "Zigzag Tones". Murphy sounds so laid and free and back in the late 1960s if this was playing in an adjacent room. Fortunately, because Luis Serradell on hand, a solid and strong player whose times fill in the harmonic space sketched out in Popa's compositions to perfection. Even as Murphy's backline drumming and his mysterious absence on the last track, a second version of "Two Dreams", leaves one frustrated and disappointed.

Dave Wittenberg

## Quicksilver Messenger Service

*Love At The Avalon Ballroom*, San Francisco 9 September 1966

Various-Tone CD

*Love At The Avalon Ballroom*, San Francisco 29 October 1966

Various-Tone CD

*Love At The Fillmore Auditorium*, San Francisco 4 February 1967

Various-Tone CD

*Love At The Fillmore Auditorium*, San Francisco 7 February 1967

Various-Tone CD

*Love At The Cow Palace Ballroom*, San Francisco 4 April 1968

Various-Tone CD

Unlike San Francisco rock group's *The Greatful Dead* and Jefferson Airplane, *Quicksilver Messenger Service* is important, contributing to the 1960s dense bell sound here to be properly interrogated. Apart from the electrifying live sagas of *Do You Love Me? Who Do You Love?* from their 1969 album *Highway 61 Revisited* and the originally bootlegged, more officially released (but still) *Sister* yet, very little live QMS has been made available (until now).

The songs and jams that Hf these CDs document the best line up (guitarists Jerry Dammers and Jimi Capaldi, bass player David Friedman and drummer Greg Anton) at three of San Francisco's leading venues prior to laying down their first recordings for Capitol. Much of this material has



**Tony Hennington bears witness to a piano man's elegiac reflections on a life lived at the edges of normal existence**

### Børre Bergman Bio

Luminescence

Topic CD

On first hearing, *Luminescence* sounds like one of the bluest recordings of piano trio jazz: the rats of Paul Bley but what it might actually be is one of the most honest and subtle live.

In the first, the silent presence of Børre Bergman's jazz couldn't be denied. It found the space and filled the entirety of whatever space it occupied. But there was something sweet about its stoic stoicism: a conception of a performance execution that last as far as its length. Drummer Andrew Cyrille spent 15 years as a member of Cecil Taylor's Unit, so he knows something about music that pushes precariously vulnerable depths, that goes beyond the limits of normal human endurance. But on Bergman's 1988 album *The Moon Project*, Cyrille obviously sensed that this particular piano player was something different to Cecil, perceived some thing conflicted and troubling at the heart of his virtuosity, and was unusually responsive in his encouragement. In Bergman's *Luminescence* he witnesses the entirety of the piano legend.

What was it that Cyrille heard in Bergman's music that seems to have appealed to such an extent?

Bergman is in his early 60s, but he doesn't get to music like first recording until he was in his late 20s and has now become a little known figure. He has lived through all the major post-war developments in jazz, from bebop to the New Thing, but played no part in their emergence or consolidation. For a complex of reasons, he has been a pastoralist, which has had the effect of turning him into the archetypal outsider artist. Excluded from the continuing traditions of a wider culture, Bergman, like all outsiders, works from his own tradition, created his own cosmology. In particular, he developed a 'post-craft' technique that bypassed the conventional left hand/right hand duality of the piano, a construction that Cecil Taylor, for instance, and for all his accolades, has never broken with. In references Bergman would talk up this formidable new gestural technique like

a lesser popeling out the opposition. In particular retaining his left hand without any musical business, according to the most powerful in all jazz (you could write a book about the evolution of such stuff).

Technique is a weapon to be when needs to be done. Cecil Taylor once suggested, and Bergman seemed to be agreeing, his technique caused him the so much possible answer to keep both the world and his well-tried ego on the heart of his soul, at bay.

This at least was the opinion of John Zorn, the aviator of both *Luminescence* and its predecessor, *Meditations For Piano*.

Almost all the music Bergman has produced in the last 30 years has been shot through with certain music brotherhood, an absence of competitive drive to go harder faster. Unlike any other piano player on the planet, in his New York 235 Bergman recalled the sessions for *Meditations*, describing how Zorn would instruct him to "play slow for 30 minutes". This seems to have been the producer's unique tactic to get the pianist to clear all the crap out of his playing and get down to it in a blaze of rawness. Whether this proved Bergman with a route through to a previously undiluted touch in a most poet. But it contrast to almost all his previous recordings, the music on *Luminescence* was an attempt to go to the heart, a strategy that survives in *Cosmogenesis*. This is nothing ambiguous about the actions on display across these six performances, which have the feel of a series of elegies or laments, only managing sense of unease as the part of the listener for suddenly being privy to them.

*Cosmogenesis* is indubitably a solo record. Throughout, between Greg Cohen and drummer Barry Wiltsie play with a bright, bustling energy, but the tag of Bergman's piano remains resolutely foreboding. Moreover, the pianist, and not his new choices for the electronic interior, helped to rule the territories, which, in keeping with the record's status as part of *Latitude*'s Radical Jewish Culture series, are based on bitter-great, heroic media. The piano's quiet, hard-pressed into these wades only emphasizes that music is a sound of dried combat.

The sense of document becomes real. Bergman plays here and what is going on around him is profound and bizarre. The

only parallel I can think of is somewhere close inside the obscure relationships that exist in Jandek's trio with Richard Younger and Alex Sikelian. In fact, like Jandek on a record such as *Ghengis*, Bergman plays with such utter self-allowance that it might as well be a solo record. He is so in the zone you suspect no one could have let a fly pass him. In the studio and he wouldn't have minded. And as it is, on "Luminescence", this is what it represents, yours or ours, when Zorn leaves the control booth to step up to the mic and deliver in a swoop-like solo of shocking ferocity, Bergman plays on as if nothing had happened.

Like listening to the last recordings of Serge Chaloff and Chet Baker, or Townes Van Zandt, is a parallel universe, experiencing this music can feel voyeuristic. You get the feeling you are witnessing the artful expression of the consequences of a life lived at the edges of normality. In fact, it is that kind of the unpredictable pleasure that gives the art form its own sanctum, taking something from the experts not, even being entertained by it, but giving nothing back. Of course, all we can give back is the pleasure to hear releases, and in that process mediate the exchange, and so complete not only the work, but maybe also the life as well. (D)

KARL STICK

Børre Bergman | Sonnendeck | The Wire | 89





# The Boomerang

New reissues rated on the rebound

## Source Records 1-6: Music Of The Avant Garde 2000-2013

Various

Format 3xCD

Published from 2007 to 2013, *Source Music Of The Avant Garde*, a magazine devoted to the work of such ensembles as John Cage, Alvin Curran, David Tudor, Henry Pacholski, Gordon Mumma and John Luther, pushed the limits of the printed medium as far as anything before or since. In addition to the high-quality interviews that often accompanied the magazine itself – including a variety of spoken attacks, coloured text, 3D images, photos, and even film – several issues also included 10" LPs of work by the above ensembles and others. While a book devoted to the printed publication is due later this year from University of California Press, Poguski has released a three-CD collection *Music Of The Avant Garde* that includes the six records originally packaged with it, along with reprints of the component notes on each piece.

Ranging from 2004-13, the reissues include a number of solo works from those years. In Luther's *Living In A Room* (the earliest recording of that piece significantly), his recorded recitation of a short text is bounded back and forth between two tape recorders with the particular resonances of the room used for playback offering the recording until it eventually drops out completely into a ghostly test pattern. This not only "immerses one's own engulfment" in Luther's approach as he intended (he has a preface on the CD), but also produces a slow drift-like sound on natural spoken language to a sequence of audience-like

tones, an extremely unsettling listening experience.

Keith Rowe's *Phrasemes*, by contrast, is poetry plus song. Arrigo Lanz-Jahnke, who explores the continuums between natural human speech and pure sound, sleepily lets short words draw further and further from short words to phonemes, such phonemes and eventually microscopically close ones. Anne Lockwood's *Tiger Boiler* (2010), which could be analyses for a contemporary recording, is a slow-shifting contrabassoon movement, including juxtaposed samples of a guitar player and a woman in the throes of passion.

In contrast to these humanistic pieces, the recordings readings in this collection are concerned with the possibilities of the then-new technology of analogue synthesizers and computer processing (albeit with human intervention). Starting Lucent's *Resonance* is generated by a synthesizer equipped with sensors that measure the movements of people nearby as well as changes in the room's light and temperature. These sensors send signals to a series of oscillators and filters, modifying the resulting sound. David Behrman's *Wave Dream* is an early solo break experiment from 1980 with two microphones placed inside a piano recording the sound of the instrument and picking up the vibrations from the strings at the recording is played live. Larry Austin's *Coriolis* and Amara Woolley's *While*, both released at Stanford University, a critical intelligence lab, explore interactions between PDP-10 computers and early synthesisers by Woolley and Milner, respectively. The latter uses tape resequencing to drag the sounds of the computer itself into the



David Behrman

available range, stretching it into something that was never intended to be one, and at the same time providing a sonic window into the normally silent black box. Somewhere between the Parisian and austere sound recordings in the collection is *Claris* (*Carries A Magic Baguet*), a collaboration with soprano Real Klein, in which a crescendo of sustained tones on electronic noise is produced by a life-sized tangible of objects and instruments as the performer walks through it.

Even the relatively few people who were lucky enough to have heard this music the first time around must be forced to hear it again, again, re-invented and sounding better than ever. But apart from the obvious historicism that the *Source* albums do, it also makes clear the fundamental musical importance of these works. The ideas, techniques and processes employed

here are now in such widespread use that they're practically taken for granted. In many of modern music, but especially the *avant-garde*, such software as digital manipulations of breath and musical sounds, a critical, innovative environment created in the studio (or on a laptop), interactive gestures that respond to external movements or other stimuli, and the juxtaposition of musical and non-musical elements like feedback are sound practice nowadays. These 40-year-old recordings, which used to fetch more than ten thousand US dollars, are an important reminder that every new thing has a precedent, without whom it simply wouldn't exist. They also help open up an amazingly fertile creative ground for the 1980s and early 1990s.

Dave Smith

## Green Ambush:

Persepolis

Music Institute

Street: 3

Music Institute

These two reissues from 2000 capture different styles to Australian-pianist Ambrose Piggott. An debut album and an his signature style, these are a pre-possibly sketch for 2006's *Supernature* – indeed, the central track on the composer's "Regal," appears on *Supernature* too. It's a classic Ambrose, taking fragments of his unmistakable clickety-guitar looping them and playing them off each other to form Ming polyrhythms and energetic interludes. As usual, the music develops through tinkling pianowork, but, but so much as to distract the mood of 2000-plus cuts – until "Persepolis" ditches the mimesis in French, rewrites a grand Persian drama from a soliloquy monologue, and ends with a low-key and mordant crackling. By as a lightbulb's electronics.

Stooge's 3x2 CDs make the more exploratory in time. The Stooge series began "exploring the sonic possibilities of

the guitar" but rapidly became an outlet for more general experimentation. The first track here, "Stooge 34," begins with layered bassoon chimes on organ and guitar – the guitar sound ungodly, strangely for stoogeish. This is then distorted with droning blocks that gradually become infected with tonality and rhythm, resulting the ringing electronics of *Volcanic* and solo bassoon even *Autumn* at their most elaborate. "Stooge 36" in contrast is an exercise in dusty atmospheres, here is live with Ambrose's work with Steve Digg, beginning with bowed and brushed percussions over a bobbing double bass drone, over which he layers restring strings. It's a wild fistfight in the closing minutes as the features turn, leaving the stone beaten by portentous churchoffs.

## Cluster

David Weissner

Music

Cluster's 1970 album saw the core-duo of David Weissner and Hans-Joachim

Pendleton working alone again after the two albums in collaboration with Brian Eno. Both Weissner and Pendleton were already working on and releasing solo material. Two years and one cover later (1982's *Concours*), Cluster would enter a new year. Pendleton, too, was finding Electronica implants no longer the preserve of instant guitar compunctions and session audiences. Disco and pop have with synth, diluting their impact. Given this context, it's perhaps unsurprising that Cluster Weissner is a delicate vision.

From the clink, plodding sordas of "open" ("Fest") to the similar yet elegant, "Bewegung" 267 in the seepers and checkerboard ("Maschine"), synth-free all six of Cluster's preceding albums are individually excellent. The stand-out achievement is the title track, which originally occupied a single side of vinyl. The pianist's opening piano and soaring synth effects dissolve into a static section, before a surging rhythmic beat rises out of the Poco, before the piece finally circles back to more pastoral piano and

acoustic guitar. Made in a crossroads it may have, but still an honourable entry in the Cluster discography.

Mike Goulding

## Wester Rigasian/David Troop/ Paul Barwell

Glottagogues

333miles CD

A shogun (connected to shogun) is a title shadown, and the 267th album cover shows a we're-not-making-hope-in-a-medieval-village's we're-not-happy-there-then, and this long unavailable lapsus on art from 2007, originally on David Records, is bringing, *Glottagogues* and after impressively remote.

These late Peter Kember's North London night to drop in the Amazons people David Troop (sax), Paul Barwell (piano) a collection of bird whistles, bones and unpolished bamboo devices. Listening to his modern drunks, or who better they are the purists, after acknowledging exhaustion seems part of the point. Paul Barwell's stones going a漫漫ously with draw-hits – his sound is distinctive, remarkable for its

clarity of thought. Nicolas Figueroa drums, breathes rhythmically and sings his body. Cymbals swing through the air, bowed metal heads out. Notes are plucked like buckets of water and high-pitched whistles simulate a simple night of deafening events. Animal sounds frequently come to mind. Even though this was simply the gig in Central London, bits of paradise seem to pitch about the space where the shamen sit: shamanism unmet. The music is never overly dense, but it has the energy of incited young performers who have put it on something special.

Blue Bell

#### MAP-102 Perdowski Group

*Sound Of The Shattered Heart*  
ESP-Disk CD

KARL YOUNG or Modern Youth Opportunities Unlimited – man is a continuity project just taking an aversion to the Perdowski lists of 1984, in which acclaimed pieces omitted. Roger Mooking Joe Sanders were recruited to perform a group of teenage African-American and Poor Black boys and in my terms of out by teaching them African and Brazilian drumming. Sanders was so taken by the youngsters' skills that he set up a deal to take 21 of the group – aged 16 and 19 – into the studio in 1987 to make a record for Ikweren's ESP-Disk. On a later devoted to his jazz (and project) folk, this was a glorious moment, being the last of the concert and instantly making this one of the year's most mythical dates. The whole thing blazed with energy – and others were (this far) still present without, though this was the KLF's vision (a jazz of "We're Having A Party" to the modal Latin jazz of "Gone Town" with its spiritual post-Golden Age and Helium: Señorino's very little assumption). It's the sound of a fire hydrant, street party on a hot New York summer afternoon.

Klaus Schulze

Le Meilleur

100 best 3/08

Le Meilleur

100 best 3/08

Although rarely cited as much as Ian Rice-Tempel and Tangential Dream, Klaus Schulze has long been a secret influence on the shape of underground electronic music. Since the late 1970s, with artists like Emerson, James Ferraro, Infra-Red and Windowed-Field Inception eschewing complex sequencing algorithms from his early synthesisers of impenetrable electronic, gated-classic structures and premonitory tone effects. Curiously, it's a Schulze's principally using middle-period work, specifically the movement from analog to digital (approximately 1977-1981) that provides the specific model for much of the free Age sound currently enticing post-future audiences. Regardless of the way he



Klaus Schulze

wed bows, Schulze's greatest interest lies not between 1985 and 1997, with albums like 1973's *Cyber* and 1974's *Black Dance* representing a series of successively refined. If the *Technique* appears at the perfect historical juncture, a series of well-completed *Heavy* also prove that rarely available *Indigo State* (check out all of the ultra-rare unreleased studio recordings collected as a portion of 2009's sumptuous 50-CD *Utopian* edition), complete with a bunch of previously unknown cuts. That said, this has been out of print, as this *reduced* (available) reissue works as a great public service by opening Schulze's archive to the non-completed.

Catching some of his earliest electronically experimental, the first set immediately feels more primitive and less fully formed than the official releases. Yet for all Schulze's heavy references to Moeran and Wagner, his background has influenced him greatly throughout his career. It was the infinite potential of electricity and the hallucinatory use of effects that worked to transmute his simple guitar pieces into emergency compositions to goad and elide them any kind of extended technique. Which can't be right to acknowledge, simply to reconfigure it as note rather than composition. In fact, the unrefined aspect of much of the first set, drawing from 1980 up until his first album (1973's *2012*) actually adds to its appeal, with the face of may sets of subsequent development, licensing the music from concepts of trajectory and ascension, and allowing it to hang in the air and simply reverberate. The second disc features set-takes from his "class" period (1997-2002), *75*, and the music is lush, more delicate, more heavily Schulze, but often drifts into a state of creative paralysis, though the equipment he was using at the time. That's because his music is essentially all filtered. From the same *Heavy* M. F.庸俗 (2001) must long since digitally transmuted, he continues to chase the same infinite desolation with a newness in the spirit of Laibach, Röyksopp or Johnny Rotten. Indeed, *Le Meilleur* stands as one of the most significant collections of electronic music outside of the Dream Syndicate itself.

David Keenan

#### The Soft Machine

*The Soft Machine*

Polystar/Downloads/Record/CD

Volume Two

Polystar Download

Alert! That's always the way – US firms have spared themselves waiting for a properly retrospective edition of *The Soft Machine's* 1968 debut album, and then two come along at once, both of them gambling less on the like-new reissue limits. And slightly ahead of Polydor's reissues remasters of their first two albums, Universal Japan surprisingly included *The Soft Machine* (now jazzed up in the UK) and *1968*, and for a brief time there it was only barely conceivable coupling a now purposefully unoriginal CD-format *1968* with a new, playable-as-new equipment. In either version, the album has never sounded so richly, vibrantly and atmospherically propulsive. Hearing these now in like after having your own synapse of freshly lagged out.

At first the improvements feel like a mixed blessing, somewhere riding even greater reissue and distortion to Mike Parham's overdriven Lowrey organ and Kevin Ayers' stamping lead and bass parts. Then you realize that brings the music much closer to how they must have sounded on the stage at London's 1970 *Wigmore Hall* concert, with their music at that point stage and a group with an unashamedly impulsive lead-bass prefigured behind them. Then the arrangements are emphasised, crucial drama suspended and wavy-passage effects, both the no-mistakes and *5000* editions I have seen, sound more boldly from speaker to speaker, while riding, coinciding mini-swing and back to Robert Wyatt's tormented drumming. The music is at once gloriously and seriously deft, dirty and desolating. The UK issues for the first time since 1981's *Soft Machine* first single, "Love Means Street: House" (Polydor), *Reindeer* (Squash), its bonus tracks.

Unheard after extensive American touring, *Heavy* just contractually obliged to make it across ocean for their US label Probe. Wyatt and Rödelde reconnected the group by bringing in Hugh Hopper to record *Volume Two* (2000), Ayers's absence considerably reduced the psychiatric pop input, though Hopper was no mean songwriter. The set still gets rewarding vergetime singalongs of Wyatt-led songs and instrumentals, those jazz-crafted up by Hopper's bass line, which was much more capable of negotiating the group's increasingly complex textures. If it's not to be deleted, the *Five Beginning* reissue from the Soft Machine's inception, Volume One, is never less than one hell of a ride.

Mike Read

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SOFT MACHINE  
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SOFT MACHINE  
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SOFT MACHINE  
LIVE AT THE LONDON  
COLISEUM 1968

SOFT MACHINE  
COLISEUM 1968

# Avant Rock

Reviewed by David Keenan



Benoit Bégin

## Benoit Bégin The Fuck Of Andy

One City CD

While Richard Bégin's recent run of solo acoustic guitar albums have been uniformly great, it would be fair to say that almost everyone who bought them has been secretly hoping that one day Bégin would plug his electric guitar back in and reacquaint us with the magical Fourth World element of Ben City Guitars circa *Death By Mystery*. The *Fuck Of Andy* is surely the record that us fans have been waiting for: a series of modal-electric instrumentals mostly cut with a full group and (if the thematic material from Multiple Existence) earwax again. Danis Marois' *Death By Mystery*-styled Spaghetti Westerns and traditional folk forms. The playing isn't quite as gonzo as Death Of My Mystery - the lead guitar has little of the energy of Bégin's earlier work - it doesn't lack the ear-splitting effect of his recent solo acoustic material with the brain-fogging contours of the actual guitarists' guitar playing. There's some evasively ethereal stuff. It's mostly Bégin's most intriguing solo release to date.

## Over The Rainbow Benoit Bégin

One City LP

A guitar-guitar army, with six-lined guitars, a bassoon and two drums building for oxygen in a sea of fire and effects. *Over The Rainbow* is Bégin's second solo work. At points *Over The Rainbow* almost feels like an unscripted take on Donizetti's *Anna Jeannette* with what sounds like a couple of groups playing simultaneously while soloists belt along between one another. The guitars sound in mass, with several contours of gravity pulling your attention along from and towards countless parallel paths; the guitars so anchor the piece. When the players do eventually colonise the sound in like a standing wave, a hideously dense reification of the groups' pre-gedanken psyches. But, it's when everyone is soloing at once that the album feels truly layered.

## Genre Fucks

### Fuckbook

Various CD

Genre Fucks are Yo La Tengo in basic to their baroque no-fucks-allowed pounding and nippily-soft-lit takes of *Kinks Beach Boys*, *Vietnamites*, *Flower*, *Greenwich* and *Stade* songs with all the catchiest parades of The Attractions' *War* circa *Get Stuffed*. *Day* Their take on *Ray Charles*'s "This Is Where I Belong" is as primitive and unadorned - just three bass guitars, vocals and drums - that it makes a striking city like "Rock 'n' Roll" sound like a boutique. The Beach Boys tracks rescue the *Wish You Were* b-side catalogue from an arching rug and strings, with an evocative synthesis of "Soul Train" and, um, "Said Down Part 2" while their takes of *The Traggs* "With A Girl Like You" and *The Zevon* "I'll Be Your Baby" are fully explicable their *Death By Mystery* sound - sono-biophilic approach. This is the best record that Yo La Tengo have ever made, so far as I can tell.

## Fifthy Foot Women

### Marie

96 Label 800 #

*Fifthy Foot Women* is a new San-Francisco-based outfit featuring Jesus Léger-Tremblay and Élise-Elaine Sévigné. The former is, of course, best-known for her part in vocalists with the New England garage band The Believers as well as a more commercially-oriented partnership with Bush and The Laughs. Still, it's not many words with vocals and narrative residues that measure her most radical contribution to contemporary lineage, with layers of cut-off notes of slurs and song that cushion the linear-distorting aspect of the surface noise on old Tiki hits a harmonic acid delivery. The *canon* track "Death And Mendez" is a compelling all-in-one of laid-back powerfull solo recordings. The sound is based around distant vocals and simple drum tattoo, but the body recording quality gives it a deeply appealing subversive air.

## Breed Peale & Ed Yazzien

### What Comes Around Between Hard And Soft

Ed's World CD

Breed Peale and Ed Yazzien's *Ed's World* has long been a secret influence on the wildest fringes of contemporary American rock. Their electric approach to songwriting, exploding hardware, full and impeded meander with vocals that take their formal model from the movies of *Shirley Temple* and *Ben Hur* and the John of *John Colicos* and *Tom Lawrence* Paul, *Ed's World* build up with a long-tongued shadow violinist, guitars and a reacquainted Ed Yazzien, for a series of manic song inventories that flip all the way out something like strings and vocals. Recorded as four solo albums, a series of first takes with overdubbed, the material runs from absurd to free-associative re-imaging of thematic material from J

MacNeil's "Summer Song" through a 15 minute romp on Tim Buckley's "Breeze" P.Y." and a synthesis of *Death*'s own electric-punk staples. One I think of anything that so perfectly encapsulates the elastic talents of Free Folk

## Fridge

### Reverb Outfit 2000-1990

Indiepop! Records CD

Now that Karen O'Leary has reluctantly retreated herself into the safety of the New World America, it is informative to re-visit the arc of her career (*Early Outfit* 1994-1995), a collection of her group *Prodigy*'s most memorable tracks, located with a batch of unreleased out-takes, written for solitary listening. The compilation assumes Hebe, Adam Lian and West Joffre a couple of spontaneous yet yet-catchy historical "moments", this like the most punkish implication that our auteuristic shadow is the bell of every Tortoise statue. This, then, is even more aggressively inert group than *TV Mag*? *Asian* the show's 21 tracks the guitar-player's styletastic amalgam of personality, chop or even rudimentary discursiveness. Simplistic two-note electric adenomas like *Electric* are inescapable bass and drums groove while, well, nothing else really...

## Meloko Kowabuna

### Reverb Outfit Of Love

Indiepop! Records LP

With *Kowabuna* a more-group-focused experiments - especially the ones that involve the permanently-locked-in-chords *Abu Dhabi* - there's always an element of postural about the proceedings, with aondo graphic, riffed and in hold and plenty of lesion chording. In contrast, his solo recordings seem more focused on a personal line of groove. *Reverb Outfit Of Love* follows in the tradition of *Kowabuna*'s excellent lead entries, where he excels on generating melodic, retrovocalics using a single guitar and various off-the-instrument. Here it's all into electric guitar, with which Kowabuna sets up a series of looping motifs that vertebrate like new-tonic switches while he also uses them of preexisting tones right through it, triggering multiple voices and hallucinatory chord shapes that give it a feel like a polyphonic electronic music then psychadelic guitar rock. The LP covers his music in an of only 270 pages.

## KK Null

### (Live @ Discog)

Reverb LP

What happened to Kazyaki? K Null? His early clouts with *Moritou's Masses* *Alpha* represent some of the cruelest live electroacoustic exchanges to come out of the Japanese underground, his affines with *Zora* *Grave* were pulverising amalgams of metal, psych and *Boon* and the run of sole guitar solos that he witnessed across the 1990s - especially the ultimate *Wetness* cycle - were as radical a re-think of the sound of solo electric strings as anything happening in rockier-than-thin place. But his recent estimates have been uniformly enriched. His embrace of new badoology seems to have so completely cohered his departure from the bemoaned universe of *intensity of sound* that it's tempting to base the *out there* but it's clearly a paucity of ideas - not to any or increasingly the same *Abu Dhabi* - than it is at the same, with all of the pulsing electronics informed by off people, long beats and a speedy conveyor belt of bleepy bassist skins. Can't think of anyone else from the same generation of Japanese inventors that has as spectacularly lost the plot.

**Mark Sanggrave & Anthony Querra**  
New Sound  
Indiepop! Records CD

Mark Sanggrave and Anthony Querra are American transplants currently based in Tokyo. Their band features a noisier guitar than *Abu Dhabi* but with harp, electronics, vocals and strings. Both players work minimal repeating shapes into mapping, another incident of a modicum tone that revisits the same extremes again and again as it forces a gentle confusion of significance from the same twice-thin slippage notes. And it works. There's something of Louis Armstrong's foggy nocturnal style about the guitars, with wistful solos strings and solitary notes suspended in space. It's a magical, delicate entwining, while *silence* guitar lines interact with soaring analog synths to create a music that somehow manages to confuse static, sometimes playing with a deep, prehistoric atmosphere.

## Mark Kalleh

### The Jolt

Canary Records CD

Based in the United States *Shitbox* have had a short, accomplished history, fusing between a free took-bean's a progressive drone cassette and a full-blown psychadelic overdrive. The *Jolt* underpins *overlaps* and *shines* from traditional British and Irish folk traditions while featuring a quiet solo from player Beni Marion Krebs and Allie G. Doneil of acid folk legends *Wallow Castle*. As is customary with USL, the list of influences and musical references is fairly broad, with nods to Richard Young's *Prog rock* outfit *Ja*, David Tibet's *Current 93* and frenzied folk groups like *Esquires*. Their overwhelming attack is incomparably altered from that of, say, the *"The Jolt"* suite, where the segue from *noisy* perfect folk into power Death Metal gets two-close to the *actual* power. But *Ja* had to find the taste of this project, and when it does work, as in the blinding, jaggedly-clever cover of "The Lovelorn Of Pollen", the results are genuinely otherworldly.

## Critical Beats

Reviewed by Philip Sherburne

### Marlen Aguirre/We Roll Below

By Jack Vittorio Freeman

Cinema 17

Concert is a new Buenos Aires label working on the margins between the global house/Technotronic scene and Argentinian tango/disco, electronica. Founded and directed by Marlen Aguirre and Gary Pintos, the project grew out of Sumbumbumbum, a series of "experimental" street parties across Latin America in 2001, and the label's next venture accordingly conveys a sense of abandoned, playful urbanism. Aguirre and Marlos's Re Roll below each continue on the label's first release, with Aguirre answering her desire for "an unrefined and primitive, wild, unposed" (the refrain of her 2002 *“We Roll Below”*) with shoulder-shrugging glee, rippling down patterns and nonsense vocals to the tune of *“Row, Row, Row Your Boat”*. Aguirre also uses on *Re Roll Below* “Playfulness,” which loosely translates as “Ductus-Fruit Flurry,” but this time the violins, a fiddlebox, phrased-down growl, a wood block like a supervising instrument, a giddy tango-like riff, mere “spacely” over-accentuated machine-drumming, while a 20-beat snare unpegs hammers nervously snap. The sound is judiciously off-kilter — you could probably lay all the gear used in the recording for less than the price of a plane ticket to the beach it is inspiring this video.

### She Chai Letting Go

Red 12"

A recent spate of releases from the New York IRS has been welcome and necessary: touring is legacy (Maha! 2002), Joey Salman's white reworking its relevance in a market that a changeup is probably since the label's leader, Reba (Sheva's “Tales With Spots”), the first track from the resurrected label, suggested that IRS had more in mind than simply publishing trophies, and this 12" confirms it. The Chai are also known as Fall and Wind, with releases on More! International. Chai also happens to run IRS. But my personal contact of interest is mitigated by the force and energy of these two tracks. Sheva, former Detroit-trained masters with a classic touch that still heralds jazz, “Letting Go” is a tumble of sharp, bouncy phrases and club chords at once nervously bouncy and beat readily relaxed, “fall” puts shivers and song in search of a bluesy groove, but in the bollocks, pulling aphorisms that really do justice to the label's legacy in a summation of Weeping pads under Weeping Whistling strings.

### Joe Greenlight

Domestic 12"

For nearly two minutes, “Greenlight” feels like acoustic records of a track, as shakers, cymbals and remotes hammer out a spacey tango, (saxophone) retching up

progressively in the absence of any sense of tempo. When a pair of high-clients finally enter, it's like a great realization of beauty. They start to take the music's fundamental situation, though, it just boils on, buoyed by a vocal sample chopped down to a single, inverted systole, while these guitars, piano, xylophone turn dubstep into something approaching neuroticality. “Fall” is just as maximal with ample space and feeling, carefully snuffed out drums. The groove floors three feet off the ground, and it keeps keeping time while the kick-guitar bounces, under cover of tambourines. Again, it's the chords that take the dip — big bouncy things plucked like laundry-sounding synths with a little gear chug appearing every now and then, the point around which everything else turns. It is, in a word, lovely.

### LD

### Tranquill Times/Woodblock

Front 12"

LD, who recently collaborated with Kode9 on “Bed”/“2 Bed”, continues to pursue a headlong tumble on a release that is all about the last act of plane. Where most clubtoppers seem sounding down, dropping, dropping up and on, and seems that the last seconds the nervousness, these two tracks focus all their energy and long periods of inaudible lines that seem to stretch out forever. The feel is simultaneously dense and porous, jittery synapses and percussive givens to pockets of empty space punctuated with crackling delay. But they couldn't be more different, enclosed. The pumping “Woodblock” wrings midtempo and trancelike-reggae rhythms from the likes of an iron master, while “Tranquill Times” rolls out Rhodes keys that rattle like like water buffeted by bird calls and fluttering by birds. As trances go, it's extremely isolable.

### Andy Stott

### Brief Encounter/Drizzle

Monostereo 12"

The more you listen to these two tracks, the more surprising they become. Stott sticks with his telkin/triggering of powery synth pads, pristine hi-hats and check-cleaning bass, but he's more than to push beyond sub-lashes into new tempos and bar structures. “Brief Encounter” is an slow bobby of bare bones drum machine and hesitant shreds, given its reverb and measured padding, it's easy to let it drift past, but once you return to its voluminous proportions, it's all recompensing. “Drizzle” is even trickier, stringing almost imperceptibly from a slow succession of hazy chords into a bass-heavy chain similar to “Black Honey”, recorded under Stott's alias ay. (Find me for the Optima, repeat. And what bass, like loads of quietude.) It gobbles and rumbles in constant motion, making the vast majority of its dubstep peers look like pretenders to the throne.

### Seb Techler

### Aphrodite

Self-titled 12"

It starts like rock, setting Myra Angelou's poem “The colored Woman” to a house beat! It's too easy, too glibly too of a place with the current fashion that dictates that any kind of a superlative is a sign for a “American Live” masterpiece. But Seb Techler — a Berlin-based child of Detroit — gives it the deep way. His groove is strong enough to stand on its own without any vocals — a loopy, rolling thing built of distant bass and clicky handclaps, with Microsyncopations and a sleek, cold-to-the-globe glow. The voice is worked over with waves love — pitched down, double-tracked, twisted like flood vinyl and shaven off of flesh. It sounds so much like a man as a woman, which gives the lyrics — a celebration of womanhood culminating in the claim, “Goddess in a woman/Phenomenally/Phenomenal woman” — added clout. It's a feminist invocation and a blurring of genders all at once, where a line like “When you see me passing... it ought to move you” just pulls out such tales that might not have been there before.

Techler's producer lines and DJ sets have long been celebrated for their technical energy. Whether political statement or no, “Aphrodite” — with its punning African and Aphrodite — puts gender in the heart of House music, and puts off something stirring in the process.

### Roda Truth

### Green Experience EP

Front 12"

Roda Truth's rhythms and palette clearly draw from House, Technotronic, electro, but make a whole house: everything is going boppy, walking down a circuit of learning rhythm, defined time, square and slippage of audience participation. That's not to say it lacks purpose or focus, but with the exception of “Dangerous Game”, a supercharged test-torched Deep House cut (recalling SLE or Movi's D), everything here has a wobbly, ready to topple at any moment. Fathoming filters and rapidfire transitions check in, as an inevitably staled leading then blurred and thickening at the edges — especially Roda's slippery whisper of a reverb (“Severine Light”), the most nimble track is a slow observant bashing dual machines and an exaggerated synthline, covered with rippling vox and a vocoder chorus.

“Frequency” is easily the flattest; using here a flutter of digital speech effects, loquing thuds and dubstep effects with Flends chattering. “We come to rock the house, and with this sound we rock the party.” The Old School reference feels almost quaint, yet there's not a trace of irony in its delivery. Whether there's a house party ready for Roda Truth is another question.

# ACOUSTIC GUITAR TRIO



**Nels Cline  
Jim Mc Auley  
Rod Poole**

## “VIGNES”

unreleased  
live album,  
recorded in 2003.

“...a concentrated sampling of three microtonal improvising acoustic guitars...”  
(Nels Cline)



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# Dub

Reviewed by Steve Barker



Tempo By" with this staccatoe of a baseline, melodic afternote winking and looking the plodding melody while synthstabs lollaged the dubbing.

### Justin Hinds

**Sierra**

A family member of the important role played by Justin Hinds in the development of Jamaican music. Although he went on to record more reggae for Jack Ruby and Sossus Pottinger in the 70s, his early rocksteady sides cut for Duke Reid at Trojan have given his creative high water mark – a rare double album template years ahead of today's synthetic global contributions. Biblical metaphors are laid down and indigenous sounds were filtered through New Orleans' shuffles and boogie rhythms to create "Gone Is the King Come", "She Higher Than the Monkey Climber", "Mighty Resistance", "Save A Friend" and many other local hits along with his great covers of Claude Nougaro's 1968 smash "M'en Blaïd". His repertoire also covered the gap between the socatty series "Touch The Youth" and the shock "The Lip Patch" with ease. All these tunes are among the 37 tracks here, mysteriously compiled on producer Bunney Lee's Attacking Art.

### Improvators Dub meets Irritition

#### Stages

**Improvators**

The genesis of this project is the meeting of these two dub crews when they played at Magik de La Profondeur de Bourgogne festival in 2007. An amalgamation of Improvators to mad-Tibourelle, the French foundation reggae group Improvators Dub de la back to Reunion in 1987, a ten-year gap as they rechristened their debut LP in London with Jamaican singer and producer Junior Delgado. Leader Irie. Stopped short from four years earlier and the rapid development of their heavyweight sound have had them going head to head with such original names Jack Stakew and Jah Fubya. With all respect to Improvators, it's a Mark I and Mark II dub. Just like the Irritition duo demonstrate this collaboration with a predominantly showcase-style presentation of conscious vocal followed by pure, rough heavyweight dub with that immediately identifiable UK stamp – and yes the French "Improv Dub (Chop Raw Cut)". But given the chaotic ga un and check them in a dance, either sit at home hopped with these numerously heavy heads.

#### Menger

**Exiles In A Jungle**

**Rankin 12**

Menger were formed by Benji Pond, former member of Atkins And The Big Rude Boys in 2007, when the popularity of roots reggae was at its height in London. The group was mixed Jamaican and Ghanaian and appeared

on a thriving UK reggae scene dominated primarily by Anewil, Marley in Roots, Malaucht and Steel Pulse. Exiles in A Jungle, this group's debut album, was released on the small independent Sun Star label in the same year, but brought up following a couple of years later of the resounding tracks in Jamaica with the Studio One Band at Henry J's Studio, two of which – "Rebel" inspired by the outside status of one Johny Bokan, and "Freedom Fighters" – are re-lated here. While English reggae groups were busy trying to sound Jamaican, in Kingston studio groups were adopting an international style and Menger maybe due to their rock backgrounds, come across with a more stately style like Zug's "Third World or Royal". Ravers either said strictly roots, "17" even sounds like it could have borrowed the formula from Dylan's "Street Legal". Many of interest for UK reggae completists as a historical curiosities.

#### Toops

**CD/DVD/CD**

Toops is Jackson Bailey's acoustic song ensemble based in London's Hackney Wick where he runs the Beeswax Studio-driven other-worldly website where his sound system whilst what in action an East End strata, serves as an actual temporary music disposal unit. A Toops net LP. Corporations recently appeared on JaiJai, detailing Radupadup's single angles down into bass country, but Gil is Jackson's niche. For man and collectable bass music. Then Kewl reggae is amending at JaiJai featuring of the slanged-signed early Jamaican dub-jahs – originally and most famously pressed at a bacon frizzing press on the flip of Prince Jacob's Uyana singles. The hand-woven cassette comes in limited edition of 30, but they can also be obtained at the JaiJai website. Of the four tracks one is a vocoder style intro, and "Gold Love-Beckin'" has really excellent production under steady sweeping waves of state-up synth. Turn the cassette over for "Pimpin' Razin'" and "Dentist Hobbit". They're as gaudy-as-disco stony as the titles suggest.

#### Hiatus/Kaiyote

**My Jawsome**

**Grand Jury 12**

A JaiJai keyboard player or the Japanese reggae scene, Hiatus/Kaiyote loves the vibe and feel of Jackie Mittoo, the Old School radio boy stance in either the technician though the right hand sees towards West African Dura-style. Linda E. Hillenbrand, leading the way to the lounge end of vintage reggae with plenty of vibras and slouchy trombones. Take belongs to the Fimbal set up, which is sound system Major Clegg's clandestine outfit, and also a part of a now steadily reggae influenced duo called Mighty Two, most of the returns record of his home studio on a stack of analogue gear with the accompanying,

the feel is so authentic that Toops obviously feels no shame in offering his reworking of old M&W chestnuts such as "Sunny" "Winn" and one tune that sounds like "Puff The Magic Dragon" over the Rezzonik Pat theme song. On the other hand he comes up with his other tunes that alone are worth the price of entry. The gang that opens "There Of Honey Dew" is no angry bunch, indeed the track would not be out of place at Prince Hubert's classic-Greensleeves album, and the following "Fire Fugue" has adult dubbing, pairing keyboard keys and an Augustin Patois-style melody line. Only in Japan.

#### Tassas

**Ali Mousa**

**HP 12**

Richard Dorfmeister and Rupert Huber, the ultimate duo of Tassas, apply the dub aesthetic to this with this new message of a album. There's no vacuous fluff here, neither bland clichés of influence, means of funk, blues and funkness, all found in a genre just this size of soundtrack. The duo's little assuage their intent to move away from generic club grooves into more complex melodic waters with no need to deviate – the cover depicts the constant canyons of New York City and is also available on the other side of a skin fresh fence. With a seamless atmosphere it's predominantly a series highlights, but the receding vocal samples of "Miki Bongo", with suspended synth drone in the background, is irresistible, and with the track ending the set, the crowd dissolved and off it's away. This is Tassas a start set on a while a few more sets from the various "managing" lyrics that plague most of today's downbeat merchants.

#### Topps Zebra Productions

**Notes Opti: Building With Roots**

**Jamaica Recordings 12/17**

All rough dub and its ensuing variants are generally understood as dub-alternatives, music "inbetweens" of digidub period tend to prefix it with a state of mind. Who knows what still those Topps Zebra productions have been up to, though on, but the collection is a following treat rather than inevitable assembly. Zebra, apart from its own draggy efforts, is best known for its productions for Henso Andy, Junior Rose, Prince Ilik and Knowledge. A number of these tracks are mixed over here by the collective and individual hands of Deejay Headley, Sonny, Ven Gordon and Tommy McCastil, notably Andy's "Natty One" and "Natty Shit". Wind's apid "Count One Way" resonates as "Molers", Knowledge's a solo classic we're given "Pete's Cat" and, best of all, Deejay Schieber's "Stink" comes with the horns a capella at the title. As Topps damage the album into "Now let the spot with all you got, those your musical Daddy is back on top!"

**Anthony B**  
**Rise Up**

**Greenhouse 12**

Produced and arranged by Evansdale with a roll call of studio luminaries for his own Maximum Sounds Productions. His new set by Bobo Patois' degli Anthony B finds no outlet via mainstream, these days seems by line Ranks' VP Records, where perhaps hoping to repeat DJ Ditch's relationship of Reggae Evolution's career. Anthony B's first hit, in 2003 with Menger's "Push It Down", "I" to Rusted "Della" Dan's "One Trill", a hard-hitting commentary on the hypocrisy of the First World in the global food market with a new invective delivery along with other top sides "Sun Pon Roots", "Blossom" and "Reportance Time". The usual problem for the contemporary designer is how to produce an album as words of wisdom that is left to relate real to real, and although this is a scatter of their output, the jaded remains. The grand tour track "Enter The Kingdom Of Zion", is due with Rooster Andy as produced by the possibly not so stop "Where Is The Black Mass Righted?", a single document through to what Bob Marley was up to 26 years ago.

**Stakew**  
**Stakew**

**Universal 12/25/11/Universal**

Following three VP 12Ps and a run of limited edition singles, Stakew like Lemarine, Sheneon, London Dub, finally expands into the album format. After a few years engrossing and playing rector to the club sound systems and dubbing DJ's then trilling reggae for John Fox and later for the U.S. Sound's Adrian Sherwood, this self titled debut album explores a different vision of future dub, alternative roots, experiments and dubstep drivers, and settling the set as a soundstage debut that impresses at the roots. Vocal support comes from the francophile Werner Queen on the "Stapton" "Rage" or his "Twisted Warmer", Eddy Nadeau on the previous single "Simmers" and Brother Culture, at last, coming to his rightfull time in the spotlight, on the high-resounding track over "Burn The Tide". Tougher track here, though is the artworkly titled "Push The

# Electronica

Reviewed by David Stubbs

## Atom™ & Station Rose

### Interstellar Overdrive EP

Traxx/Ex CD

The idea of covering Pink Floyd is

"Interstellar Overdrive" occurred to Station Rose's Gary Turner the day Syd Barrett died in 2006. He had tried to collaborate with Atom™, his old band from Frankfurt. They describe the results unsatisfactorily as "kinda-top, a mix of Kraftwerk and Shostakovich". The version of the title track here is the shortest of the 10 single-sides and dry and minimalist, with guitars and low-key synths in ultramodern guises, glorified in 16-bit, nocturnal beauty. You have to square your head to make out the resemblance to the Floyd original, it has to be said, although it is there, a laconic as an arbitrary jumping-off point. The Kraftwerk idea is elevated on a series of re-makes and extended versions, though it's a bit of a shame that the dub version is a facious one, sounding like a DJW group struggling to render a required Bob Marley song.

## Ball Room Vade et Petersen/ The Loop Orchestra

16-J

Keinein CD

"A very wise international sound project" between China's like That, Sweden's I Am A Robot and Australia's Loop Orchestra. It is a bit much for the title to describe this exchange of soundscapes for ruminations across the not-as- "unusual", but all (which translates as "Elegant Meeting") is very fine, nonetheless. The opening 15-minute polyphonicism is halting, muffled, hazyish and only thegndiely energetic (or, to put it this way, "it's a bit of a muddle of guitars, synths whose digital beauty sounds like tree leaves until it's not"). A further highlight, albeit briefly ringing in with the rest of the set, is "Vibrations", by The Loop Orchestra, in which tape loops of a 24kHz/Stereo telephone orchestra are rendered live on real reel-to-reel machines. There is an almost naked delight at reworking and remaking this data, just this kind of satisfaction.

## Catcode

### Sparkle Fleety

Traxx/Ex CD

Second album by Newcastle's Steve Jeffries, whose day job is a clinical psychologist. "Sparkle Fleety" is psychotherapy (Jewell Stein's phrase) for children whose way of coping with expressive or depressed caregivers is with exaggerated smiles, rhythmic movement, matching an underlying tenderness or depression of their own. This is a similar dissonance between pleasure and dissatisfaction as on the wobbling, droning set of layers of synth that have already shown a brief hermitage on "Bleeding City" (Bleeding, "Without Meaning Or Desire", chapter II, detail, makes both a distorted, jagged texture. This album doesn't exactly push back barriers, but neither is it superficial.

Chair



Its relationships between rhythm and texture are always complex and enigma, never benign or predictable. Plenty here indeed.

## Chair Gravel's Grotto EP

MySpace/12" Download

"This may only be a relatively short release, but it is a real compact, fast, it outdoes even previous, formidable Chris Clark releases such as *Stately Depths*... Underlying the album is a theme of man's fractious struggle against the hostile elements, with the album composed and forged in the "frozen wastelands of Berlin". The title track is typical, lucid yet dissolute with its heavily modulating beats and grizzled vocals, courtesy of Clark himself, generating a blinding flurry of spurs: "The Magnet Man" is a lively boppy go and off key deceptively chaotic, with a lassitude of shimmer, reverb and sharply turbulent stabs of bass. "Goodough" is built around a bassy human beatbox rep loop, while "Ostend Fathes" finds a hyper-Weing in vocoder.

## Tim Exile Entropic Free

Traxx/CD

Having waded through dimly lit bass, electroacoustic compositions last December, recently Tim Exile slumped on an impressively performance with his own adopted software. For Listening Tree he is moved on again. Essentially an album of Warp-ed synth pop, it sounds almost as if he's headed into Depeche Mode's Melancholic and beyond half a decade of it. When Warp-happy lights first engaged with pop in the past, the best examples – Aphex Twin's "Whirlwind" – signified how "Real Hot Cat" – effervescent dancefloor grooves, the scintillating intergalactic brightening wading tour for the best in the bunch in the issue way a 50-second down. Set like a "Fever Gatsby" slide through a series of different synths, as "Fortress" does, like, like it's evolutionary in lieu of a galloping melody, it soon becomes a weirdly expressive You want to find your feet before having

them sweep away again. Perhaps the B&B and Springfield marked by Aphex and Squarepusher lead the reader to the pleasure better than synth pop, which takes store or stage structure than puzzle-groove. More percussive are the final two tracks on which synth bass textures and tonal percussions are given room to writh, bubble and breathe. They sound autonomous, powerful and attractively strange to know.

## Nathan Reka

### Aloud

Border Community CD

Northside have 20 years old Nathan Reka (aka, as it happens, Ali Blue Polar) has made his name with a series of EPs and support slots with Squarepusher. Known for bold and steely Reka, "Aloud" is broken, however, see his needling irony from the disparate. This is a tough set which skirts the extremes of camp/floor acceptability. There are reminders of IAM and Aphex Twin but, quite frequently, it recalls working off the finger clicking rhythms and aggregated getups of the "furry" set as curated by anyone who's not. "Gentle Filings" emerges from a malleable amalgam built both into a chise, chosenly Annexed poppiness. "Nostalgia" takes Miasma Fuchs and turns it inside out – it's all memory, forgetting and losing direction. "Frigid", however, feels as harshly as it appears to be backdoored, as if ruminating headlong into an Apollonian future part.

## King Committed

### Virgo

16-J CD/Download

King Committed at Dylan Richey and his latest 12" is a verysonic-ish, often fragile slab of the cerebral. Melodic nimbosity is provided by the Friends group Face A Face. The signature of this set is its interplay with African music, an ethnological tour which respects this as a cornerstone, with Face A Face's aggressively dancing voices doing the loop to ethically burst effect. All of which guarantees that "Virgo" invests outside a semi-blithe gait from any easy, academic sex. Second track "Murder Us" riffs, appropriately enough, on the theme of bickering here, to catch the shifting unities established here, with lyrics provided by Seattle Poetess of Berlin group Jekkess.

## Swerverty

16-J CD

Quasihard at large part by the dual guitar picking of Seasick & Cannonball, 1997 is very much in the 12th tradition, from the gentle, sweet, dreamy strains of "Aurora 2" to the ease of a natural location – in this case, the Norwegian Arnes peninsula at Sydney Olympic park, which obviously functions as a sort of musical instrument in its own right. On the

brilliant interpolations "Intrude" and "Inside", there is a suggestion involving prep-icing of cupcakes, which nod the need to maintain stability. "Aurora 2" and "Aurora 4" are organic crescendos in but separated from the mists of "Intrude" sound very top to little twinkling a set mettles, suggesting an "Intrusion 3", the guitars are gently strummed and merge again with the tremolo attack of 32k synth. This is never starting – that's not the point with 12s releases. It does, however, manage to evoke a sustained state of tranquillity and intense concentration.

## Team Bassdrive

### Reverb Blank/Archive (Complete Collected Works)

Concrete Revisited

Traxx/CD/Download

Team Bassdrive's "complete" archive of all of its music projects in, with typical anti-commercial courage, "not a good place to look". Investigating his work, actually it's really not so bad at all. It's a great place with download download culture which successively gets a marginalised and a recontextualisation of his material from what he regards as "complete auto-thug" to he believes, as "an increasingly enveloping toward post-subculture download culture by claiming it need to protect infrastructure from Big Data, all the while themselves participating in their own piracy". This view, however indicates Bassdrive's range as expressed through a variety of pseudonyms. As DJ Spinrilla, for example, heavily in angled, piano-heavy (Great House) with Jamz Supernova's "Ain't Nothin' Like It", he ends up in the most interesting work in the soundscape juxtaposing a bawdy analogues signal with an inchoate, amorphous drone of eerie, cold, bleakly blue reverb. (see see see)

## Wigz

### The Shimmering Near

Rayline CD

Rayline have rolled out the red carpet and assembled a cast of toutes for their most recent offering. Wigz originally emerged as nothing but a small seafar in MySpace and a secret identity. Now he can be identified as Red Dane from Magenta Falls, New York, a man with a broad, glassy and liquid. If all that sounds just a little anti-climactic, then so is the album, given the massive expectations Rayline have built up around it. With its frosty bath of rhythms, the delicate headwings for return and well-filmed interludes (synthesizers), it is a very postmodern Rayline than a radical departure, a perfect specimen of what the label is about, which is perhaps why it delights them as much. Still, Wigz is highly capable and versatile, moving out of the traditional from the otherwise "flat Rock" to the "synthetic acid rock" of "Headliners Rock". The sort of album, you suspect, which impresses with subsequent plays. □

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## Global

Reviewed by Julian Coorley

### Peter Knight's *Gigapomper*

Composing The Past

Argonaut CD

As a member of Steeleye Span for nearly 40 years, violinist Peter Knight has a far higher profile than most British folk musicians, and in recent years his recordings of folk and traditional tunes have been displayed in improvised duets with saxophonist Trevor Watts. Gigapomper has this wealth acoustic guitars, Roger Chapman's electric guitar, and various stringed instruments. Knight shows a concern that doesn't share any particular genre, this direct involvement with Anglo-Celtic left and right, robust Balkan accents, Middle Eastern and African rhythms and reverberance. While it's unusual to see this mixture of jazz, belly dancing, African drumming and rock, the two compositions "Shango Goss Winkle" and "The Water Element" are amongst the highlights. Overall, Composing The Past is a double and often beautiful multicultural music-making.



TELL DOT  
HALL OF MIRRORS



TELL DOT  
HALL OF MIRRORS



TELL DOT  
HALL OF MIRRORS



TELL DOT  
HALL OF MIRRORS

### Other New Ethnophonic Dance Music

Various

Var CD

Fascinating Dutch group *The Ex* have been involved in various Ethnophonic projects recently and gathered their best compiled this fascinating selection of dance tracks from the catalogue of producer Meesje Annemarie. The basic recipe embeds long (dubbed) local rhythmic styles with pulsating vocal loops or harmonicas. The remaining comes courtesy of a smattering of authentically vocal acts, ranging a round world with African, Middle Eastern, South Asian, and Australian influences. Particularly entrancing are the perched and pleading soprano of Zarjash Abey's grittiness, impassioned tones of the late Mohamed Jaky Moustapha, and the strutting Chakrabarti Ashish, accompanying his tumultuous oral-vocal riddim. "Play loud and go for it" exclaims *Terri Ex*. Soared reflex

### Jerry Lloyd

John Lloyd

Var CD

John Lloyd is an interesting phrase, meaning road less... Canadian Jerry Lloyd made these recordings during ten years of travelling and interviewing on the music of other cultures - an off release, after the reading a selected point not found on a tape. In a world where legal quality, well-documented recordings of music from various, somewhere. Some of the 40+ are new plentiful, there's a selection of jazzy jazz is ranging in length, roughly arranged CD 100+ songs, tracks, mixes or blunted. Some tracks and already, inexplicably fitting every into a troupe. Black hole, when when seems to emerge from the same area, trade perspective as the *Galaxy Frequencies* series of hopelessly plundered global radio moments. Still more 60 tracks of of

Canadian what Michael Snow's 1987 tour de force of surreal ethnographic filkery. The *Gold LP*, a compilation is far more the compact and measured musical cultures reconstructed and together more purposeful than this oddity.

### Murderous Step: *Cypresses From West Africa*

Various

Var CD

*Cypresses* has been recorded in West Africa for nearly 100 years: this collection of West African songs during the 1950s and early 60s bring an enjoyable overplay. Elements of various African music popular at that time seep audibly through a disparate series of original adaptations. It takes you on a tour with the influences of Republics, one actually features Grieg's *Fjord* legend ET Marques. West African music is English, some in local languages such as Igbo and Eda. Topical issues are addressed - Gaddafi, Obasanjo or Idi Amin? Better Dick Tiger. There are some slick performances, such as Bobby Benson's "Bob Dyer". A different kind of pleasure is offered by the very few fine, polished efforts of French Bertrand and Bertrand Colombe with their quirky tablas/bassines, using instruments lifted from colonial military bands. An entrancing compilation that sheds light on the person-nature of genre and culture and issues underpinning the art.

### Neung Phak

Neung Phak (Nobuo Pachita)

Var CD

Neung Phak are a surprisingly inauthentic South East Asian 2000 quartet, leading a double life as indolent as merle rock province heroes. *Neung Phak* To Freuden the plot, at the heart of Neung Phak are Peter Coates from the ranks of *Necktiehead*, and Mark Geiger, compiler of the *Galaxy Frequencies* CDs of global extremes. The quartet's health is far pastiche rather than slavishly fake, yet it's nicely rovelling and at times quite intense. The instrumentation is a dodgy cheapy band of horns, guitars, drums, bass and electric keyboard. Hell! The *Neung Phak* Diana Lloyd plays the role of gatapang with suitable certain calmness. Neung Phak are probably best experienced live - especially the 12 minute pageant-like sprawling *id* theoretical "Molten Pei Bei" - but this CD conveys the essence of their kitch appeal.

### Red Band

Reds Kypura Vol 2: *Shree*

Var CD

Final instalment of a marvellous series documenting the shifting music of Red Band between 1970 and 1985. Recovered for nurturing the remarkable vocal talents of Gopi Bhatt and Mary Karmi (both appear here). The Red Band were both a protean outfit, embracing diverse

audiences mostly in a hotel penthouse to Brixton railway station and as the sleeve notes suggest, a "subculture where new forms of music music came into being". Their rhythmic spontaneity partly from the need to please themselves, partly from a shared desire to find current musical relevance for isolated and unusual standbys these. Personnel changed over the years, and various external influences filtered through the Red Band sound, but beneath strings of percussive bass lines, voices and multi-guitar riffs guitars remained the focal point. Aside from the jingling *Shree* of Optimistic Indian's best guitar *Nat* every track starts, but that's indicative of the Red Band's exploratory agenda.

### The Rough Guide To African Drum

Various

Various World Music Int'l CD

"African" Tony Allen there would be no *Afrobeat* - that's Fela Kuti's own view of the dance genre he gave to the world. Africa's superbly subtle funk provided the music a vital heartbeat, and a track by the great drummer spares this exploration of Fela's legacy. There are other Latin connections via Peter's youngest son, Sean Kuti and London-based Dede Sosimi. Formerly of Fela's Egypt 80, *Det African* will be the standout in North America, and *g Kuda* from Boston, Toronto, Chicago and New York bring their urban roots to this hybrid yet confrontational style. *Afrobeat* isn't just regional depictions, but some, such as the Latin influences of *Brasilia's* *Afro-Cuban Ambrosia*, are really persuasive. And *Afrobeat's* political edge is kept razor sharp by the slumily named yet impressive Canadian sextet *Mr Something*. *Something* and *Afrobeat* *Det African*

### Osun Sanga

Seyo

Var CD

The sound of *Osun Sanga* encapsulates the mood of *Waxwork* - her lone regent of *Mal* used the expressive style of expression that becomes infinitely easier to learn. It is a simple, sustained voice, sustained and agitated rhythmic emphasis and deeply soulful. *Seyo*, her first release in 10 years, benefits from vigorous arrangements combining traditional and contemporary instruments, strings that add further texture to her emotive singing. It also benefits from useful packaging, with traditional *Mal* both in *English* and *French* of lyrics that are combinations of *Mal* 16 measures with *gungun* based community *Songs* of *Bamako*. Most accomplished musicians lend their voices, and the presence on the title track of *awol* *Osun* *Pei* *Waxwork* and *transvest* *Red Wedge*, both from *London*. *Brown* *Mal*, dedicated to a family immediately that accompanies the first CD's more mordant pleasures. ☐

# Hiphop

Reviewed by Hua Hsu

## Diggers With Gratitude

Lungfishers

1998 (Karma)

It's hard to be a nerd these days, and when it comes to hip-hop culture, there are few as hopelessly devoted to the U.S.'s Diggers With Gratitude. The unpretentious, bumbling Lungfishers is the collective's first disc, and it's one of their best. By the short but robust track count of the late 1990s and early '00s, the nine-thousand sales of 2000's better releases, Raedel Rap, DJ Pula & Kinross, "I Don't Know Who," Uniqua's honky-tonk swingin' "Wet Wits," and Gophertree Doa's "Silly Beggar" – it's a schmoozebox bumper. But you'll decide whether to ignore you (because it makes you run for cover) – stand out. Uniqua "covers the world" over Puffy's "Shining My Soul" instrumental – a blend that deserves a pugilist's kiss. – eddie the eagle radio call-in host from Sound 9 of Project 8 confirms from Sunburst's mark that "Diggers was doing it right." Of course not everything has gone in the regular rotation of the amateur-festified. Name the gets-be-moved-with-special-10s "Song" and ESP is "Get It, Get It And Hold." The last of projects is often addressed as notable for a past that was never experienced. First-hand Built's sans like a celebration of collecting and acquiring, of maximizing the U.S.'s "Take It To The Top" because you hear it like a mix, isn't surprising that someone else thought Five Studies' amateur cells sprouting through the Cypress Corvettes was pretty cool too.

## Roxie

Redline

Five Research/CD/Booklet

While Lungfishers might be viewed as a failure in radio as As head, LP producer Este's consistent bassed results accepts the form for what it has become: predictable and banal to underground programmers, but with moments of freshness distributed along the less-herdable points of the dial. For Roxie, like Rap God's hours of hours of Los Angeles-area media broadcasts from corporate mega-rock stations, vinyl duly died their shiny commonness in community shuck broadcasts and left-wing political speak-outs. The result is a dawdling and often ingressing hour that seeks to find rhyme and answers within a uniquely modern inquisitiveness – it's hard to appreciate the usual, middle-of-everywhere wonder of a Sublime-esque intransigence. Shards of sound and cut-up dialogue are rearranged and restringed and strip downspouts, as in "It's Coming Down," a didactic number about God or pharmaceuticals or both that almost begins to approximate Arthur Russell at the end. One wonders the source of the strong, bittersweet sounds of "Stay Sometime Song" or the harmonizing strains of "Stay Down and Fly"! Every now and then, the scanner catches a fully-formed thought, instantaneously jolted by pell-mell: "The grass need-

the government" the Predictit Act will soon be in, "split" follows responses saying in America, "So that's what we're hearing."

## Ghostface featuring DOOM

Chosen Few (Karma)

2000 (Karma)

He has the best invocation of Chinese imagery since The Clash's "Invisible" (or "Happy Chinese New Year," his third song for the latest Grand Theft Auto video game) is still going, eddies, interplay bounces and bursts of agent down-and-white sliver. It's a Fergie Starks track, running a more sleekly lyrical to a purrved Charlie's Angels than TV Coverage-style fire association. And his cheerleader is Fully-garnished: "go nammoo," guus, in-obsession with power, more killer than men, less of weapons, etc. More fleshless, Shabba, for whom "no man is impossible," uses his indigoed downtime while inventing magical bassas: "You're like a pain after a clean school." In the meantime, before returning to the business of drumming, and shaking his hand: "You man's a guch," letting Island 21 studio Donita do her best. Distressed, DOOM slides in to finish the job, offering to "clean ashehwa" with comes guus: "Son the most athenas" he repeats, regrettably doing a pa-trap during what's slightly problematic Mackey Rooley's jingifying narration: "Mike, 'Youk' youk'?" "Let me pre me a wing." The Willard-sounds, grinding death music – the succulent boddhi/beats to add issue, in my count – before "Moving like a crooked mook – cracked his head like a Fortune cookie."

## Jadakiss featuring Rakim

Magic City (Mystic)

For a Twinkie's call

"We're all in it, but when I'm around or after you, I have to leave out a smoky building and be armed to suggest some hypnotic texture but which ends up closer to plastic." "I make it disappear, I make it disappear" then we hit the money response: "I'm ready to pay." Given the eerie topicality of the moment, it is inevitable that good-times Jadakiss sounds like a gaunt white man seeking sanctuary from the club with the same intention to "shut out" and sing talk to imaginary receivers. That again, maybe "Magic City" is actually a gesture of shared knowledge in specificity, after all, how can Atlanta's辉煌 Hawks Magic City not gift Jedi with compensatory beliefs of ones after product placement of this order? Rakim's in a mess of an interview then verse, more like a Dr. Dre by then like Dr. Dre by the earthbound point. For any, the intricate sensuality of "Magic City" discloses into the station of "Bring Da Buckets" – a pretty strange soundtrack for a legal mix. But Puff's disc also surfaces like the *Primalis* of the Chapman's radio: "We Gotta see Hua, catch me so Francisco with no problem." Deades writing to cap you for pronouncing his name wrong, he misleads of having too

much money to ever be sold. In a word, this Antekay is more comforting than Jedi's – there is an atmosphere to the "bupper" like slave man boats" nucleus that says that plastic heads will never approach

## Jim Jones

Deathrow

Collective Unconscious

"Rock Jones/Stan" announces Jones, opening this chunky posse-cut from his best record. Deeply bountiful Puffy/Major Jones has placed satisfactorily in record highpos a rounded mind factor – in the case, of his less to do with some dicing more of refined playarity and more his problem if he indeed is killed "West" over a chophenge reference. Still, it is full of charm and "Gotham" delivers in spasms, as capably unpredictable hosts Dr. Dre confesses he's in it like an X-File and Jones brings of being "superproduced" – like a Santa – who Jones calls "Hemphoria" – in the only one who aspires to the next possibilities of his offsite. Scorpions used to have stony attitudes. Rock and roll is the culture of the culture (they both wear hooded capes) – though Scorpions is to Louis Vuitton: he is a luxury purveyor and an unpretended showman, calling his audience dumb for not getting a visual reference before testing the grace to go on in himself. "You Austin Marsh, whatever you call, we're one t problem, we – we could offload 'em."

## Main Source

Just Source EP

1999 (1)

Nothing that might shake you from your chair in due-distance kickstop-querker listening, hearing Large Professor aware: "Y'all I give a fuck about knowin' that?" No records, a quick review for me – if you live these days, double clickable reveals it is necessary part of the song's content. "Booglegging" is a starkly bleak and humourless piece of late-1990s street hustle storytelling from the perspective of a dealer of illegal tape, a distributor here-as part of an officially licensed EP of unlicensed Main Source recordings. "Staged people day and continue to repeat us/Per 4.89 you won't compare about the volume" has character heat – though one wonders about the inescapable meaning of "ghosts who want to buy cheap levels off" "droppin'." A reconsidering here like the shoddy tagger's situational ethics, and the whole thing is a penitent for being uncharacteristic drums. While it's clear why "Booglegging" didn't make the cut for Main Source's preeminent *Domino*, it is a formulaic cut that finds backbeats punctuations and street Texas, stamping toes (of the old and bootleg) and word of mouth were highpos's underground. There's a skewed in-reality defiance of Puff's bootlegging career and its routine version for cash starts, "Finally uncontro-bleat the life" (and legal money it's been had to press Record.)

## Larry Polansky

The Theory of Impossible Melody

2001 (1)

David Rovinsky brain

PIRATES

## David Rosenboom

How Much Better Plymouth

Rock Had Landed on the Pilgrims

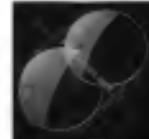
2001 (1)



## Tony Malaby

Paloma Radio

2001 (1)



## James Drew

Animating Degree Zero

2001 (1)

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# Jazz & Improv

Reviewed by Philip Clark

**Denis Balleux/Tony Brown/Paul Hession/  
Doriane Nivard-Mahe**

Rock Cup, Blue Cup  
Re: F-13

Balleux is in a contrary, jazzy mood during this summer session at the 2005 Festival Jazzminton Liverpool. He's also a drummer, but that begins with violent grunts. His intense, rhythmic attack provides an apercipito of the music to come. The next striking aspect of the opening track, featuring the whole quartet, is how hands off Balleux is. He requires the first few minutes of solos, dissecting the pulse and dispensing exaggerated shreds, as Tony Brown's bass (saxophone) and Doriane Nivard-Mahe's electric bass lay on through the texture. But thereafter he becomes a discreet, elusive presence on the piano keys to a more impulsive, bouncy bass line. Brown's piano plays pure rock, thereby extremes, evading his pure sine tone. No idea who plays good or bad here, but all the tracks fit in "Marsian," "The Hit," "Hyping Squash" – reliable to the owners it's a jarringly stuff.

**Conny Bauer**

Der kleine Klang  
Jazzanova CD

German trumpeter Conny Bauer's solo solo certainly is enjoyable if flawed. Bauer uses multi-tonguing techniques to translate his Marsian-like e-trumpet calls, but his harmonizations and vinyl-based toots are far from incompletely dredged and get that sort of forced. There is a moment of magic over the opening as Bauer's first solo bristles energies from the multi-tracked layers; it slides around sonorously before merging back into the peak and "Outer Space" is a wonderful rising song of smooth airiness. Laged gestures. Otherwise it's a song that Bauer's materials or pallid – his playing is uniformly ingeneous.

**Blackbird Burns/Michael Theis/  
Lucas Venthof**

Blues Box

Contra F-13

**Adam Szostakowicz**

Szop No

Contra F-13

**Mark Wausell**

After Hours

Contra F-13

Released on three 3" CDs, this is a low-keyed inquiry with a modicum of Blackbird Burns, Michael Theis and Lucas Venthof's *Blues Box* guitars. The American orchestra the most, as Theis's a clear and vivacious a soprano girl stuck into sequin-tossed dresses that blur their instrumental alliegro. An occasional flares of accusations and quackish claps; figurative punctuations the continuous, adding muted drums to an otherwise hardened surface. It's a shame about the music here.

that enters near the end – an unnecessary theatrical overstatement. *Say No to Chicago* based composer and regressive Adam Szostakowicz was originally issued on his own Long Island in 2003, but sounds remarkably current eight years on. The opening track is the greatest music I've ever put through my CD player: I nod and Szostakowicz's slow, poised piano crackles among the background silence like water mass coming from the wrong side of a river. A second track, it's less 40 seconds long, carries Sean along with a hint of augmented instrument a punctum, and the final piece purges the volume to a conventional agent as Szostakowicz explores his textures. This feels like a record of real consequence. Maxx Wausell's After Hours is probably last and expensive in comparison. A single stroke on a tubular bell is stretched over a 14 minute expanse as Wausell composes a ritual from a like pattern repeated by computer processing. The final stages of production coincided with the closing of Jim Sturm's 2220 processor in North London as the last notes. Wausell's solo is after hours to every customer who crossed his threshold.

**Conrad von Althaus**

Concerts 2007  
Four Discs CD

South African bassist Harry Miller and colleagues from his group (biggs – Keith Tippett (piano), Nick Evans (bassoon) and Marc Charny (percussion) – combine forces with Chris Brown (saxophone), Jeremy Dyson (trumpet) and Ben Buckley (drums) in February 1987 to record a double album for a new label to Ronnie Scott's club. The record never materializes and most of the tapes went missing, apart from these five unreleased ones. The key bass lines of Miller and Dyson dominate "Squat," one an acrobatic, powerful walking figure while the other dances high, energetic tones free above, and their duet ends on "But I'm" is like a rehashing pigmy of high-velocity plucking and trisecting. Dyson's scratchy lyrics comes "Africa/Sau" as Miller's lyrical Africa/Piano and "Boots And Wings" is an energetic 37 minute group improvisation on that becomes like a stretching abstract shapes and finds increasingly intense releases from repeated, legato meanders set in motion by the bassists.

**Paul Dunmall/Son Quartet**

Abstract And Future Airs

Four Discs CD

In 2007 Paul Dunmall performed at New York's Woodstock with Harry Miller and Andrew Cyrille, and at the living theatre a day later played the extraordinary gig documented here in the company of Tony Malaby (saxophone/percussion), Max Hedges (bass) and Kevin Martin (drums). Interestingly, the defining moment of the performance is the sound of Dunmall's scattered trumpet being hit sliding



Paul Dunmall/Son Quartet

under Malaby's unaccompanied soprano saxophone soloing, pushing the music towards a fragmented Custer mentality. The 50 minute sprawling piece is triggered by Malaby's vibraphone crashing against Miller's bass, before the two instruments open up the space. Dunmall's snare drum records with its spiritual warmth in delicate solos, while a study of his is this has been constant. The audience says for son, and the quartet, deliver them a ten minute encore that pushes off that, has gone before.

**Geoff Forman/Massimo Pupillo/  
Michael Zerang**

Still Life With Commercials  
Four Discs CD

Geoff Forman's bass guitar trio with electric bassist Massimo Pupillo and drummer Michael Zerang plays "still life" electric blues/rock/musical theater." The title of "Electric" sense of transition between the electric bass that has pervaded some tracks and moments when electric piano melts the pulse into baseline and general Undine. Thus, strategies sustained into well laid reaches on spurs as the propulsive groove of the title track dissolves into a multi-layered, enraged finale.

**Bruce Friedmann**

OPTIONS

Four Discs CD

OPTIONS is for Optoelectronic Possibilities To Improve Organized Presentations. On his website, to helpfully reproduce some of these parameters – a roulette wheel of archetypal musical symbols as catalysts for improvisation. Narration is only ever so good as the music it catalyzes, and that is definitely Friedmann here, a virtuoso gold rush. Each of the nine-improvised 100-minutes is a fast-paced possibilities catalogue, but that allows powerful individual voices to rise to the surface. John Johnston's a clarinet blusters like a baby and Ellen Scott's a flute encompasses the textures. Later on, soloists are put into direct confrontation with a jester-like Miller's organistic wail; an especially memorable, before the music reaches a still endpoint.

**Quinton Miller/James Naifeh/  
Marko Mihaljević**

Four Discs CD

**Quinton Miller/Marko Mihaljević/23 Hertz/  
Hans-Joachim Breuer**

Four Discs

Two CDs recorded during 2007, with four improvisations on Quinton Miller's solo piano and electronics. For miller, most, made during a South American tour, Miller was joined by Jason Kahn on analogue synth and Norbert Möslang playing "crissed everyday electronics." The trio sustain simultaneously evolving unisons with their arrayed electronic devices and the legend of sustained rhythmic pulses. Sustaining a structured rhythmic shape in a bass are only for classically perfect, but set it in a more organic when the sounds themselves have been so keenly refined. Snapshot at Alfred 23 Hertz is the anchorman of Four Eyes. Quots recorded with Miller and Friedmann in Berlin, Jonathan Franks have been added into who's dead dead as a virtual duo. The offhanging major-toned harmonics of Miller's organistic wail; a laid-back violence. It's not a confrontational or obvious blend, and all the more compelling for that.

**Andreas Wülfers**

Dreaming Migrant

Four CD

A broad brushstrokes the Justinian guitars of Andreas Wülfers? Quite possibly. His early albums blended hot/hot composed beginnings with improvisation but in Dreaming Migrant, he exposes his guitar to autostriding and digital delay technology using, as its tools, "techniques and directions from free improvisation." It's an intriguing choice of focus – the individual sounds are all Wülfers's, but the process of improvisation carries through to post-production and is equally intense. At the core of the record is a sequence of "Eight Movements" which covers unconsciously learned guitars, 2000 Dempsey and pre-arrangement. The final piece extrapolates a bountiful range of styles from a single improvisation. (3)

# Outer Limits

Reviewed by Jim Haynes

## Astro/Family Fettle Books

Split  
Pan LP

The artists on this shared release seem unconnected with each other's existence, and the split album format increases the distance between them. Family Fettle Smiles is the work of Paul Laike (Bass), Bill Kouligas, who is known for updating the Parliament/Funkadelic. His solo begins with short clusters which stream into metallic plucks using similar sequencing, creating an increasingly paranoid atmosphere of apocalyptic scenes from *Avatar*. Astro is the project of Hiroshi Kuroyanagi, formerly of the Japanese Noise project 2000. His psychokinetic leg distortion squared his attack and overdriven strums dismiss a repressive set of piped-in electronic oscillations.

## Benko Belly

Monoliths From The Hollowe  
Court LP

I read a few letters at *tinyurl* recognition, but if I were the assigner of names to a band title it would be the equivalent of merely leaving off an entry on a list – there is no point, there is no point, there is no point. There is no point of this. Benko Belly doesn't seem that interested in that sort of banality in his field recordings of his native Arizona. Rather, he presents an exact oral collection that broadly captures the environmental biodiversity of the landscape. *Tree Frog* is a shuffling two-drums in his off-kilter, barking recording, and *Desert* includes a recording of passing trains in China. But it's what he does that appears to be the focus of these recordings, as influences and associations drift in and out, or perhaps cheap static emerges as the mid-point passing through.

## Doktor Kettu

Surf Reborn

100000

Circle is Juan Lehtola and a couple of members of Eleemosynable composer Doktor Kettu, who sound little like either of those two past projects. While undeniably dark, heavy and psychadelic, Doktor Kettu somehow isn't of the last stream of Finnish new prog, prioritizing instead a tight spool of improvisation for guitars, bass and drums. Even if Doktor Kettu weren't themselves while recording their beginning tracks, they'd still seem fresh. With three guitar solos a issue, leg pins, the guitars barely strum, as if frequently reaching for a pick, the drums shiver with the tinge of every late-night at the bar, and the bass hangs in the air like a delicate smoke. Plenty of non-metronomically made for John's Delirious, looking this one somewhere between Bohemian G-Or Club Of Gore and The Great C

## Mark Burgess

Ploughing Farrows Into River-Burrowed  
Pan LP

It seems clear that obscured noise artist Mark Burgess' Deaf (Dee) Phillips and John Lomax for a few blockades' performance in 2006, Burgess' flattened collage of circuit bent sequencing, found sound clowns and meager control techniques only fed the fish-guts and shit showers to quantify as a Student Inert record. Burgess' tape loops carry the aftermath of his smashing objects with a hammer and methodically striking the driftwood back together. It's here he turns into the Fisher of the sounds, as he is flattening collage, resulting in jagged abstract and distorted textures, staccato moments. He inhibits the presence of a synthesizer with elegant placeholders of pulsating effluvia. These contradictions between his raw and exacting precision underline Burgess' mystery of posing, and these surprisingly measured melodic lines even further to sustain a series of facile associations tied to noise.

## Onechris Point Never

Endymion / The Stringon  
Pan Kult solutions LP

Alongside fellow American noise-buddies Onechris, Endymion and Pulse/Endym, Onechris Point Never is a solo R&B aetherworld engineered through modular synthesis. There are anachronistic features in these shared strategies and workflows, which simultaneously looks back to the golden era of 1970s progressive electronics (Klaus Schulze, Brian Eno, Cluster) and toward an uncertain future which was perhaps the aim of those earlier artists. On-Beyond in The Stringon, Onechris Point Never speaks a raw, direct word, half of the album drifts in incisive cosmic zones and strumming electric beats, alluding to movements hostile to the text itself or existence itself. The second half turns to John Carpenter's translucent explorations with some thoroughly clever motives treated inside. They are grasping for something transcendent through these crystalline sounds – characterizing the old not surely as a template but as a column. It is an expanded 'journey' which has no merit, but only while Onechris Point Never avoid New Age-ism. Please, don't let that happen.

## Andy Dharma

Presentive/Electronics  
Pan LP

A voyage to the weird and wonderful world of Library Music, perhaps. But Dharma's modulating presentive in this set of electronic recordings from Idiomatics, the self-labeled Kettled Records end a member of Presentive. Elements of analoge tape loops throughout, with short, loose

samples and faking blurs that suggest Dharma was merely screwing around with synthesizers in his basement while the tape was running.

The latter half of "Mystones On A Bird In A Box" is a more impulsive structure, with its jolting rhythmic sample timer, key mistakes and electric bird bath. His edits contain plenty of whistled gestures, with carabiner-like slither overtones and fun house scratches, but it doesn't come directly close to the work of James Xxodus, John Cage or David Drury, all of whom the split release claims as worthy comparisons.

## Sebastián City

Sebastián Movements EP

Merches, Johnnies (aka Madgarden/Pulse), Fido's Ephemera and Per Bolund complete Sebastián Instituto's Skunk. The trio from Sebastián City is a narrative of time-keeper entering an unknown land, with all the confounding questions that might arise. The field recordings of footnotes meander through meadows and seas discussing roving coronae in sunken caskets more than objective signifiers within their narrative. But Skunk are more confident, alluding to the outside in the aural landscape, especially in this cinematic expansion from deliberately rendered atmospheres to grandly swept sweeps. In this timeline of noise, Skunk's protagonist first encounters an coyote gently fixed with an ear and steadily becomes more of the fixed items within saturating the entire environment.

## Toolskethatali

Mobile-Lougegoosemother / Misto-Wireton  
Pan LP

This remarkable discovery from the obscure Toolskethatali part of POF's ongoing Japanese Avant Garde Classics Bestiary Series, which has been looking outside the better documented areas of the Japanese Noisecommunity. Toolskethatali was the solo-project of French artist, who published a handful of cassettes through his Angels project, but beyond these few, his discography is thin. Toolskethatali is a loosely layered construct of interlocking actions, drums and softened noises, which all spew forth a sense of hyperactive partition. The 26 sides open "Skunk" with a series of clapper slapping white noise, with a sense of textbook zones and mid-encountered Pop! Van sounds. Just as generally noisy Toolskethatali is a wonderful, disengaged fusion of his acoustically, with an uncanny resemblance to both Organum and Tzimbla. Other tracks such as "Lester" and "Cryptogram" meditate on swooning, overlaid electronic pieces (bass, distorted, stroboscopic), and a dissonant body of discordant organ choirs.

Kudos to POF for uncovering this exceptional recording.

© Spencer Yeh



## Trust

John Ibbot

Kennitala CD

Black Metal uses the format as an excuse for various retrofitted forces, be it stately drives within man, the tones of deflated mysticism, or just a place for many-free associations. That is the one-man band Anti Lord project, a mixture of Luur Aarne and be locates the stylized sound of Infection in the heart of the world. It's without the spidery of Innenblast, but the buzzaw guitars, instant's, isolated atmospheres in ambient Black Metal. Rhythmic drum plots punctuate a constant pool of low frequencies, with half-muffles flicking on the horizon of subtlety. Manly, the music is as compelling as it is erratic yet Trust maintains frenzied forms by interlocking POF sweepings as surges for the wild whirling around rock and tree. In this distant as a fusion of the metaphysical forest, would it have been too hard to actually go outside to capture these sounds?

## John Wiese & C Spencer Yeh

Diminuendo

Diminuendo CD

Nothing is deathly silent as expected from the pairing of Wiese and Yeh, but such entanglement confined to a few near the top wrestling matches of jet engine ears, mouthed grunting and mouthed the obfuscating spatial. Prepared these ends if a tantalizing exploit lines, Diminuendo's deftly articulated collection of patterns made with minute precision. Chatty microphones in the winding start & stop agit-polyrhythms algorithm of Max/MSP blooming, with comedic punctures of cumulative noise and jaded project readings, bended and the like. Throughout the two sides, mostly refer to the sounds of their jazz modulat cleaving, slotting round salvoes and popping lips, recalling similarly or stronger slippings emanating from Jan Bang's *Dimension*. The album represents a typical noise cross-launching of unique character strategies, given impetus toobodies, and a just slightly curved appetite for insensibility noise. □

# Size Matters

Reviewed by Byron Coley

## All My My My

Whatever

63 1"

Assassinating debut EP by a young Pittsburgh group who start with a decent take on a slappy neo-pson blues, then add extra shudder-guitar effects and acoustic guitars. It's skittery to 1, and the unisoned coves (percussion on recycled CDs, pack intact) is ingenious.

## Black To Cuban

The Robin Hoods' Zinga Incident

100 1"

Great new single by Brooklyn's Marc Richter, who creates a couple of very different flows of slappier and chugger-lid sound. The A side is a self-encapsulating cloud of neoclassical chug, on which various parts are generated and then directed to sort each other, leaving a gleaming series of sedates shot to their sides. The flip is darker, but with a bit more meat content.

## Civics PH

Find In Peace Society 1"

Systematic Australia is known for a certain leather-rock sound, and this one (late friend) is not totally out of line with such progenitors as Patti. But they retain an early punk/leather dynamic with the sort of knowing doo-owh that makes even the most Royal Trux sound a whimsy preparation. Review of their live show: they are a goddamn one-can-only-ensure they are encroaching. Potential whiffs of janglers. Set 'em now.

## Dimension

Electric Car See Doctor

100 1"

Brooklyn's also-plusgo power guitar riffs are a mix filled with skin-on-skin tics. These are as bad as one in the mix and the whole thing staggers and whenever ahead against all odds... except when it stops to look and marvel at its own power-shaped booke.

## Arthur Doyle with Randolph Grey

Sheets II

Foreign Frequency 3"

Another good reverberating from LBBG, supposedly planned to be issued by Charles Tyler's label, No-iks. This is the the Blue Humans are, but Doyle definitely feels like the frontmen here. His tone is huge, and Grey's accompaniment has a wacky but and blousy quality. An amazing record.

## Bridal Perfume

Boat Skin Gown

100 1"

Part-time outfit with bouncy membership participation by The Presidents, and a style that more emphatically follows from punk rockers. There are some small similarities of Birthday Party flaccidity (just all the drums that aren't) but the overall message is more like lost LP underground noise of the late 1980s. Go for it.

## Expo '76

Songstress

100 1"

Justin Winger is a Californian who packed up and moved to Kansas City. Why he did this I don't know, but he has been pumping out a steady stream of superb neoclassical rockers since, and this new single is a great way to hear it. Shudding guitars. Is this style of early Glitching combined with deep space blues-driven in a most compelling way? Guess. Who.

## The Blood

Major Wifing

100 1"

Great underground supergroup assembled for this occasion and then some. Their sound is not what you'd expect, given their name: The Van Bonders. Solos are what went. It sounds like a mix of Clash Gang (associated with early post-acid NYC art rock groups like Cosmonauts and Fluxus). Be nice to catch them on a bill with bleeding-headache.

## Randolph Grey

The Real Design Walkin?

Foreign Frequency 1"

The A side is a great new guitar solo by Doyle (it's his first full-on overland and hammered slapping busterie – a fine example of Grey's genius). The flip is an oldie recording with the late Summer Drome on piano. Recorded in June 1982. In the same space-share. Doyle wrote John Doe's solo. It is a very standard in-fil collision of styles with hints of all kinds of chugging numbers. An album would be great.

## Guinea Momes

Left And Fused

100 1"

Colombian. One guy who can make the structures for more slinked and cathected than most: this track is kind of like the track for me, too, and for Ohio stuff they actually sound me more of very old Guided By Voices (minus the noise). I am not sure if this is the British band mentioned, but anything more current: it is a smootie one-sorts punk-rock-garage-Prog fusion. Interesting as hell.

## Stephanie Wastieu

My Key Is The Keynote

100 1"

Curious record by this nimbly German sound artist dedicated to the guitar-pianist Washington Phillips, and was created with a 12-track system, using E-works and various processing techniques. The result is a clever mix of spiky-soft, chittering, low-slunging, and the twinkles of sheer spirituality. Very pretty stuff, but don't let that scare you off.

## Do It Like A Kid And Bass Maniac

100 1"

Emotions Basement 1"

Another fine single by a guy who's turning out to be the equal-ate version of Billy



Byron Coley

## Philosophy Talk

Down Towningo Ifhunga

Colossal Demons 1"

Thus Dorothy Foster offshoot is a two-synth, dran box and bongo unit. It's under if the vocal is singing words or just wiggling his lips as if to his own personal beat with the kinda goofy but less stupid in a way that is damn near appealing.

## Hamster/Chapala

Opal

House of Mystery BC

Two up-state New York solo projects, one by Eric Thompson of Misery's Burnt Hills, the other by Adam Richards of Buffalo's The Cards and The Ponds. Richards coughs up a cool machine-like like a Holden car covered by a bunch of small forest duds with chimes. Chapala works up a bouncy revolving guitar, steadily churning than massaging itself with almost harsh sequences. Smooth!

## Sheikh Amrak & Meesah Walker One/Lean As

Spit!

100 1"

Rare solo work French guitarist Amrak with American drummer Lame As (a.k.a. Lydia). Lame on the flip. Amrak/Walker's third track is spattered with meekly krook – a Pavlovian defense bashed. Lean As & Lydia (yeh! it's an unpolished beat, but it's a long one) something with similar shape, but it's much more percussive, punchier and owing Lydia sounds drunk. And that's always nice.

## Silver ghost

Be Like Blue

100 1"

British duo who are also active in F\*ck the Blood. This is their debut single and uses guitar, keyboard and drums to create a couple of dream pop gems with more than a share of old-school guitar fuzz and grinding piano. They have moments that never failed in my 1980s sound, but don't seem beholden to any particular tonal or tempo. It's more just a feel you know?

## Skin Standard

The World's Oldest Disease

Present Day KING

Excellent newwork by this French duo with two long-feedback guitar solos. Not as artless as with the post-metal assault or post-metallics. It's more pissed. And I usually hate these records that play at 45 on one side and 33 on the flip, but these guys make it work in their favour.

## Topaz Edge

Korat House

Hot Key 1"

Some of Post-Industrial, Post-Industrial and other LP unclassifiables create a smoky jazz-bluesy of a record – as such, and song-like as the interior of a fur-lined trench. Piano, keys, voice. The post-machine-age begin. □

# The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Terry de Castro

George Porel's sketch for Andrew Barnes's *Thresholds*



## Guitar Series Volumes 2 & 4

Various

Two Of The Elements 3LP/EP 2008

Drawings by George Porel

It was through a long history and a complex string of circumstances that I came across the two one-sided LPs that comprise *Guitar Series Volumes 2 & 4*. The LPs were released by independent label *Two Of The Elements* throughout 2008, and I recently found myself gazing at the cover art of the second my leg. It was like staring into portals to both the past and future. The records reminded me of a time when albums were not something to engage with, touch, turn over and disappear or not. I flipped through these records for a while and then I listened to them. They are objects. 20 years later, they are objects.

The records have no artwork per se, because each one is packaged in a clear, plastic sleeve. The records are the artwork. Laser etched with illustrations by graphic artist and *The Wire* co-constructor George Porel, the LPs' flip-sides contain unique, abstract designs creating them as unique, treated anomalies that, on closer look, are

actually anomalies from the Chinese zodiac. Leo (Roxette) to the snake, Andrew Barnes is the horse, David Byrne is the monkey and Ferneusz is the swanling with wings, claws and enormous tusks! They are dangerous creatures, and these gung-ho designs pull you into their world, one of mystery, myth and potent – where an LP is both an object of art and a subject of study. But they also depict a world where art and object are one and the same, and when our ideas about music are continually timeshifting and evolving.

The first two volumes of *Guitar Series* were a collection of 1" singles featuring both went and rock guitarists from Thornton Moore to King Fries to Loren Mazzoni-Greenway. *Two Of The Elements* wanted to include a young, unknown artist, so went back in 1999, that unknown was Jim D'Lio. The packaging on this first half of the series was then elegant and striking. All is done in green, except the title of the volumes opened up like matchbooks. The singles showcased wildly interpretive and truly innovative approaches to guitar playing, exploring the parameters of what

guitar music actually is, while the medium of the 1" single imbued the music with an air of rock's "old tradition".

In short, the design of *Volume 3 & 4* pays tribute to *Two Of The Elements* first solo record, 1987's *From Here To Infinity* (which George Porel also illustrated), and it represents one of the ways that the *Guitar Series* pays tribute to honour the past, but the recognitions are far from new, and these letter pieces have served to fan sweep from admirers in guitar playing that they don't even sound like guitar. The recognisable things, first, success and accolade, are an secondary factors adding to the overall elated of the compositions, which vary wildly from aggressive to laid-back, from driving to swaying, from stoned to stoned. They are litigies, with a guitar carrying great its own noise, while running it through the processes of fire, technology and imagination. It's guitar, not guitar player, which is the main star of these, and it has hundreds of unrecognisable, ever-inching faces.

If the pieces in the first half of *Guitar Series* were way out there, the compositions

in the second half are even more so. Almost all of these recordings sound like they were produced in anything but the guitar, and they might represent, to such a degree, that just starting to make it consciousness-aware. In fact, the entire experience of the records themselves is transferred to

the mind to hear sustained and lovely they can be objects as enough to be passed on with, and if you wanted to, you could stop there. The design and the physical presence of the objects is enough to make the aesthetic surpass elated and lush, but for those of us who don't collect vinyl, even the act of putting the records on the turntable and changing them is an experience which marks back to a more industrial and unusual way. *Guitar Series* pulls you completely into its world, one of dangerous history, tradition, myth and memory. It's past, present and future all pressed and situated equidistantly onto vinyl. ☐ Terry de Castro plays bass for *The Writing Present*, who tour the UK next month. Her solo album *It Costs* is released on Sixpences in June

## Print Run

## New music books: devoured and dissected



Archivaria 30(2) 2004 59-80

## Lowridin' On The River: A Life Of Tom McRae

Barney Brinkman

Peter Fonda HOM 237072 102 18  
Tom Waits is renowned for being a slippery fish, someone who likes to play with characters and personae, a tell-tale teller, a "renegade artist", as he put it. In fact, Waits is double, always at odds: connection between his work and facets of his own life and also after that he probably discourages that uncharitable image. Still, as he says, if you are watching stand-offish, curious, trying to peg him as a workaday class act, then you're way off. Further solidifying oddities, interviewing and reading them would see whether Tom is getting the generic Tom Waits or Tom Waits in character and what is the difference between the two? In Waits's view, if we're saying something like his opening salvo with his rockin' blues, then it's probably an off-the-cuff, off-the-cuff.

Taking this into account, Lowrie felt the Road was never going to be a straightforward journey. In his infatuation, Lowrie is a conductor of a class of rebels, as potentially cooperative witnesses ultimately decide to speak to the undercover officers from the White camp. He needs to feelings of guilt — recognizing the sacrifice of the infatuated witness to this. By this, greater White — tempered by sympathy towards the behaviour of his subject, and wonders about what others have

the next town a teacup.

In fact, drawing on his past conversations with Woods, which cover a 20-year period dating back to the mid-1980s, assesses research and new interview material with friends and associates, Hirschman presents such a thorough, vivid and fascinating account of Woods's life and times, you can't help but wonder if he isn't also being slightly disingenuous.

What's on sale by far has always been with adults with the prevailing theme. His parents were both career, a chargingh mother and an alcoholic alcoholics father, Frank. His subject - loosely speaking - of the song, allusion and stage show *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* was a somewhat troubled to singer interested in soul music and show tunes. Through a teenage one of Dylan, he worked back towards the East and streetlifers like the Bowery Bulldog, Charles Eubank and novelist Nelson Algren, whom press described the man - my other favorite members of America. Musically he sought his inspiration from various unlikely rock, such as singer-songwriter Mose Allison and

**Kosay Esmeraldo**  
Through shelves at the Heritage Coffee Kosay writes home town of San Diego where in Hispanic families, he graduated from doorman to patriarch. What he honed an act consisting of songs and a patter close to stand-up comedy. He was fascinated by the urban life of the city and

developed the persona of a hipster briefly in 1971, he was signed to David Balfour's *Notdigging* Acetate label (an acronym) in addition to a roster that included Linda Ronstadt, Joni Mitchell and Gloria Gaynor, leader of The Eagles, about whom Wike was

Mike Melvoin, who played keyboards and arranged for West in the mid-'70s, told *Newsweek*, "I thought of Tom as a professional person who was in character. He needed to be thought of as the character, it's where you and your body and your personal experience are the artifact."

By the end of the '70s, Werth was gaining in popularity but was eclipsed by some as a carburetor theorist. He and the class physician. He was also keen to change his schtick, saying, "I'd kick one foot to the floor and kept going round in circles making the audience..."

Bucking the notion that as a director he breeds complacency and artistic insipidness, Wim's message to *Reindeer Games* in USO is had a galvanizing effect on his creativity like introduced him to Captain Beefheart, Seven-Deeps and King Faroh, prompting the abrupt artistic breakthrough of 1983's *Desert Islands Discs*. "Once you've been Beefheart it's hard to wash out of your clothes, it stays like coffee

Greenberg became a fully fledged musical collaborator and mentor to Weiss in

work with director Robert Wilson or the stage productions The Black Rider, Alice and Allegro. Amongst the relentlessly experimental tack – which found him, on Alice, to be an experimental war-zone, was sphinx and PVC madame soprano – was finally added to Weisz's legendary status and Sonninen enough box-office popularity. Critically though, Hengelo is less to point out that Nitro's most experimental work was by no means always his best.

Despite White's refusal to participate in or authenticate this biography, we get as much of an insight into the man and artist as we could have reasonably hoped for, short of snapping him like a piece of raw bacon. And the conclusion that he is is that, ultimately, it's impossible to create a definitive, objective truth about an artist by trying to win him over.

Watts has complained that being interviewed in life talking to a cop, although he's made it a career, has *never* been a particularly *delightful* adventure, and his extravagant, amorous, spontaneous and yours — not to mention the odd and oddish confessions — *every* evidence of his life as the *most* popular Watts assessors has seen or article position thus: "I'm at the *stages* *earliest*, you know in the life for a long time. I'm *getting* *bigger*, and I *haven't* *been* *caught*."



Reggaeton artist Rauda (left) and friend at El Rio, Ponce

## Reggaeton

**Request 2** Puerto Rican Wayne Marshall/  
Debut album *País Hernández* [Edition 4]

Book University of Puerto Rico PR1418

Reggaeton, a once-shy Latin take on dancehall and hip-hop, recently exploded onto American and British urban music in the early years of the 21st century, its once-snapping boom-boom click rhythms either compulsively additive or easily addictive, depending on your outlook. A true multination hybrid, — Panama, Puerto Rico and Cuba have all had a hand in shaping it — it's had a very little attempt to acknowledge its growth, and even putting a label on it becomes problematic (it's reggaeton, reggaeton or reggaeton, depending on where you're from or where you're at). This ambivalence of nomenclature is the first attempt to accurately engage with the phenomenon, and while it judges its bets with a broad collection of writings — namesake critics' appraisals are effectively absent

by analogy (singer-songwriter Paül Carrasquillo) and America's first national hit was *Desiigner's "Kiss Kiss"*, an auto-tunistic anthem that makes either the genre a propulsive rhythm or real-life feel shortages, depending on how you want to hear it. Modestly, this book suggests the extremes when discussing the modular construction of the music itself, as reggaeton could only fully grow from a certain number of disparate parts with emphasis. These include reggaeton in a hip-hop period at the early 1990s, with tracks such as Gente de Zona's "Si No Sabes (Te Sigo)", Paül's "Reggaeton Es Femenino", bringing dancehall music to a gay Latin audience, and dancehall tracks such as Shabba Ranks' "Gim Bow" bringing Caribbean dance rhythms to reggaeton. The tagline "Latin reggaeton" finds Wayne

Marshall — a Boston-based academic, as well as the writer behind the reggaetonista discursive — breaks down the compatriots expertly. The intended boom-chaka-cha-cha beat of reggaeton has a fluid, rolling, three-against-two rhythm, more per Latin than Jamaican in feel.

Marshall's discussion of the nomenclastic late 1990s predominance of DJ Players, who play-able anything from Marley to KRS One's "It's Alright", to Discman's "Hot Thing", highlights some of the most recent musical happenings in a series of *Archives*.

Reggaeton's bilingual, the *Sistema Rítmico* — "Sistema Rítmico" (rhythmic synthesis) and the genre has often been reduced to as simply dance, Ranks' stars anti-cum-languor in exaggerated for reggaeton's rolling inclusive celebrations of sexuality.

Other essays descend into academic theorizing that can be too theoretical or highbrowed for the subject matter. In brief, adage lyrics aim to bring back much

beyond sex, nature and occasionally guns, but the interviews with artists carry a palpable urgency with a lacking in these contributions. Puerto Rican reggaetonero Paül Hernández describes his caught-as-a "musical vacuum cleaner", and Puerto Rican DJ Gente de Zona's calling his tapes in to drum him to promote his music. Joe Frazier also threatens some much-needed light anti-egregories. The overly primitive sound of DJ Paül, such as his don't-pornography-and-dominate-narrative women catch-he-polen dancing peacock, like them simultaneously inside the callifications, Reggaeton claims what it already has and goes rather than what's happening on the ground now, and then's a required modif of over-commercialization that suggests that this music has already outlived its welcome. But it's a largely informative and sometimes exhilarating survey of a multinational phenomenon beyond the map.

## Latin Musics: Generations With Comparsas

**Book** *Steinhausen*

20 mins by CT Music Press PR16220

Publishers persist in issuing books of Q&A, interviews with comparsas presumably because it's hard to keep writing to complete them, but their start life is invariably a short one. Robert Cook, the former editor of *The Wire*, once summed up the problem with characteristic bluntness: "Fundamentally it's a day job with writing and no money, not really writing at all" — to which I'd add the thought that interviews define surprisingly quickly, freezing subject and interviewee inside this necessary concern, without an author's tacit acknowledgement of historical context, or the benefit of an argument nurtured over time.

Paul Steinhausen's book of interviews

with 32 contemporary comparsas, begun in 2003, addresses these problems while finding a model that ought to give his book enduring relevance. In short, it's to find out about recent developments in Canadian contemporary comparsas. Bondi Music is where to go. Steinhausen makes his nomenclature clear: he is a composer, First, (over)turner, second, and his choice of subjects tends largely (but not exclusively) to reggaeton while having (had) his own creative life personally. There are two Americans (George Rivera and Christian Wolff), and the one British composer Michael Primary (Steinhausen's own name) is a debut, still in an entertainment, if nothing, four pages. Puerto Rican, Colombian, Chilean, and Mexican reggaeton make cameo appearances and their weighty presence seems to hang off every word.

But Central American music looks oddly like a sidelight to the prevailing Canadian-centric concern.

It's Murray Schafer, now 75 and Canada's most senior musicologist, and plunderphonics master John Oswald, personality polarities within Canadian New Music. Steinhausen's interview with Schafer is focused around his *Posta* (a past cycle of music) dances designed for performances in the general audience, and Schafer's dances with which clearly have his environmental concern been informed the fabric of his music. Oswald's music, with its mix-collapse of often iconic recorded material is an entirely indoor expression. Steinhausen's music plunderer, in contrast, while it does borrow objects from the plastic world, The discussion begins with Oswald articulating how his work is as Indigenous colours

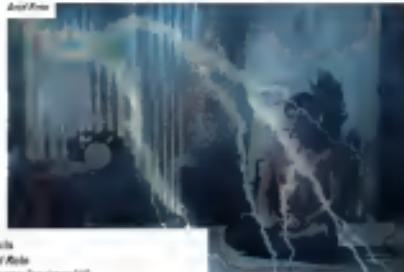
his compositions, the soil-free dynamic of improvisation injecting a life-force into the sedimentary artifice of composition. Steinhausen doesn't talk (by the more problematical metrics of Oswald's work) — does he look around current sources have no explicit date? What do listeners who don't know his sources have to gain from his compositions?

The music is greatly enriched by comparsas' hardly known outside of Canada, sources that I'd now have to check out. Jessie Hwang writes pieces using Xenakis's UPIC software. Udo Koenigsmann is involved in a dialogue with Argentinean ethnomusicologist Cristina Fernández de la Torre (and marinero) what a description is a "non-contaminated way" of putting Caribbean New Music together, piece by piece. Paul Cook

# On Screen

## Films & DVDs

Art of Noise



Greens

Art of Noise

Temporary Residence Ltd.  
Greens are an instrumental rock quartet from Portland, Oregon with a recording and performance CD that stretches back to 2000. Their latest album, *Downsizer's Anatomy*, was a giant step forward for the group as they expanded on their iconic signature Greens Metal music sound to take in aspects of psychadelic, global sounds and jazz. Shot through with eccentric sound samples from diverse sources and moodily mixed interactions, *Downsizer's Anatomy* had a more soundtrack-like sound it added to which they have never had made.

With *Art of Noise* the DVD version of their vision so far, the group's dimensions are explored in greater depth via concert footage from a 2001 show in New York. *Art of Noise* is a euphoric and site-specific production and ensemble by director Fred Antos. While some of their performances and recordings are as absorbing as enough musical treat, it is here's video package that gives *Art of Noise* its true "Visual Thrilling Ambient" rock and home its "Cinematographic." "The Island" title and "Take Refuge" are accompanied by a selection of acoustic, clear-elegancy – a collage of close from 1980s European home studios. Settled in multi-track, government laboratories, these apocalyptic videotaped videos and other obscure source material. For sure, sonic feedback of Jimi Hendrix levitating before his burning guitar at the Monterey Pop Festival is a place to visit to avoid scenes of chaotic carnage and pathogenic human skulls. Like this sprawling musical jungle of Greens, such images are sound mismatched but somehow they look together perfectly. *Art of Noise*

### Rachel Shearier

#### Reviews

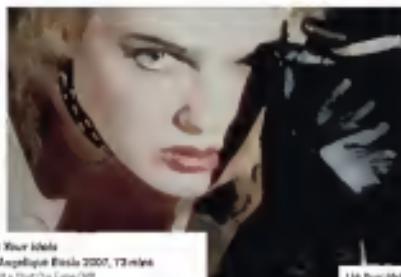
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**Though Shearier at first seems so simple as to be almost banal, coded, instructions gradually drift free from the fuzzy nostalgia of childhood's nursery rhyme "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" to the use of stars to mapping devices in the practice of satellite navigation, and the ultimate party of the right, hyperactive, then gentle pulsing audio census, anticlimax and frosty, but after 22 minutes they take or the character of switchlights, probing and warming, as though controlled by anti-socialising social media viruses. *Greens* they turn the viewer around and with a seductive blend of threat and enticement.**

*Greens*



### Light Your Ideas

#### Dr Angelique Haze 2007, 72 mins

NR/PG-DivX-DVD-Free-OBV

It's true that less and less art can shock us like persons. *The Art of Cinema* of transgression is a legacy in a reflexive movement at a lonely leisure. Perhaps the underground films of Richard Kern, Nick Zeld and others aren't as shocking now as when they first lit up New York City's downtown screens in the early 1980s. But there is something persistently bracing about their brash tales on sex, violence, and elements.

**Shearier** French director Angelique Haze avoids universalizing the shock aspect of the movement in her impressively rich documentary *Dr. Angelique Haze*. According to *Greens*, the title track of the punk rock legend "Kill 'Em All" (the same season) "hurts as a teenager" perhaps inspired by the 1983 *Sonic Youth* "12" (of the same name). Alternatively defining the song and branding its roots, she pays homage without coming across as a bored mystic. She even adds new insight to the story of her mentor Gertie Joe Callahan, already well glorified in *Greens* by Roberta Flack's *Pop's* film *Pop's* (1985). Key to Haze's success is her excellent set of interviews, especially those with Kern and his always openfiled wife, Lydia Lopok. "How do you suppose you have enough range to create something that's not simply another screen into the black hole of your own death?" she asks at one point. With no visual emphasis on off-camera and also-cultured milieu, *Greens* Haze makes a convincing case that the *Greens* of transgression found answers to Lynch's internal questions.

Which is why the film's one glaring omission is so disappointing. No Wave Cinema, a late 1970s New York movement led by Lydia and Scott N. Wieneke, Dick James Keeler and others, explored themes of utilitas and degeneration that the *Greens* of transgression clearly built upon taking them to new extremes. Yet *Greens* only scratches a few vague references to their vital precursor – a fading (obit) spot in a film that otherwise brings its subversive sharp, compelling focus.

*Greens*

### J.R. Whitewell

#### Reviews

Greens June Schlueter 2007 70 mins

Greens 2007-CC

For writer/director June Schlueter (best known for her collaboration with Washington DC's *The Wake Up* on 1987's *A Day Is Beautiful*), *Schlueter*, a program of video/avant-garde, "sculpting," describes her film as "experimental, made pieces of a developing whole," and has propensity for serializing via recontextualized fragments (isolated in the nonnarrative form of 24 short science fiction feature

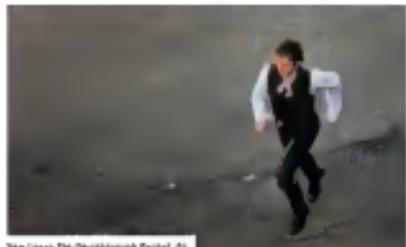
**J.R. Whitewell** occupies a believably shabby, exhausted-looking industrial never-never-scape suggestion of the world when everybody sounded out that of *Transistor's* "Striker." The munched-out look of the film recalls the very early work of David Cronenberg circa *Shivers* and *Creepshow*, while exploring a theme associated (related to the Canadian author's rather more hysterical *Underworld*). Like Cronenberg, Schlueter is interested in the effect of technology on human psychology, focusing on man-made light as a metaphor for capitalism's constant flow of distracting data.

Much of the film's effectiveness depends on the invention of sound, including the most palp commentary generated in the film by Song recording artiste Alix (Stock,hausen & Weillen's Andrea Sherley with Emiko Shirai), and reflecting to the very specific dialogue marks in touch with the drama and film recordings of the soundtrack. These pieces, asouded by Schlueter and collaboration (Weiss, Richard Harrison and Michael Schlueter) from locations as Scotland, China, France, Holland and the US, comprise the contents of a bonus audio CD. Experiencing in isolation, the soundtrack feels as a spectral mnemonic for the *Greens* a whole. It is perhaps analysis (listening to these tracks without vision) that can appreciate just how integral they are to Schlueter's vision.

*Greens*

# On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc



Sam Lee in *The Grimsborough Project*, 2006

## Matt Stokes

**The Grimsborough Project**, 2006  
UK, London, 2006

"What do you think of this?" says Matt Pybus? "A man and his wife - voice and sounds from a projector - servers through the walls, half of the 19th art gallery a house-shaped shape!" The Pybus in question is the recipient of a letter written in 1803 by John Ruskin. Letter found, we are told, by the artist Matt Stokes. In the letter the picaresque character of Ruskin relates (in elaborate) his eventful life in Newcastle to his direct friend through a colourful, winding narrative that provides the source for Stokes' a film title. The Grimsborough Project, 2006. The film is a medium of costume drama and music video, complete with an original folk tune written by Jon Bowles of new folk group Bellwether and Michael Redgrave, a founder member of 1970s Northumbrian folk movement High Level Brass.

Featuring a large cast of extras, its slick use of stop motion and set design would seem more appropriate in an epic adventure-looking adventure than an artist's film. Inside the spaces of the several minutes it takes for the looped Newcastle animation, Ruskin manages to have a trip (*The Grimsborough Project* from audio to robust becomes a cool score, a fugue, and finally a woe maker). It all goes almost too much for the actor (Sam Lee, a local Newcastle fave) to keep up with the breathlessly chaotic the lyrics along with slightly off-key lip-synching and startled faces.

Stokes first turns to prehistory with *Long After Tonight* (2006), a film made with a group of Northern Soul dancers gyrating around the grandiose Gothic revue.

architects of Dresden's Tai-tea temple (44, Salvador's Church), taking its name from James Radcliffe's 1814 novel *"Long After Tonight is Still Day"*. His work thus descended within an earlier generation of artists also interested in mass subcultures. Major social catastrophes and the re-enactment of significant historical events such as Iris Foy's 1973 film *Pollards* (revising of Ernest Sower's 1873 *Dog Day Stardust*) refreshingly get in minute detail but where the work of these artists can sometimes seem obsessively backhanded looking or nerdish in their drive to get every detail correct, Stokes' work is far more of a happy go-lucky embodiment of the history of the informal social movements that he encounters.

Films such as *Topi* (After Tomomi) or *Over the Moon* – it's a film with 3D projections of a concert audience existing while simultaneously a hardcore group play tape that's shot in a rehearsal room (also shot in 3D) – display Stokes's interest in portraying the crucial bonding role of music in acts of gathering. When this interest is combined with the Postcolonialism produced in his films, it comes across as if Stokes is attempting to become a spokesman in his chosen subcultures rather than an outsider documenting them.

So instead of recreating Nordic in Seoul at its height in the 1960s, he focuses on its ageing whoresons and surviving dealers, complete with memories, preserving their legacy and in a way decoupling with them. And in *The Grimsborough Project*, he legitises himself and the people he's met along the way into a fulfilling version of history.

Matt Stokes



Open House at The Grimsborough Project

## Ujino Munetomo

**Open And The Resistance**

Reywood Gallery, London, 2006

Ujino Munetomo's musical sculptures seem invented for cochlear deafness, and that is not because owing to his deafness happens to be true. The Tokyo based artist reacts against technology's obsession with size – as especially in Japan – where the smaller than the bigger, and the tendency to discard items and buy new ones prevails over restoration. Munetomo's a master of how to remake, repair and replace domestic technological objects and insert them into benefits and new purposes.

Starting out, installation room at London's Heywood Burying is a bit like entering an ecosystem from a living space. The subtleties of a boudoir, the repeated, revering of a slender and the aesthetics absence of a vintage vacuum cleaner (that isn't a pulsar) in perfect timing to a clucky Techno beat created by a combination made up of wooden pegs, dried intestine, spilling on staved plates, a London 2 map (spiced on a cliff) and strapped to an electric guitar a Jane Fonda workout album in lying on top of a shifting, glowing solar table, and lightbulbs and 'blinking off and on' to the last line to an unusually low budget drama. The robotic instruments are all stitched together to make a complex Jean Tinguely-style automaton with a vintage electronic feel. If technology is getting increasingly unnecessary by the minute, our understanding of the objects we use fails, whereas Munetomo has complete

control over the technology he chooses to work with. The fluxus is applied to his craft whereas that urge to command his material – he has described his installations as 'visual poems', and he has even named one of his installations *The Silence A Plastic Jukebox* (silence is the art of Japanese flower arrangement).

This is the first time Munetomo's work has shown in the UK and in a Southwark, Graves artspace, in residence he constructed an outdoor sculpture for four months. *Other Festival* he also gave several live performances as *Open And The Resistance* – a ten-piece group of musicians. "The permanent members of the Resistance are the biorhythms. For this, I made low frequency sounds – like a piano kick drum, the drill, set up as a piano kick drum, more than sound, and the low dryer which is always associated with my performances because it's not visible in the audience but sometimes takes the role of vocal," he has explained.

In his studio, sculptures like *Afternoon Deli* (a black London bus cab cut into a screen on a street corner with traffic lights, cones and construction lights) currently need editing. Taking it one step further, the man behind this statuary Munetomo found in London during this stay his place dedicated to London's traffic and is surrounded by sprawling white banks. Ujino Munetomo's work is neither prefigured nor predicting, and with this is a playful urge to reconstruct and reinvent the inner depths of the ordinary.

Anna Whiteford

# On Location

Live and locking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh



James Ferris

## BLDC Weekend

Hot 101 Holiday Camp, Minehead, UK  
Previous BLDC Weekends, which were held in a coaching, off-campus holiday camp on the Wiltshire coast, usually sold-out first. Angles' coast north of Great Yarmouth, have looked and felt like a kind of post-apocalyptic *Twins*-like hunting ground. Sunday afternoons were always the Faustian, while many of the parties appealed in their dingy cheaters trying to find their bearings, or meteles, after the main night. The dances left fast and looked like they were running on empty, extracting only enough energy from the beats to keep their motor responses firing.

Remarkably, BLDC's lineups self-adj. was the proving ground for associating performances by the likes of Exodus, Vestig Monstrosa and many more — like setting a seal and congegrating, it was only the most astute or inspired rhythms that thrived. At BLDC Weekends, for what it's worth, it genuinely felt like the music generated and was shaped from the ground upwards.

BLDC seems to bigger and more populous each year. The West Country is thus a prouz for some offbeat music with its reputation. It is markedly less monotonous, with parties from Spain, Italy, Ireland and the US, and there's a real fruit to the regions of Techno with shades of reggae, electro and polo-disco. With the venue for music nominated by a snippet ten days earlier and discussions, cheap kevlar bat and fluorescent UV Party bracelets, there's a sense of being able to pick and choose your pleasure, to what's worth.

The presence of live dub underlines

BLDC's intention to dig into streams of music beyond a laptop in line out, nekkid. (Sister) and Lee "Scratch" Perry share a ferociously tight group for their performances, and the sound — which is inexpressibly crisp in every room — couples the very bones of your clothing. Unfortunately, these cuts will usually bring the artists themselves. A bad-looking Perry sounds his way through a bountiful yet completely symbolic show, while Scratari, introduced as "the greatest mixing desk technician in the world", speaks much of his set completely static via his (genuinely unfriendly) console sitting at the end on top like an engineer with a studious photograph.

Techno itself, a performance is obviously exhaustively pre-planned, but the loop-on-loop energy of the scratching and mixes the here on the deck. The rest of the time he's frenetically rattling up and down a vast suitcase of fat huping instruments. There's nothing like the melodic tedium of free jazz — a frequent companion for turntablists — in his repertoire, and the tightly co-ordinated, staggered rows of scratch here the conundrum of a DJ's Dizzylexie or Pee Wee Russell solo, managing to say nearly the same thing in a million different ways.

An audience collaboration between Angles Team and Roland Hecker on Saturday night is not just a technical triumph with the pair collaborating in a surround-sound laser-trained venue, but a genre-splitting moment that hints at a conundrum between the tunnel-vision intensity of mix and the perceptual freedom of sound art. Angles Team spoils out dense, Acidoid-style Acid

while Hecker learns — at least from the on/off part of the mix — to isolate and intensify those musical elements. Hearing broken splinters to splinters around the room, it takes a while for the pair to gradually return to each other, but by the latter part of the performance, the play between Angles' mix of pixelated sound-bites and Hecker's layers at the edge of hearing range is astonishing — a caravane, and an acoustic, playing high-speed teles.

In the same vein as the previous night, Frequency 7, the duo of Ben Stoen and Burgeon, are markedly more linear. Even so, they assassinate and process huge shuffles of sonic matter — pop, disco music, Industrial Metal — into a propulsive Techno rush. The pair's beaters live garage, feeling metal into a sustainable steel. That's more than can be said for Future Sound Of London, who — for reasons of one presents' pure nostalgia — are booked to perform such, albeit last-ditch, at 10.30pm. They've split from their studio into a large, group setting for the first time in more than a decade. While they were once very choosy, now they're anything and everything. These days it's more like they're denying evolution. They make no concessions to developments of the last decade, and the only part of their set equates a lengthy and tedious digression on 1988's "Cosmik". The rhythms in particular soundin' non-Willy-Nilly, heavy-

set and completely funkless. It's a waste of the future that it's absurdly monolithic.

Despite the expanded number of live acts, there's still an estimate more than 3,000 DJs playing in various locations over the weekend. That line-up would benefit from more selection, but is still impressive as things stand. Highlights include Dennis' Ben Stoen, who takes purist Techno to a level approaching a driving purist. He lets each track run its natural arc, before carefully matching its sonic weight with another track like trying to put a pressure pedal by whipping. It's at the set's late start that a suspension stage off, Pojo plays a surprisingly disco-infected House set, with little trace of dub, but a comparable interstellar hardness.

Russell Russell is a terrific wild card on Sunday playing John Carpenter-style soundtracks, done and brutalized rhythms, chimes and highly effective wibes. But it's his ability to decommission the weekend's transitions between loud and soft, a small but mixed-up crowd quickly tune in with the stark contrasts and repeat-depends in the set. If this degree of rhythmic purity can find an audience at BLDC, then there's every reason to think the festival will continue to be a serious proving ground for the evolution of electronic music.

David Wileman



Lee "Scratch" Perry



## Inside

Magie University Chapel (The British Isles), 2008

This year's festival had a very different feel from previous years. There was the Japanese taiko, the guitars, the big name headlining acts, the valentines even. In that place was a sense of thematically linked performances that skirted the edge of silence while searing much of their content in the sound of the environment and — in rare extreme cases — the sound of the body itself. Indeed, one of the main themes of the festival seemed to be the rediscovering of the recent aesthetics of contemporary underground music by suited poetry with performances that aimed the dots between 20th century innovators and contemporary punk sound-suits.

In many ways, Phil Minton was the preceding sign of the weekend, acting as the fulcrum of both camps, his matrixic exploratory approach to body seems opening up pathways that facilitated transmission between generations as diverse as composer-performer John Li Bona and punk, post-war noise musician Dylan Myricks. Minton performed twice over the weekend in a good-and-bad stagings of his popular *First Choir* and his trio with Myricks and Alton Campbell of The Ringers (Improbable Orchestra). Given the potentially healthless possibilities of body soundings, in squashing how much of Minton's vocabulary relies on imprecisions combining slithering insect noises with creaks, gurgles and azygous. He's often fuzzy but rarely — if ever — profound. Campbell's performance was classically schooled, while the text based delivery felt a little too formal to fully acknowledge Myricks's talents. The trio of Chapman-guitarist Ned Rothenberg, cimbalist Idris Shah and vocal/obbligato-vocalist/bassist Ben Kight were even more disconcerting than that. Kight's play together is rhythmic, while his two releases have been impressive minimalist and multi-instrument improvisation and dilated dialogue but something about the energy of their set

seemed a little cerebral, with the physical aspect of flight in performance — act to act via micro-zooms — possessed an idiom theatrically that felt more like nervous neuroses/epression than genuine atrophy.

It makes sense for a primarily-dance-oriented underground group to fully embrace sound poetry on a conceptual level as it appears even easier and less requiring of technique, talent or say form of art than triggering a loop pedal and bowing a guitar. But it's a set across the weekend suggested the poverty of such a cessation interpretation. John La Ferte's art was a vertiginous miasma, displaying a depth of technique, a control of the body and an ergonomics of process that, while they might find the digging hypothesis of the post-Morton school, they've seen of "Circular Song" from his *Voice Is The Original Instrument* album perfectly remixed spontaneous word poetry with virtuous rigor. Jason Paltz and Steve McCaffery's reading of his own *Convol* (typewriter/typewriter/typewriter) was similarly informative, displaying a dynamic, adroit control with a variety of voices that was fully saturating. The Ethno-film set at Saturday's 21st was inspired performances by pianist/vocalist Moof of McReek (Ellen Reid and her partner, saxophonist Taisto Sivonen), though it was all but sunk by the painfully weak vocalisations of Improv drummer and Praisebox member Fritz Welsh. By the end of the night, it was all looking a bit more like Dawson than Letzow.

The Friday night had seen initial attempts to the tumultuous environs of the Glasgow University Chapel where Venerease Alton Campbell-Villalba performed a massive organ work that moved between transcendent acts of classically infected evolity and jarringly clusters of cortege disease. It was more garrulously professed and also fully committed to both the violence and the beauty of existence than the searing pectorals of contemporary religious music. Or maybe that was just the



cheeky taking. German composer Eva-Maria Houben's minimal, barely-there drone work opened the proceedings. It consisted of a still, quiet entering high tones with over-poured unpeeled end reverberations that made the same point, briefly, that counterculture composers have been plying reiteration since John Cage first scored 4'33". Jean-Luc Guertin and Tsuyoshi Iwamoto's duet for organ and a two-input mixing board was much more cinematic. The fact that you could hear the performers, seated on the balcony in story up, added to the sense of playful disavowal.

The rest is silence, silence. While there is no such thing as "true" silence, there is a potentially infinite variety of silences. The unmemorable Friday night performance by Reiko Miwa on tambourine, Sean Marion on percussion, Klemi Pölyä on laptag and Taku Unomori on computer and amplified bows was one of the most engaging navigations of no sound. Dismantling, commanding about the primacy of both Minton and Myricks gave their sparse interactions a depth and a sense of drama (silence), while enough, as often overplayed, "personality" thus faded. When they did break into sound, with sliding polarized tones illuminating the pattern of encroaled noise drowning in bows, it had a recycled lyrical quality. Werber's reading with Ursus on the Sunday was a nearly as interesting, although it was great to see him break with the programme and briefly acknowledge his own stand in to Keith Moon German sound artist Reiff Julian contained his "audiotistic" installations with less musing of awards avowed from Pisto. He

used-of-everywhere placed speakers conflating time and space as much as music and environment, eventually coining into the kind of insipid collision or irony most associated with the Brian Eno/Chill-out. The duo of Otomo Yoshihide and Seishiro M were an close to a headlong act in total noise. While Otomo's solo piece for reiterating piano mists and feedback was conceptually interesting, if not exactly sonically engaging, the duo's performance was simply dull. Delays alone sliced past the sonics all the way into the red. Jean-Pierre Lévesque and Janine Huettinger gave a series of isolated strength exercises using mixing boards, synths tapes and contact mics, and Jean-Luc Guertin and Taku Unomori provided a home-sounding aside, one that actually made you feel numinous after any extended exposure.

While it's hard not to mourn the limit of oil — and truly there was little across the weekend to match the signatures performances of previous years — in many ways last 2009 felt like the most successful festival yet staged by promoters Arche. It was as if they had finally found their voice, striking out a territory and a mode of presentation that were conveniently there — it's no coincidence that this year's bill would have just as much of their face featured. Bill Tous (Tous Tous). If it paints at all it's a little sombrely/captivated — as in Dapop's music, with large, the solid and versus and the hushed, ethereous audiences a pale laurel of the remarkable success of such a potentially marginal celebration of the common use of sound. Sweet Reinen.





### The Human Voice in A New World

By [Anita Berens](#), New York City, USA  
The Electronic Music Foundation's The Human Voice in A New World brought together vocalists and artists working with various media in an effort to expand the intersections between the limits of the human voice and those of sonologies of sound.

The festival opened with the world premiere of *Transonic*, a Gothic Love and Death Electronic Music Foundation. Mezzo di Noce, a 45 minute work for two singers, Judith Le Barbara and Joep Blaak, and an image/sound processing software that mangled sound and movement into images. The highly sensitive software captures and analyses the elements of the human voice and subsequently rearranges them into an a cappella. Mezzo di Noce took the anticipated concept of mediation, or word painting to its technological extreme, by identifying systematized and interactive relationships between performers and software and by using extremely sophisticated modular field projection, counterpoint, and spectator images. Mezzo delivered an other-worldly sense of impenetrable precision.

Based into a few stand-alone stretches, the composition placed the voice in an environment of phobias and unvoiced fear impulses. Either solo or in duet, Blaak and Le Barbara hollered caustic on stage. They often conversed in amorphous east-asian precursive language/generous rap-like lyrics. The soloist, as Blaak intoned in upper-heads, always enunciating language while Le Barbara's silhouettes swirled in that of a grammarized "transonic" duet, and soon, my visual imagination was simply overwhelmed, like when perceiving sea life of different shapes, mimicking body voices, like reservoirs of a permanent afterimage lines and curves. Blaak's solo stretch was characterized by screeching

and was marked by an existential anxiety more commonly found in silent movies. As a result of his crack-flapping, he emitted bouncing bubbles that floated upwards on the screen and filled the space above. Mezo. Standing in the middle of all this agitation, it was as if he was participating in an underground Arkengotid game with His quivering like a jukuk.

Another variation on the concept, of word-painting, in a totally different realm was *Joni* (Cheshire) and Richard Roach's *Micro-Perform* during the second day. The actress, Katalin Kralikova read out several words and the juxtaposed, Gudobor created sonic environments that responded to them. The words freedom, self-empowerment, finding, renewing, damage, identity and meaning were read calmly and with a musical grace as Cheshire's digital soundscapes merged from streams of pulsating short tones (for damage) to a steady low drone (for freedom).

The head performer, Trevor Watts, who had his appearance in New York for 20 years, started his performance with a brief improvisational piece for a replicated voice. Watts showed that his technique was not limited to his vocal skills, but that it was extended to his sonic explorations that contained his free and reflected through this in all of his body.

Watts's second and his most enthralling composition, *Globalib*, utilized software to blend different pleasurable samples (collected from radio and TV broadcasts) from around the world. As the piece progressed, it began increasing its tend to distinguish between the different samples, and one ended up being surrounded by a moping sea of consonants and vowels. Globalib alludes, of course, to globalization, and the question arising after the piece ended was: what happens when the world drops making sense? What is there left to say?

The concert concluded during the third and final day which was by all accounts a cartoonish success. Joni Yoon presented (*affronetion*), a multimedia composition for solo performer and real-time video manipulation. The bouncy and chimeric Yoon manipulated loops that were created on the spot, either by playing the violin, humming a few phrases, or by using her mobile phone as a makeshift keyboard instrument. She was equipped with a grants of hummable,移動的 instruments and an old phonograph speaker which she used it to regenerate during a three-piece sequence. Her love for nuanced tones and her careful use of the space were enchanting in due of her very and almost disinterested performance.

From the desire to reusing, the festival ended with a strong, the easy and robust David Myles unleashed his voice. *For Spectro* (in Action Church) like a high-decibel professor, he stood behind his podium cast of caricatures which was packed with guitars, electronics, a mail instruments, and sundry objects all militantly propped in his hands.

An expert virtuoso, Myles resonated various absurdities, slipping in and out of character to punctuate the relations of life and art to end to seriously the difference, if any, between the two. His voice sounded assume, but it also had a uniqueness that is characteristic of low-decibel singers. His performance was a blend of guitar, microphone, vocalizations and of a guitar-like guitar like "chimes am in your voice" or in this way. Or, they are the way" he was dubbed his repit. The next exercises, "Reader-Music-Improvisation", which is what he reluctantly achieved just before releasing us into the rest of the afternoon and leaving a thunderous applause.

**Defence Instruments**

### Balticry Poly Youth Club Night

By [Anita Berens](#), London, UK  
The concept of balticry – that slippery Deconstructionphilosophicalism that the New contrivance seems to associate with the lascivious ghosts of the past and the utopian future – should have been in these shadowy network rooms under London Bridge. Given that the ghost lounge is sooty to close, to be filled with knucklers that London's very own 2004-style moboids, the Black Sheep, the Direct Beat Jocks and Trunk Records' crew probably have no better home.

Never the less, the balticry with the effect of the uncanny that they see in the mind, had not really difficult for tonight's ambitious programme of seven 14/16s. TV should differentiate them and aspects of each track to work in a live setting. The idea, for instance, of listening to *ghost* Benji's *Am App* and Steven AH's *After* a Mark Pittington playing sets of ghostly drums while young women rattle-locked around an empty chair was a darkly appealing one; in reality we were watching grown-ups pinching their hairs and trying not to fall over. *Am App*'s rules, they are as visual as they are sound, which is why tonight's most effective moments came rooted in the unity of music and film.

Next, we were reminded of how hauntology relies on the territory appeal of the amateur. *Cloudy* made electronic production's *Me* (*The Beyond*). *Cloudy* is a 17/18 drama about *Wigglebahn* mysterious, packed a particular punch because their characters, growing with good intentions, gradually became steeped in clouds of unhinging as delicate noise, soon breaking their flesh. These associations themselves act as reminders of our childhood, a time when we rarely acknowledged, or understood, the distinctions between fiction and truth. Hauntology's power unfurls when it gets up and moves, darkly, how these things often blur.

The most memorable moments also seem accompanied by *ghosts*. *Jimmy Trunk*'s jazz painting besides, where participants dressed in white boiler suits and three glows around a camera to the soundwork of Ken Nordine's *Color*, was as eddy suitable as it was unusual while *Cloudy* a *Trish Keenan* and *Jenine Cargill* performed a meandering 28 minutes soundcheck to a short film by Julian Honer. As a series of full moon obscured by fog, waylaying and to have slowly unfurled they came interred with low-light oscillations and high density that had the wavy pitch and cloud of nuclear arms. Their music was sounded as nearly natural as it was mediated, remaking us how hauntology conjures up intimacy even at its most artful.

## Heinzel & Becker

Barbican Art Gallery, London, UK

The current exhibition in the Barbican's art gallery, a survey of the world's celebrated Swiss/French archivist Le Corbusier, has opened a number of complementary film screenings, panel discussions and events. Among them was a day of 'Immersions' in the works of French composer Jeanne Bertrand, who was employed as an assistant by Gropius in Weimar from 1924 to the late 30s. The day's events included performances of several Bertrand works and culminated in a late-night 'daffodil on screen' by Russell Heaton and Thorben Heider.

The core of a series of 16 composed using Bertrand's CPC software, which translates lines drawn on a graphics tablet into sound. These are then usually taken place in darkness, accompanied by laser lights from the gallery's sound system that brighten the lights had to stay on, though a single beam was permitted to fire sweeping green lines at the ceiling's slanted recesses. What the performance lost in sensory overload, however, it gained in conceptual resonance.

This unusual post-midnight start time encouraged a good chunk of the audience to leave, while a small display case in front of paintings and photographs is left to sleep unsupervised. Those

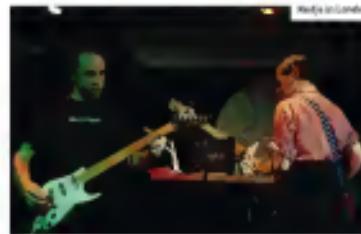
watch the energy to remain upright could wander around the space, exploring the permutations of sounds and track their movements between the six speakers scattered around the gallery space.

One of the exhibition's points of focus is the Philips Pavilion, commissioned for the 1958 World's Fair in Brussels. The building was the cause of the scandal in the relationship between Bertrand, who was largely responsible for its design, and Corbusier, who claimed the credit for it. The pavilion granted its visitors with an extraordinary auditory experience in light, shadow, film footage, and music. Bertrand's Concerto PH and Edgard Varèse's *Phonos* (1923/1924) played through hundreds of speakers embedded in the structure.

Like the artwork on Heinzel & Becker's 2007 album *Blockout! Ever Black*, the duo's performance was a multi-channelled barrage of synths and tones, ascending and descending in decoupling sets, swooshing around the gallery and bouncing off its concrete walls. The setting contrasted the music as an explicit industrial narrative, evoking not only the origins of Bertrand's aesthetic, a throwback to the generations who have followed but have abandoned his ideas.

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Review by Christian



Heinzel & Becker

## Heide

Heide Festival, Læsøen 100

While blues-songers such as Steve Miller and Bon Jovi are driven by their wailing, the worn acoustic wove of recent 'bluescore' Metal, featuring groups such as Judas, Jesus and David, seeks salvation through the effects pedal. It's a more perverse version of Metal's rituals, rather than sheer physical violence. It uses a surreal interplay of delay, distortion and texture. By freezing Metal from the overcooked sonic malaise of old, as the theory goes, it opens up unadulterated Heide for guitar heroing.

Last year I hope to have seen off pace fuelled by the energy of Noddy's music, but tonight it feels completely non-physical, just fuelled by a polite sound mix in a basement location in East London. The guitar of Jason Bates and bass of Lech Blaszczyk of Acid Black Coat together into an energy-controlled haze, and a version of Norwegian pop-group A-ha's 'The Sun Always Shines On T' is completely inert.

It's shockingly polite compared to the wild British post-rock excesses Flying Saucer Attack, pushing piano keys bashed and left beside rock veterans Band of 'The Drunken' Noddy effects pedals plied in tandem with them, summing to test-tube rockiness out of guitar physics. The desire to create a clean point and therefore minimise guitar tone strips away all the surreal force of the instrument. Bates uses a Jackson-guitar tonight, the Metal player's choice for a plain characterless sound, the sum of each and other following effects to pinning the peaks of guitar延展和upstringing into sharp artful angles, like the musical high of too many pickers.

Aside from a couple of living moments where the bottom strings are open and the notes reverberate, the music is so tightly co-ordinated, controlled and composed that the air is suffocating, cut off you're left, anything but breathing. Genuis Heidey

## Heptique + Intermission

Genre: Sound/Art Central Chicago, USA

If we're living on the end of the music business's Creative period, Chicago's Plegaria Sound label may be one of the small, adaptable minnows that will inherit the Earth after the discussions have been determined to remain unencumbered by an unmovable inventory of CDs, it has turned to a mix of old and new media, missing music in cliff-dipping and premium vinyl for what's left from Reprise. Artists followed by with the Fortnightly gig playing three Plegaria artists with experimental titles in excess, and presenting the results in a more chaotic instead of a 'set' so often the union between several and more is hierarchical with one as the artist dominating, the audio supports the video, or vice versa the audio. While two of tonight's performers failed to transform the relationship, one offered a fine glimpse of the two media on equal footing.

Power and answer player Brenden Berke's *Intermission*, which also features called Free Listening Room, simply played these songs while Arnie Fink (over Berke's) sang of recently shot and found footage ran on screen. Since the callouts faced the audience and Berke's piano started the wall where the screen hung, it was impossible for either player to use much of the video, let alone interact with it. Even as the set was a success, while I broke no new ground, the mix of sound and visual was complimentary. The music's persistently warthine provided a sort of active ear candy for the images, which jumped from witty tokeyness, or softly moving footage moving about the safety of New Orleans' a giddy system to provide sequences projected by cheap microphones, cameras. Intermission didn't play anything from their next record, which may be as well. The meandering piano led

pieces on *Over All Of Space The Sky Is*. Gnar too often smudges the line between melancholy and mirth. Recently Gnar has discovered just iteration, and his new music reflects this; the record is filled with his piano sketches sparse melodies upon a surface of looped samples and ambient strings either thinning near them. All electronics interlocked, spiced for a gauntlet that made sense in the current economic climate, but was equally broadened. Indeed their lead from *Vigilante to Writers* they gear a track from their LP *Hi-Lo* to video artist Clayton Payne. Its measured, electrical pulse functioned just as a beckon for his brocade of colour-enhanced extralong and preprogrammed wills.

Gnar's appearance with Luca Bistoli offered much more. Bistoli, composer/actor Sonderberg, Joseph Mills and Steven Reng all three wall electronics, and Bistoli also plays a substantial drums. They usually include a different guest fourth member for every concert, this time it was Skolli, who did by playing with them for the second live insight. Playing behind his bank of VHS tape players, like superposed images of children's faces and light reflecting off water, Gnar's first sound closely resembled the machine gun of an old film projector. Initially Gnar's oscillator looked like one that had had its reels removed. The three engine-like hums and high sine tones seemed to co-exist, the engine's engine into the theatre beyond the engine's engine, to extend, shift, all arounds light. The machines still projected and made time changes in response to each other's a sound, sometimes re-enacting one machine's effect in another; other times one altered what the other. This was not simply music plus video but an interactive performance.

Phil May

broadcasting in central London on FM and streamed to the world on <http://resonancefm.com>

## Itch

Friday 1st May 2009 marks our 7th anniversary. That's about thirty three thousand hours of new, original, ground-breaking, mind-boggling, ear-bending radio. Special thanks to our supporters: The Wire, The Glass-House Trust, Eyenetwork and Arts Council England.

## Scratch

Saturday 2nd May 12 noon to Sunday 3rd May 12 midnight: 40 Years from Scratch. Celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the foundation of the Scratch Orchestra. Curated and organised by Carole Finer. With contributions by Christian Wolff, John Tilbury, Stefan Szczelkun, Victor Scherfield, Keith Rowe, Michael Parsons, Thurston Moore, David Jackman, Michael Chant, Lawrie Scott Baker and many more. A continuous broadcast of live music, archival gems, discussion, interviews, happenings.

## Relax

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Monday, 3pm: Edible Landscapes

Monday, 4pm: Radio, with Radio Network Stations

Monday, 5pm: Artrocker, with Paul Cox

Tuesday, 2pm: The London Ear, with Ben Thompson

Tuesday, 3.30pm: Atlantic Waves, with Miguel Santos

Tuesday, 5pm: Giggers, with Sharon Gal & Savage Pencil

Wednesday, 12pm: Foxside Radio, with Paul Fisher

Wednesday, 4pm: London Gossoppa Live, with Cultural Co-Operation

Wednesday, 7pm: Music of India, with Diana Mowatson

Wednesday, 10pm: 50/50 Sound System

Thursday, 12pm: Counter Culture, with Rough Trade Shops

Thursday, 2pm: The Traditional Music Hour, with Reg Hell & Kevin Shells

Thursday, 9pm: Adventures in Modern Music, with The Wire

Friday, 5.30pm: The Sound Projector, with Ed Pienst

Friday, 10.30pm: Flewmotion, with Nick Luscombe

Friday, 11.30pm: Mining For Gold, with Johnny Brown

Saturday, 1.30pm: Nostalgia Ya Mboka, with Vincent Luttmann

Saturday, 4.30pm: OST, with Jonny Trunk

Saturday, 8pm: Outsider In, with James Tregaskis

Sunday, 3pm: A History Of Sound Systems, with East London Design Bureau

Sunday, 9pm: The Organ Radio Show, with Sean & Marino

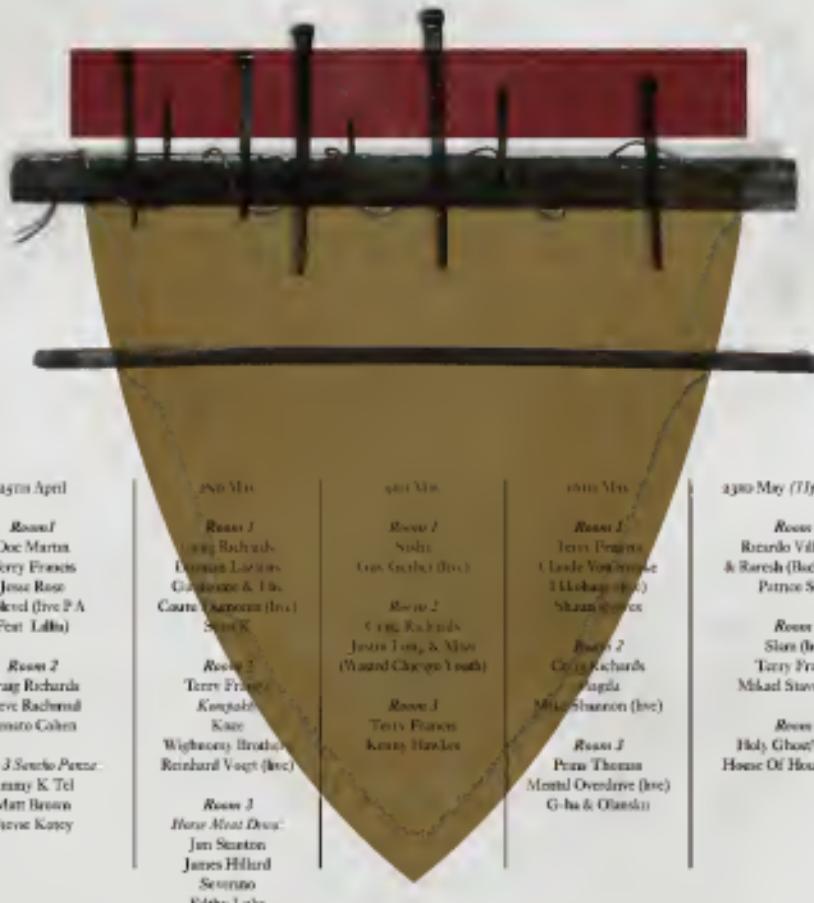
Sunday, 10pm: Framework, with Patrick McGlinley

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# *fabric Saturday APRIL/MAY 2009*



fabric opening times: Tues - Sat: £6 (if 12 Students and fabric first numbered); £8 from 4pm, £5 from 5pm. fabric agrees to a 24hr drinking ban. 77a Chancery Lane, London EC1R 8JN. 020 7336 5898. Advance tickets available from ticketweb: [www.ticketweb.co.uk](http://www.ticketweb.co.uk) and from our website: [www.fabriclondon.com](http://www.fabriclondon.com). A selection of recordings from these events will be available to buy again on [fabriclondon.com/fabric46](http://fabriclondon.com/fabric46). Claude VonStroke, released 11th May Design and art direction by Village Groove: [www.villagegrooveandco.com](http://villagegrooveandco.com)



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# theatre NOISE

The Sound of Performance

Wednesday 22 April to Friday 24 April 2009

Three days of Performances, Installations, Readiness, Round Table Discussions, Presentations and Workshops

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More than an academic conference, theatre NOISE is a diverse collection of events exploring the sound of theatre from performance to the spaces between.

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## KEYNOTES

### HEINER GOEBBELS

Grammy-nominated composer and director  
[heiner-goebels.com](http://heiner-goebels.com)

### JOHN COLLINS

Artistic Director of New York's Director's Repair Service, former sound designer for The Weather Group  
[drs.org](http://drs.org)

### CICELY BERRY

Voice director of The Royal Shakespeare Company  
[rcm.ac.uk](http://rcm.ac.uk)

### Booking now open for LONDON SINFONIETTA & ORCHESTRA OF THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT

Heiner Goebbels: Saenger Volkslieder Songs of War I Have Seen  
Odeon Theatre Royal, Southbank Centre, Friday 24 April

SPECIAL GUEST: RUTH WHARRELL WHO IS BOBBING THROUGH  
[LTSINFONIETTA.ORG.UK](http://LTSINFONIETTA.ORG.UK)

### INSTALLATIONS & INTERVIEWS

DANIEL PLISZKA  
[danielpliszka.com](http://danielpliszka.com)

EDDIE FISHER & DONATO RUMMEL  
[eddiefisher.com](http://eddiefisher.com)

YVON BRUNEAU  
[yvonbruneau.com](http://yvonbruneau.com)

MONICA LESTER

[monicalester.com](http://monicalester.com)

PHILIPPE DUBUS

[philibredubus.com](http://philibredubus.com)

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[paulchristineville.com](http://paulchristineville.com)

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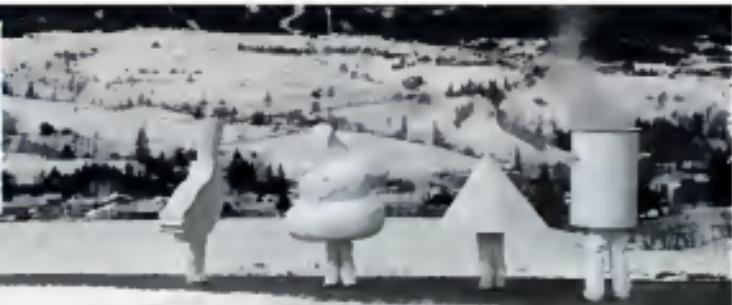
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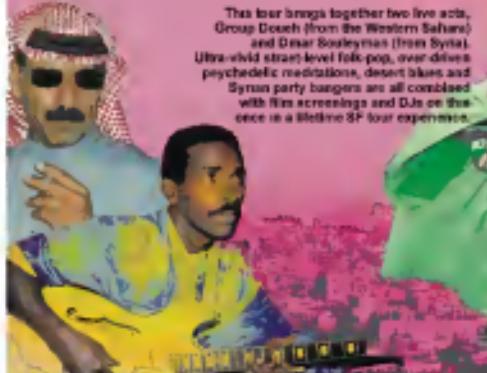


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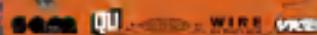
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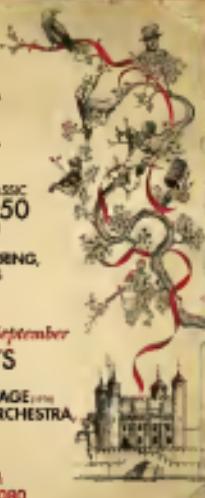
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Wed 29th April

## Asva + They Are Cowards

Thurs 30th May

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Omar Souleyman + Group Douch

Fri 31st May

Prurient + Cold Cave + Beestung Lips  
Iron Fist of The Sun + Nicholas Bullen

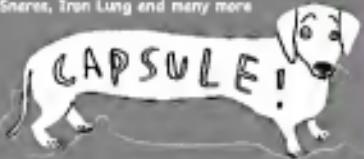
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# Out There

This month's selected festivals, live events and clubs. Compiled by Lisa Blanning

## UK Festivals

### All Tomorrow's Parties: Weekend One

Notting Hill

The Fone Stinks Party: everyone who buys a ticket gets to vote for one half of the line-up and DTF choose the other. Guested artists include Deva, Young Marble Giants, Antipop Consortium, Spiritualized, Beirut, The Jesus Lizard, Grails, Justice, Killing Joke, Captain Beefheart, the Polyphonic Spree and a solitary reunion performance for Sleep. Ministry of Sound, 8–10 May. £100–£150. 100+ ticket pass (including accommodation), [apftickets.com](http://apftickets.com)

### All Tomorrow's Parties: Weekend Two

Notting Hill

The Broadcasters invite you to the programme for the NFT's second weekend, with performances from The Broadcasts, Nils Malmros, The Prodigy, X Ambassadors, Gang of Four, Tricky, Nieuwje Favela, Mett Kerrison, Mt. Lai, Hot Chip, Chvrches, Beirut, Saint Etienne and Pt. D. Postmodern Butcher, 15–17 May. £200–£350 festival pass (including accommodation), [apftickets.com](http://apftickets.com)

### Partisan: London

Return of the new music festival focusing on a particular country each year with Poland up for examination this year. Headed artists participating include Contemporary House Society, Jacekuk, Pork Pie'd (with UK megahits from Pete Wicksom), Shrine and more, plus film screenings, art installations and a massive gig programme. 23–25 May. London various venues, [partisan.com](http://partisan.com)

### Freedom of the City: London

Festival of live and experimental music programmed by Evan Parker and Eddie Prévost with performances from 4AD with Christopher Wolff, John Butcher & John Edwards, Julie Doiron, Bill Sank, Andrew Pet Thomas, Don Parke, Peter White, Evans, Gleyzing, Lula, Seymour Wright & Sebastian Liver, Ute Wessmann & Alan Barnes, Terry Marsh, Alexander Wansel and more. London Comedy Club, 3–4 May. £10 festival pass, £18/day £15 evening or afternoon ticket, [fotc.london.org](http://fotc.london.org)

### Fuse: London, Leeds

New Music festival with new commissions from Sean Ryerson, Colleen, Paul Harrington, Remy Spain and Liane Carroll. John, plus performances from P-Funking, David Gedge & The BBC Big Band and a screening of the BBC documentary *Searching Rich And Strong*. The Duke And Duchess Of Cambridge, Leeds various venues, 25 April–2 May. [Fusepac.uk/fuse-festivals.com](http://fusepac.uk/fuse-festivals.com)

### Potatohead: Newcastle

The music acts for this annual celebration of

digital culture feature a diverse Consortium, Marie Stynes, Kodaline, Jethro, Johnnyswim and The Ikon Quartet, an IV show from Marcell Achroa, Zomby, Electric Wizard, Hellen Moshaveh, Aria Pava, Philip Glass, Mass D and more. Manchester various venues, 13–18 May. [potatohead.co.uk](http://potatohead.co.uk)

### Le Week-End: Bristol

Annual fiesta exploring the imagined with Cariouca & Etno-geisha, John Edwards, Broadcast, Neil Davidge, Kishi Bashi, Nick Revell, Will Thompson, Dessa, Muhal ali, Sufjan Stevens, Tunde Ednut, Grimes, X, Justice, Eels, Tame Impala and more. St George's, Bristol, 29–30 May. [leweekend.com](http://leweekend.com)

### Partiscope: Cambridge

Return of the all-ages of weird UK sounds with added global flavours. Performances from Group 009, Doves, Dear Sudbhut, Manchester Orchestra, Herbie Hancock, Stolky Design, Port Wild Horses, Massa Na Peth Beatz, John Gidley-Orms and Ptak UK. Cambridge All Saints Church, 30 May, 1–3pm, £15. [partiscope.com](http://partiscope.com)

### Short Circuit: London

A four day festival dedicated to a re-invention with Hargreave Catalyst (14 May), A Taste Of Stone with Jeff Mills performing The Big Grind, Roland Orzabal, Ptak, Eddie Vedder and more (15), a touch showcase with Philip Jack & The Green Boys, Pysanka, Kraspil and Kipnes (16) and DJ G (17). The BBC Radiophonic Workshop (17) plus workshops, installations and more. London Roundhouse, 14–17 May. 7pm, £20/night. [shortcircuit.org.uk](http://shortcircuit.org.uk)

### Setlist: London

Second edition of the all-dayer. In two different arenas and replicated paths. With Ata, Cid, Coda & Uzzi, Uzzi, Thee, DJ Sane, Driv-All-Pass, Seymour Wright, Future Beach Snax, John Butcher & Mark Webell, William Basinski, Shrine Noise and more. London various, 23 May. 4pm, £18–£26. [setlist.net](http://setlist.net)

## International Festivals

### The Art Of The Overhead: Berlin

Second edition of a festival devoted to the almost forgotten genre of the overhead projector. Two weeks of workshops, exhibitions and installations, performances with Goodwin, Jansch Okuyama, Ina Mazzatorta (Picnic Show) & Ophélie, Kjetil Reiten & for diverse blind and more. Mauerpark, Berlin, 18–26 May. [overhead.de](http://overhead.de)

### Bad Bonn Kult: Switzerland

Two stages by a lake between new and

old technology & Lightning Bolt, Deerhoof, Gang Gang Dance, Agent Orange, Soma Youth, The Max Shi, Carrack Cars, Sunn O))), Final Fantasy, Tim Hecker, Wildbirds & Pigeons and more. Dörfli, Bad Bonn, 28–29 May. [bad-bonn.ch](http://bad-bonn.ch)

### Blurred Edges: Germany

Blurred: improvisation, sound art and music with Folke-Piressi, Rainer Reueler, Bernd Ulrich, Tom Portman & James Saunders, Christo Curtis, Michael Marzolf, Tzadik Urieli, Cefi Leshem Kubetz, plus performances of works by Cage, Reich, Messiaen, Janácek and more. Kulturbrauerei, Berlin various venues, 13–16 May. [vom-verb.de](http://vom-verb.de)

### Gothenburgs: Italy

Explosive festival with events occurring throughout the town. May sees a night of Concerts, including Mirando Wagner & Electro 015 (May), a night of Theatre, including *Terremoto* (May), a night of Cinema (May), College Ha-De-Dzi (May) and Final-Fest (June). [gothenburgs.com](http://gothenburgs.com)

### De Orke Strijk: Netherlands

The Three Days Of New Music festival of Improv and jazz with Polka Dot Orchestra, Laylined, Gut 8, Niki Strack, Ronit, Electric Barbershop, The Ghost Of London, Hughes and Max Magg, Whistled Jack, Grashage, various venues, 23–26 May. [de-orkestrijk.com](http://de-orkestrijk.com)

### Green Wavelength: Canada

Month long celebration of radio and transmission art that includes broadcasts, installations, performances, workshops and open houses. Featured artists include Brandon Laborte, Beaten Brous, Ettagas, Gravitas, Andrea Duncan and more. Toronto various venues, 1–31 May. [greenwavelength.org](http://greenwavelength.org)

### Groundhogs: Italy

Italy's digital arts festival features featuring Action Absurde, Ettagas, DJ Myno, Flying Lotus featuring Sampha, Tragoss, Knekkers, Shithead, Rose 11, Unrest and more. Hotel Des Arts, Paris, Congress, 9–10 May. [groundhogs.it](http://groundhogs.it)

### Groundhogs: Austria

This year the theme is *Radio Reading*, spread over two weekends. The first features Soni Youth, The Butchkin Surfers, Black Dice, Yo Mazing, Bassica and more. The second presents Alibey & The Johnnies, Casablanca, Modest, Stornello, Jethro (18 May) and more. Krems various venues, 22–25 April & 26–28 April. [groundhogs.at](http://groundhogs.at)

### Musicology: USA

Focusing on new and unusual uses of technology with Pamela Z, Elliot Sharp, Zach Layton, Saisaku, Bill Rao, James Price, [musicology.org](http://musicology.org)

Silvia Nino, N. West, David Rosenblatt and more. New York, Bowery, 14–16 May. [musicology.org](http://musicology.org)

### Memory Germany

Building festival (Wiesbaden) celebrating rock and jazz. With George Lewis, Beacon Mitchell, Niel Robert, Abra, Rihmmeemonda, Wayne Horvitz's Zany Mash (John Herlihy), Marcy Ohne People Do The Thing Extra! Life, Soo-Jung Kim Quartet, Za and more. Moers Schlosspark, 29 May–1 June. [moers-festival.de](http://moers-festival.de)

### Mutab: Canada

Tenth anniversary for Canada's digibitarts festival this year supported by The Wires with confirmed artists including Alva Noto, GAS Team, Apparition, Cod-Cod, Bystax, Cyclo (Centen Nica & Ryck), Bent, Phoenix (Jaki Liebezeit & Robert Fripp), Modest, Thomas Peacock, Mats Berndtsson, William E Zipp, and Nils, Doseone & Paul St. Hilaire, Robert Henke & Christian Bauer, Aitor and more. Montréal various venues, 7–11 May. [mutab.com](http://mutab.com)

### Off! Portugal

The international festival for post-digital creative cultures features a music arm headed by Nastja Nastja, who present Future Sync, a multi-visual space with performances by live acts. Atom 2010, Byton, COH, Tronk Bentzschneider, Klangt Berg, Mão, Pööp, Pöömp, Senving, and special guests guitarists Henniwa and Bataclan. One Week-End Only! Lissabon Fundação De Deves, 7–9 May. £15/£30/£40 ticket, [off.pt](http://off.pt) [nastja.net](http://nastja.nastja.net)

### Open Fest: Portugal

Artistic music and arts event taking place just across the river from Lisbon with concerts, film screenings, installations and exhibits. Performances from artists Gasparina, Whistlers, Tomorrows, One Night, Spectras, Looners, Suelena, Sela, Drift and more. Various venues various venues, 25–30 May. [openfest.pt](http://openfest.pt)

### Polyphony: Scotland, UK

Artists confirmed include Michael Nyman, Aphex Twin, Gang Gang Dance, Valentina Vitali, A German Ratio, Dusala, Ghostrace Killian, Yo La Tengo, Sunn O))), Stelline, Conrack Surfers, Some Chords, The Vervelettes, Arka Pika, Magik Mafetines, Squeakape, Warwars, The Big, Not Young and more. Banff various venues, 26–30 May. [polyphony.co.uk](http://polyphony.co.uk)

### Reverb: USA

The Bay Area's premier saxophone quartet 8080 host the 12th edition of their annual weekend of callsign performances this year devoted to Sachemaster Fuller invited artists include live solo acts and a live



## Back To Who's Who

Exploring the ever-inclusive medium of recorded sound, this week's cylinder: 1950s pianist Tex Ritter, violinist/pianist Madeline Hurst, bassoonist Carl and Duncan Miller (members of the Vulcan Cylinder Record Ensemble), and the world's only tenor/tenor/bass, Compton George Brown (23 May). London: Lanesborough (24)

## Steve Barberton & Qikkyong, Leo

Transatlantic improvisation partners on electronics, spoken and exile, team up with various peers across the country. London: East 17 (both Christiansburg 8-9 June); Butcher, The May (15); London: Comedy Hell (15 May); The City Fright Festival with Peter Evans (20); Bristol: Colours Whirlwinds (with like-minded 40); London: King's Place (with Peter Evans, 21); London: Carfax Arts (with Peter Evans, 22); London: The Forum (with Peter Evans, 23).

## The Groucho Quartet

UK tour for jazz and improv group featuring Taylor Ho Bynum (Harris & Edwards); Alexander Hawkins/Demere Lush; Bristol: Colours Cinema (21 April); Reading: Rivington Sun Arts Centre (24-25); London: Vortex (27); Birmingham: Rainbow Club (29); Oxford: Polytechnic Music Room (30); Cheltenham: Roxy Club (3 May); Cambridge: Churchill College Recital Room (5); Colchester Arts Centre (6).

## CRW

Baritone (magically) by Los Angeles-based artist and researcher Pedro Alvarado, Barcelona's computer music cell CIVL, Berlin-based Becker-Koch/Matzinger and Spanish singer-artist Pello plus CRW. 24-25 London: Union Chapel, 3 May: 1pm, £10-£14.

## Devts

Freeform of choice to see the new instrumentalists perform. 4 May: Mid-Mond, At: Whit's Den, London: Karava, 6 May, £30.

## Forbisher: Rear

New music event (see UK Itinerary). Rounding this year on Poland, Forbisher on tour includes Sing Sing Penelope, Jazzercise and Contemporary Noise Section with satellite events in London and beyond. Marchesh Arts Centre (3 May); London: George (4); Bristol: Atkinson (15); Oxford: 20 Academy (18); Liverpool: The Phil (17); Sage: Buxton (18).

## Flying Lotus

Hyper-signed instrumental hip-hop, Leeds: University (27 April); Sheffield: Trinity (28); Nottingham: Rock City (3 May); Bristol: St Paul's (4); London: The Brixton (5).

## Philip Glass

The composer performs his own works, an solo piano. Notwist: That'll Do/Bogus (as part of North & French Festival, 15 May); Manchester: Salford (as part of Futuronic, 19); London: The Brixton (20).

## David Gilmour

Key-Change player returns for a single. London: Arts, London: Cafe Oto, 22 May; Brixton: 150 (23).

## Michel Henault & Jenaka

Respective members of Destroyers and Hypnotic coffeehouse. Plus support from Fergus O'Callan, Bubble The Jockey (23 May); Iggy (24).

## 10 years Quartet & Wu Man

Wu Man's China-in-newworks: Shui Gong for 10th anniversary and pipa (Chinese flute). London: Barbican, 13 May, 7.30pm, £20-£29.

## Alesa Light & Iki Odo

Guitarist and contributor to The Wire, collaborates with the sound artist in support of their new album *Empathy*. Newcastle University (23 May); London: Suttonian (24).

## My shopping list

Experience multi-electronic artiste Ryoji Oguri's live UK tour. London: Royal Festival Hall (with Openworks and Freshfield); 29 May; Manchester: Salford Trinity (with Relive); 30 May; Nottingham: Theatr Clwyd (with Gareth Llŷwelyn and Band of Joy); 31 May; Edinburgh: The Gibson's Grill (with Yoko Ono); 3 June.

## Mad Professor

His eight-hour marathon dub show with MP remastering the Jules Studio on stage and meeting live plus support from Scratching Noddy (15 May) and MCs: London: Jazz Cafe, 1 May; 2pm, £15.

## Midlife & Riso

Highest of science one in a rare live appearance with The East Justice. Sunday afternoon plus support from Gang II. London: Fabric, 13 May.

## Mark 77 Star

Japan's hardcore Ernest. Manchester: The Music Box (13 May); Hull: Adelphi (3-4).

## Massive Dose

Resounding garage Sherry Dosepabilik takes her solo guitar stylings with occasional loop loops. Edinburgh: ADC (24 Apr); Glasgow: 53rd North (25); Manchester: Ritz (27); London: City (28); 2 May; London: Bootleg (plus with Matoma). Cambridge: 4 May.

## The Music Of Manning

Aug 4M devoted to The Who's 24th Anniversary. With the Moonlight Choir and London: Sexophone plus lead: Tessa with The British Sinfonia and more. London: Barbican, 30 May, 7.30pm, £30-£120. This is followed by Whooshy: Around Manning's birthday: organist Paul Jones (London St Giles: 26 April); 30 May, 13.30pm, £25.

## Yvan Dute Nub & SHIYU

The Korean violinist continues her fruitful partnership with the guitar virtuoso. London: Vortex (30 May & 6 June); 130 (31 May).

## The Nazzas

Aerobic trio making slightly perturbed re-impressions. Nuffield: Dean Clough (21 May); Birmingham: CECO Centre (22); London:

Union Chapel (both 24th); Bristol: St George (25); Nottingham: Corn Exchange (27); St Georges (26).

## Parashaw

East Imperial-Asia: Edinburgh: Bowery (21 May); London: The Old Vic (24).

## Arash Pahlavi's Haunted British

Like a lost child finds his way to the UK. Belfast: Metropole (14 May); Dublin: Whelans (15); Manchester: Forum (16); Bristol: Thekla (17); Brighton: Frontline (18); London: Luminaire (both 19-20); Manchester: Albert Lounge (21); Warwick Arts Centre (22); London: Trafalgar Park (22); Cambridge: All Saints' Church (as part of Farnham Festival); Farnham (23). The second strand features film screenings with talk-backs and discussions with Ben Bishop, Alyson Mayfield and Mark Douglas from the latest *Haunted Duke* (Encore, 19 May); Newcastle: Star & Garter (23); London: BFI (24).

## Plunge Tri

Stark minimalist chamberworks. Edinburgh: Bowery (3 May); Newcastle: Bridge Hotel (7); London: Gashouse (8); Shepherd's Bush: The Top (9).

## Prurient

Domestic Torture's one-man noise machine. London: Luminaire (both 10th); 26 May; Birmingham: Wind (both Gold Cage, Nicholas Ballou and more); 22; Edinburgh: Portland Arms (both Gold Cage); 24.

## Psychic TV

An extreme UK duo with PTV's plus support from Factory Floor and Tari White. London: Barbican (both); 17 May; 20.

## Alasdair Roberts

The Scotland-bred singer's new Berlin album *Spanish American Tunnels* (21 May); Edinburgh: Cabaret Voltaire (22); Liverpool: Leaf Tea Room (23); Manchester: Oldham (24); Ashton Bridge Theatre (25); Leeds: Library (26); Brighton: Freewest (27); London: Heath Hall (28); Bristol: Louisa's (29); Glasgow: Stornoway (30); London: The Local (29); Newcastle: Big Session (30).

## Shorten, Pålpa & Meepoly Star

### Searchers

Far out tour. London: Cafe Oto (both Mack Floyer, Jaegerling and more); 2 May; Selfridges Space (2); Bristol: Louisiana (4); London: Granovox (5); Nottingham: Chatsworth (6); Leeds: Exchange (7); Newcastle: Morley Town (9); Glasgow: CCA (11).

## Subhita: Prasanthika

UK tour sponsored by The Wire showcasing

the unique worldviews of the Subhita. Frequencies linked in two strands, live and in conversation. The first features Ben perforemances from Enya (Saxophone (three Syrah); Brighton: Group Basso (from the Nature Series); Brighton: St George's Church (as part of Brighton Festival), 20 May); Birmingham: Barn & Kitchen (21); Glasgow: Strule (22); Newcastle: Star & Garter (23); Bristol: Fiddlers (both Seven Family); 24); Falmouth: Miles Perspectives (25); Manchester: After Lounge (27); Warwick Arts Centre (28); London: Trafalgar Park (29); Cambridge: All Saints' Church (as part of Farnham Festival); Farnham (30). The second strand features film screenings with talk-backs and discussions with Ben Bishop, Alyson Mayfield and Mark Douglas from the latest *Haunted Duke* (Encore, 19 May); Newcastle: Star & Garter (23); London: BFI (24).

## Philip Thomas

The pianist presents rare work by William Threlkeld alongside music by Martin Arnold, John Cage, George Crumb, Christopher Norman and James Saunders. Sheffield City Hall (6 May); 5 June; 25.

## Threshold: Heselby's Chair

Performer European appearance for the International Solo Slavery and Peter Grimes: *Impressions of the Slave*. Brighton: Glyndebourne and Gold Plus (20-22); 30; Farnham: Glasgow: St. Mary's, Jersey (31); 2002.

## Ruth Tippett & Julia Tippett

The couple in spirit bring their *Impressions on piano: voice and assorted percussion to the Street*. Twickenham Festival. Strand Subscription Boxes (3 May, 7pm, £12.50, £13).

## World Bangs/Bang Report

Albanian legend & Aymeric Ponsier's *q* anniversary of cavity dancing featuring James Murphy, Alva Myrdal, Warthog Bourne and more plus support from Sticky Sailor and Goss & Krozer. London: Cafe Oto, 30 May; Specs: 6th/15.

## Club Spaces

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launch of documentary and compilation Subculture with a recording and panel discussion with director Wayne Katali plus sets from special guests Dan Lanois, Carl Cavanagh and Adam Sherwood alongside hosts the Soul Jazz Record System and MC Renan. London Cafe 1800, 10 May (second Sunday each May). 35ps, free, [souljazzrecords.co.uk](http://souljazzrecords.co.uk)

#### Beat-Blip

Regular Improv and poetry take a beat on the theme of 'Blip'. With John Webb, Ray Bond, & Hannah Monteith. Sherry Dzupach and Helen Carpenter (2 May). Steve Noble, Robert Macdonald & Ken Hyder. Bristol Empire, Clarendon St, Bristol. 20 May. 10pm. £8. [beat-blip.com](http://beat-blip.com)

#### Bent Crash

Experimental music regular: this time featuring Jason Schreier, Buscemi, Jonathan Fisher and more plus visuals and sound from Alternative Cyborgs and Kollektivem. Manchester St. Margarets Church, 16 May. 7.30pm. £5, [bentcrash.com](http://bentcrash.com)

#### Cellar Door

Monthly audiovisual event in the Lake District with live sets from Cursor Meers and Fugit plus DJ sets from Skugger, Mr Bush and Jon Toshing (2 May). 8pm. £10. Guests have Chazza Head, Two Minutemen and Good Nolans and Noises plus Jim Joyce, Notation, Grit Queen and more (20). The DJ Review. In Farsus Contine, [myplace.com/farsuscontine](http://myspace.com/farsuscontine)

#### NUZIE

Regular Improv with Steve Thomas & Jess North, DJ Miller-Jones (12 May), Paul Danaher/Matt Murphy/Mark Stephen/Mark Sanders (20). Birmingham Lamp Room, 8 May, £5/£3, [nuzie.org/improvisationsinbirmingham](http://nuzie.org/improvisationsinbirmingham)

#### One Place

Alan Wilkinson's regular night of Improv with Ricardo Tejera/Giovanni Lanza/Steve Noble and Alan Wilkinson (20 May). £6/£5

(27). London Ryan n. 8.30pm, last two Wednesdays monthly, £5/£4.

#### Resonance Presents

The shop, label and new project present a Trutonic electronic night with a live set from Superpitcher plus DJ sets from Mark Ernestus (Rhythms And Sound) and Subversive aka Pels. London Plastic People, 7 May 10pm. £8, [resonance.com](http://resonance.com)

#### Kinder Kluge Circus

London Free media cult Kuban gears up with DJ-Adicto & Portal, Vexx, Mike Waller (7 May). London Circus King, first and third Thursdays monthly, 8pm. £5/£3, [kinderkluge.com](http://kinderkluge.com)

#### Kinder South

The Kinder before the river is back with Repercussion, DJ Breming, Reku, driven by A Monkey London by House. 8 May (first Wednesday monthly). 8.30pm, £5/£3, [kindersouth.com](http://kindersouth.com)

#### Kinder Takkionium

Kinder expand to a new neighbourhood. With Simey Head (12 May). London Takkionium Chances, every Tuesday plus second and fourth Fridays monthly, 8.30pm. £5/£3, [kinderuk.com](http://kinderuk.com)

#### Leeds Jazz Orchestra

Monthly recording for the collective playing their own compositions, which will be recorded live for release as part of the LJO's Master Sessions. London Venue, 18 May. 8pm, £5/£3, [leedsjazz.com](http://leedsjazz.com)

#### Luna Follies

New monthly series devoted to Improv and experimental music. With Adam Bohner, The Maltmans and Grindie Gasminder/Seymour Night/Just & Culture. London Lava Lounge (20 May), Vortex Watson/Gutai. Fukkou/Roger Turner, Also Hawkins & Matzoku Garage. Bea Kenyon and Hannah Marshall/Terry Day (28 May). 8pm, £5/£4, [lunafollies.com](http://lunafollies.com)

#### Magnesia

Monthly Improv night with Andrea Caputo/Naomi Taylor/Quia, Luca Mulin Quartet, John

Russell/Roger Turner Duo. London Venue, 17 May (third Sunday monthly). 8pm. £5/£4, [resonance.com](http://resonance.com)

#### Metaleu

Monthly explorations of Improvised and experimental music. This month with Phil Minton & Paul Cheshire (3 May), plus workshops (29-30 April). Glittering Cogs Of Greatness, Dave Korre, Major Morgan and others (25 May). Leeds Trinity Church, [metaleu.co.uk](http://metaleu.co.uk)

#### Musikra

Extended Glasgow underground monthly with a Mayday special featuring DJ Punk in his performance from Shattered Danvers plus Musikkra residents Sven-Erik Jansson/Jameson, Glasgow Sue Eust. 5 May (first Friday). 8pm. £5/£3, [resonance.com](http://resonance.com)

#### Green Parker Presents

The leading UK Improvathon and a broad-peaked mix of players. With Sophie Leek, Steve Breming and Jessie Compton. London Venue, 23 May. 22.30pm. [resonance.com](http://resonance.com)

#### Gifford Concert Series

Second bi-monthly of this acoustic series with this improvisation of Clues van Davies & Bas Gellink on tambourine, banjo and electronics. Gifford Wellington Mill, 7 May. 7.30pm. £5, [gifford.com](http://gifford.com)

#### Spiral Of Beauty

Electro and Infrafield music this month kicking up with Phil Minton. Performances from Tim Exile, Concrete Acid Crust, Idris Tu and Shabaka & animal impact orchestra. Hosted by Laptop Lee-Kum. Brighton Komedia Studio Bar, 12 May & 9 June, £5/£3, [spiralofbeauty.com](http://spiralofbeauty.com)

#### This Is Tuesday

Monthly series of Infrafield events for the acoustically curious, each week a programme by different Infrafield promoters and musicians. With That Isn't For You (9 May), The Sound Source: evening of music and film (13). The Metropole (18) London Kings Place, every Tuesday 8pm, £8/£5, [resonance.com](http://resonance.com)

#### Resonance 104.4 Friday Tonic

The Subculture's two regular events merge for a summer series: minus series between the Resonance Concerto, Resonance 104.4 Friday night. The first series live performances from 21st-22nd March. Zonalabbers and Rubber plus DJ/NV set from Ginko, Cheaper and more. London: Boot Mountain/Gentle, 29 May 8.30pm. [resonance104.com](http://resonance104.com)

#### Under-Score

Techno plus monthly with Twisted Mind and Resonance plus residents Jim Peterkin, Luke Metherell and Phade. Bristol The Tuba, 2 May (first Saturday monthly). 35ps, £5, [under-score.co.uk](http://under-score.co.uk)

#### Working Concert Series

Monthly event concert on participants of the weekly regeneration workshop started by Eddie Pritchard ten years ago. This month features Resonance, Jerry Wiggins, Wende Currie, Rose and Whizzo, National Circus, Jones O'Sullivan, Deeds, Yoshikawa, Ross Lambeth and Paul Abbott. London: Gold (26, 28 May (first Mondays monthly). 8pm. £5/£3, [wcrs.co.uk](http://wcrs.co.uk)

#### Spineless Club

Contemporary music and free improvisation with Kira Isha and Longjung (30 April), Elliott Rieger, The Convergence Quartet and Alex Ward & Chris Gandy (1 May). Cheltenham University of Gloucestershire Pilkington Studios. 8pm, £1-£3, [resonance.com/spinelessclub](http://resonance.com/spinelessclub)

Out There down for inclusion on the June issue should reach us by Friday 24 April. Send email to: [Latitude\\_70@btconnect.com](mailto:Latitude_70@btconnect.com) 23 June is Place: 8 Castle Place, London E1 0BN, UK Fax +44 (0)800 7432 1001. Email [Latitude\\_70@btconnect.com](mailto:Latitude_70@btconnect.com)

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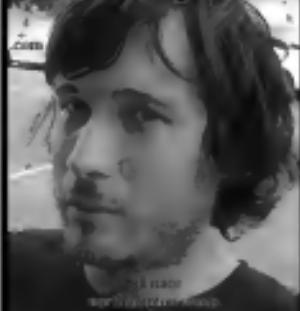
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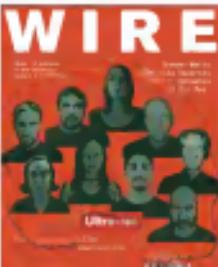
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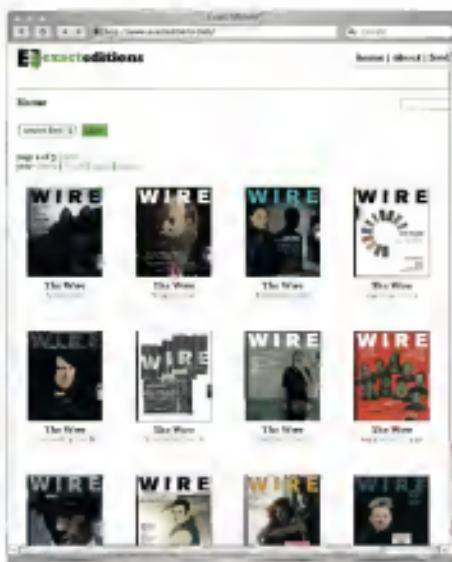
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# Epiphanies

A John Cage concert helped  
Momas  
avoid tinnitus  
and savour  
the heightened  
intensity of  
quiet music



Span Images / Trendy Images

Critics of future civilisations who want to portray us as a backward and bone-headed lot will have plenty of examples to choose from. They could cite the fact that ten per cent of our global population has 80 per cent of global wealth. Or they could look at our attitude to amplification.

Musicians in our culture often have a weirdly sadistic, misanthropic attitude to volume, they aspire to shock and awe, to full-spectrum dominance. In *Do No Evil Like I Love You*, the film Jim Jarmusch and Jane Pollard made to accompany Muriel's moment Nick Cave confesses, one of the talking heads reveals – with apparent enthusiasm – how Cave, on being told his live performance is great, invariably responds: "Yes, but was it loud enough?"

When my Bloody Valentine reformed in 2008, their London Roundhouse performances hit 1,130 decibels, dislodging dust and plaster from the building. MVB's Kevin Shields, a man reported in the 1980s to have had hearing as sharp he could detect a phone ringing in an office a quarter of a mile away, now hears a persistent telephone ringing in his head. "I got tinnitus during sleep because of noise of [a] venue," Shields told *the guardian* at the beginning of this year.

Being pounded into submission by blaring black amplifier cabinets has been the backdrop to most of my concert-going life, but when I think about the events to when I was truly mesmerised by live music, they've often been subversively quiet ones – gustans of vibration, perhaps, against muted bass rock's dark religion of force, its ego-driven need to damage the human body by going beyond what our trill ears are designed to bear.

The first rock show I remember actually changing my hearing (one I didn't work properly for days afterwards) was XTC's at Edinburgh's Odeon Concert in 1983. That same year, I had my first taste of the subversive qualities of quiet music, in the form of an outdoor festival of John Cage music in Rennes. In a courtyard lit by burning brazier, two prepared pianos,

unplugged, treated the light, strange, beautiful percussive cascades of his 1945 piece *Daughters Of The缀eme*. If rock's thunder of drums, bass and guitars represented what Susan Sontag called "aggressive normality", these modified pianos were the sound of a gentle, intriguing deviance.

The difference was clear physiologically. Instead of making me tamp down treacherously to some kind of assault or endurance test, Cage's music made my body relax and open up. The threshold of my ears was suddenly lowered, and I began to hear more and more. Not just the music, but the ambient sounds in the courtyard, the crackling of the torches under the trees, the distant sound of a police siren. The act of listening became delightful. As in Rausp's *Heile "The Wind And The Sun"*, warms was able to do what stemmen could not.

When I became a performer myself, I discovered how hard it is to achieve effective quietness on stage. All sorts of things militate against it: sound engineers, drummers, air conditioning systems, vocal Sunday night crowds, traffic, alcohol, and otherwise. But I also discovered that, when there's a basic attitude of trust and respect between a performer and an audience, quietness can be more powerful than volume. Something extraordinary happens when you reach a certain level of quietness – there's a sudden intensity in the notes, a direct sensual bond with the audience. The spaces between the notes begin to matter more, allowing a whole new sense of colour and form to emerge in the music. The Japanese call it *ma*, negative space, the structural use of emptiness.

Enter the decade I was on tour in Ohio and stayed at Oberlin College. A student group called The Gongos happened to be playing that night, and I entered a darkened classroom to join a tiny audience ranged around four musicians seated in a stage area defined by rug, boxes and old window frames. Mysterious steel gongs hung from the ceiling. The

members of the group played microtonal lutes, a third created drone on a debased harmonica, while only Peter Besser, the group's leader, handled Harry Partch-like harps from an unusually long electric slide instrument shaped like a crooked

I found The Gongos' music completely mesmerising, and signed the group to my label America's Patchwork. The following year, touring the States with them, I discovered that the quiet intensity of that Oberlin show couldn't be recreated in rock clubs. Peter just talked through their set.

The music I love most right now is a preview of *Onrophilia*, the debut album by my friend Tomoko Sawayage, due from Seattle label 1000000 later this year. *Onrophilia* means "an abnormal love of sleep"; Tomoko uses wooden cooking spoons to strike and end *Onrophilia* pieces like broken shells filled with water. The wobbly, chiming vessels functioned like a set of natural synthesizers, complete with organic forms of envelope, modulation, pitchbend and decay. Tomoko captures the gloopy, ringing sonorities with inquisitive, no-prizes, then feeds the result through digital processing. "In *Onrophilia*" Reznor reveal that she's drawn inspiration from the fluid sounds of her recent pregnancy – her own internal "waters" and the new life moving within them.

This is super-quiet music, filled with something twice as sedate than rock's world, intrusive love of gain. When Tomoko plays it live, water dripping from a passed plasticine bag hung from the ceiling not only adds a kind of random percussive, but scatters reflections off the wet surface across the walls and ceiling. The result is something red-sensual, like a long hot bath. I could sink in it forever. □ Momas, who Nick Cave, presents her performance in New York with *Art Is The End Of Love*, at New York's Zach Fray Gallery this month, has a new fiction book, *The Book Of Solitudes*, will be published this summer by Steinberg. A novel, *The Book Of Jokes*, follows in the autumn, published by Del Rey. [momas.treepress.com](http://momas.treepress.com)

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# DUB ECHOES



This film marks both the 40th anniversary of the invention of Dub and the 20th anniversary of the death of King Tubby, the genius legend of this far-reaching musical revolution.

"Dub Echoes" is an amazing newly produced documentary about Dub and its influence on the development of contemporary electronic music worldwide. Three years in the making and featuring an incredible array of artists – both Jamaican legends (U-Roy, King Jammy, Lee Perry, Sly and Robbie, Bunny Lee, to name a few), alongside a similarly awe-inspiring array of artists who have taken Dub into new directions in electronic dance music in the 21st Century (Kode9, Roots Manuva, Howie B, Adrian Sherwood, ) and many more.

Directed by Bruno Natal and released on Soul Jazz Records, this film has already received many awards throughout the world and is hotly anticipated – a killer film that can be watched again and again. The DVD comes with loads of extras and a limited-edition line poster in first 1000 copies. **RELEASED: MAY 11th 2009**

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# DUB ECHOES



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## DUB ECHOES LIVE SUNDAY 10th MAY

There will also be a unique London screening/club event on Sun 10th May, 2009 to celebrate the launch featuring Dub Echoes plus a discussion panel with director Bruno Natal, Don Letts, Adrian Sherwood, followed by a club night featuring DJs Don Letts, Adrian Sherwood, 100%Dynamic/Soul-Jazz Sound System, dubstep heavyweights Cott and Cleekid and more. And this event is all free! To reserve entry phone Pete Reilly at Soul Jazz Records on 020 7734 2043 (Limited availability).

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